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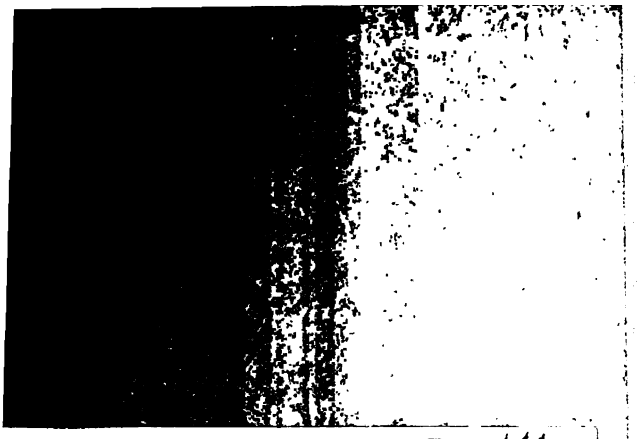

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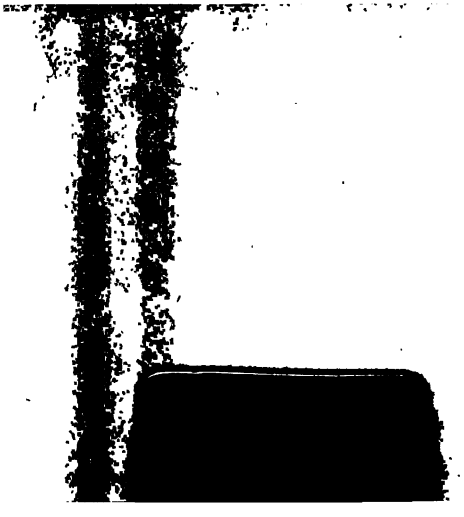

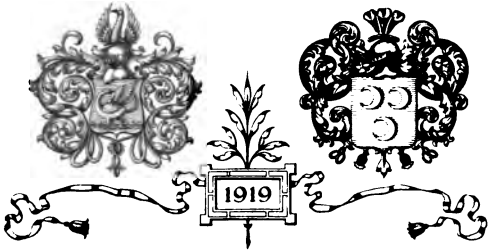

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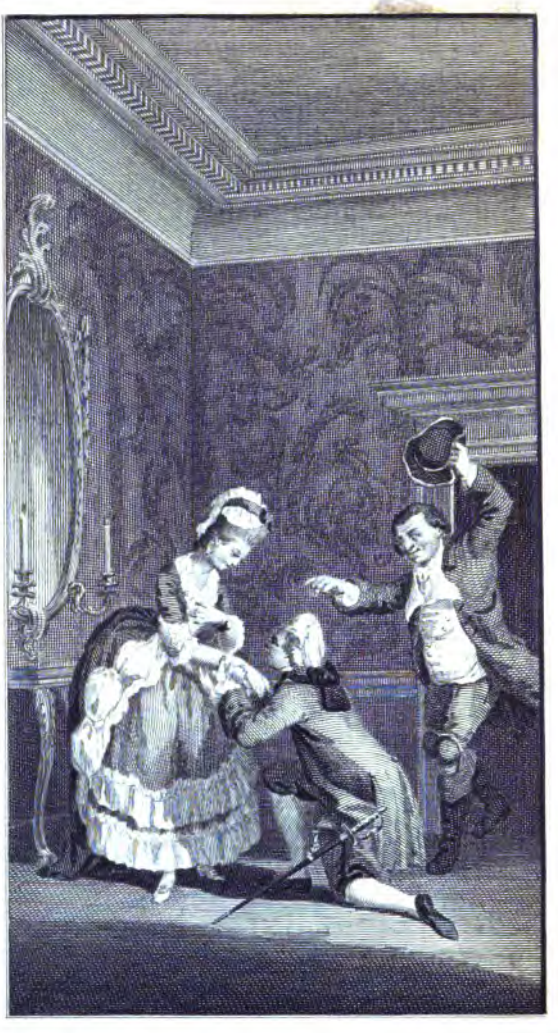

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THE HISTORY OF *TOM JONES*, A FOUNDLING.

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THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XV.

In which the hiſtory advances about two days.

CHAP. I.

Too ſhort to need a preface.

THERE are a ſet of religious, or rather moral writers, who teach that virtue is the certain road to happineſs, and vice to miſery, in this world. A very wholeſome and comfortable doctrine, and to which we have but one objection, namely, that it is not true.

Indeed, if by virtue theſe writers mean the exerciſe of thoſe cardinal virtues, which like good houſe-wives ſtay at home, and mind only the buſineſs of their own family, I ſhall very readily concede the point; for ſo ſurely do all theſe contribute and lead to happineſs, that I could almoſt wiſh, in violation of all the ancient and modern ſages, to call them rather by the name of wiſdom, than by that of virtue: for with regard to this life, no ſyſtem, I conceive, was ever wiſer than that of the ancient Epicureans, who held this wiſdom to conſtitute the chief good; nor fooliſher than that of their oppoſites, thoſe modern epicures, who place all felicity in the abundant gratification of every ſenſual appetite.

But if by virtue is meant (as I almoſt think it ought) a certain relative quality, which is always buſying itſelf without doors, and ſeems as much intereſted in purſuing the good of others as its own; I cannot ſo eaſily agree that this is the ſureſt way to human happineſs; becauſe I am afraid we muſt then include poverty and contempt, with all the miſchiefs which backbiting, envy, and ingratitude, can bring on mankind, in our idea of happineſs; nay, ſometimes perhaps we ſhall be obliged to wait upon the ſaid happineſs to a goal; ſince many by the above virtue have brought themſelves thither.

I have not now leiſure to enter upon ſo large a field of ſpeculation as here ſeems opening upon me; my deſign was to wipe off a doctrine that lay in my way; ſince, while Mr. Jones was acting the moſt virtuous part imaginable in labouring to preſerve his fellow-creatures from deſtruction, the devil, or ſome other evil ſpirit, one perhaps clothed in human fleſh, was hard at work to make him completely miſerable in the ruin of his Sophia.

This, therefore, would ſeem an exception to the above rule, if indeed it was a rule; but as we have in our voyage through life ſeen ſo many other exceptions to it, we chooſe to diſpute the doctrine on which it is founded, which we don't apprehend to be chriſtian, which we are convinced is not true, and which is indeed deſtructive of one of the nobleſt arguments that reaſon alone can furniſh for the belief of immortality.

But as the reader's curioſity (if he hath any) muſt be now awake, and hungry, we ſhall provide to feed it as faſt as we can.

CHAP. II.

In which is opened a very black deſign againſt Sophia.

I Remember a wiſe old gentleman, who uſed to ſay, 'when children are doing nothing, they are doing miſchief!' I will not enlarge this quaint ſaying to the moſt beautiful part of the creation in general; but ſo far I may be allowed, that when the effects of female jealouſy

jealouſy do not appear openly in their proper colours of rage and fury, we may ſuſpect that miſchievous paſſion to be at work privately, and attempting to undermine what it doth not attack above ground.

This was exemplified in the conduct of lady Bellaſton, who, under all the ſmiles which ſhe wore in her countenance, concealed much indignation againſt Sophia; and as ſhe plainly ſaw, that this young lady ſtood between her and the full indulgence of her deſires, ſhe reſolved to get rid of her by ſome means or other; nor was it long before a very favourable opportunity of accompliſhing this preſented itſelf to her.

The reader may be pleaſed to remember, that when Sophia was thrown into that conſternation at the play-houſe, by the wit and humour of a ſet of young gentlemen who call themſelves the town, we informed him, that ſhe had put herſelf under the protection of a young nobleman, who had very ſafely conducted her to her chair.

This nobleman, who frequently viſited lady Bellaſton, had more than once ſeen Sophia there, ſince her arrival in town, and had conceived a very great liking to her; which liking, as beauty never looks more amiable than in diſtreſs, Sophia had in this fright, ſo increaſed, that he might now, without any great impropriety, be ſaid to be actually in love with her.

It may eaſily be believed, that he would not ſuffer ſo handſome an occaſion of improving his acquaintance with the beloved object as now offered itſelf to elapſe, when even good breeding alone might have prompted him to pay her a viſit.

The next morning therefore, after this accident, he waited on Sophia, with the uſual compliments, and hopes that ſhe had received no harm from her laſt night's adventure.

As love, like fire, when once thoroughly kindled, is ſoon blown into a flame; Sophia in a very ſhort time completed her conqueſt. Time now flew away unperceived, and the noble lord had been two hours in company with the lady, before it entered into his head that he had made too long a viſit. Though this circumſtance alone would have alarmed Sophia,

who was ſomewhat more a miſtreſs of computation at preſent; ſhe had, indeed, much more pregnant evidence from the eyes of her lover of what paſt within his boſom; nay, though he did not make any open declaration of his paſſion, yet many of his expreſſions were rather too warm, and too tender, to have been imputed to complaiſance, even in the age when ſuch complaiſance was in faſhion; the very reverſe of which is well known to be the reigning mode at preſent.

Lady Bellaſton had been appriſed of his lordſhip's viſit at his firſt arrival; and the length of it very well ſatisfied her, that things went as ſhe wiſhed, and as indeed ſhe had ſuſpected the ſecond time ſhe ſaw this young couple together. This buſineſs ſhe rightly, I think, concluded, that ſhe ſhould by no means forward by mixing in the company while they were together; ſhe therefore ordered her ſervants, that when my lord was going, they ſhould tell him, ſhe deſired to ſpeak with him; and employed the intermediate time in meditating how beſt to accompliſh a ſcheme which ſhe made no doubt but his lordſhip would very readily embrace the execution of.

Lord Fellamar (for that was the title of this young nobleman) was no ſooner introduced to her ladyſhip, than ſhe attacked him in the following ſtrain:—'Bleſs 'me, my lord, are you here yet? I thought my ſervants had made a miſtake, and let you go away; 'and I wanted to ſee you about an affair of ſome im'portance.'——'Indeed lady Bellaſton,' ſaid he, 'I 'don't wonder you are aſtoniſhed at the length of 'my viſit: for I have ſtaid above two hours, and I 'did not think I had ſtaid above half a one.'—— 'What am I to conclude from thence, my lord?' ſaid ſhe. 'The company muſt be very agreeable which 'can make time ſlide away ſo very deceitfully.'—— 'Upon my honour,' ſaid he, 'the moſt agreeable I 'ever ſaw. Pray tell me, lady Bellaſton, who is this 'blazing ſtar which you have produced among us all 'of a ſudden?'——'What blazing ſtar, my lord?' ſaid ſhe, affecting a ſurpriſe. 'I mean,' ſaid he, 'the lady I ſaw here the other day, whom I had laſt 'night in my arms at the play-houſe, and to whom I have

'have been making that unreaſonable viſit.'—— 'O, my couſin Weſtern! ſaid ſhe: 'why that blazing 'ſtar, my lord, is the daughter of a country booby 'ſquire, and hath been in town about a fortnight, 'for the firſt time.'—— 'Upon my ſoul,' ſaid he, 'I ſhould ſwear ſhe had been bred up in a court; 'for, beſides her beauty, I never ſaw any thing ſo 'genteel, ſo ſenſible, ſo polite.'—— 'O brave!' cries the lady, 'my couſin hath you, I find.—— 'Upon 'my honour,' anſwered he, 'I wiſh ſhe had: for I 'am in love with her to diſtraction.'—— 'Nay, my 'lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is not wiſhing yourſelf very ill 'neither, for ſhe is a very great fortune: I aſſure you 'ſhe is an only child, and her father's eſtate is a good '3000l. a year.'—'Then I can aſſure you, Madam,' anſwered the lord, 'I think her the beſt match in 'England.'—'Indeed, my lord,' replied ſhe, 'if you 'like her, I heartily wiſh you had her.'—'If you 'think ſo kindly of me, Madam,' ſaid he, 'as ſhe is 'a relation of your's, will you do me the honour to 'propoſe it to her father?'—'And are you really 'then in earneſt?' cries the lady, with an affected gravity. 'I hope, Madam,' anſwered he, 'you have 'a better opinion of me, than to imagine I would jeſt 'with your ladyſhip in an affair of this kind.'—'in-'deed then,' ſaid the lady, 'I will moſt readily pro-'poſe your lordſhip to her father; and I can, I be-'lieve, aſſure you of his joyful acceptance of the pro-'poſal; but there is a bar, which I am almoſt aſhamed 'to mention; and yet it is one you will never be able 'to conquer. You have a rival, my lord, and a rival 'who, though I bluſh to name him, neither you, 'nor all the world, will ever be able to conquer.' 'Upon my word, lady Bellaſton,' cries he, 'you 'have ſtruck a damp to my heart, which hath almoſt 'deprived me of being.'—'Fie! my lord, ſaid ſhe; 'I ſhould rather hope I had ſtruck fire into you. A 'lover, and talk of damps in your heart! I rather 'imagined you would have aſked your rival's name, 'that you might have immediately entered the liſts 'with him.'—'I promiſe you, Madam,' anſwered he, 'there are very few things I would not undertake

'for your charming couſin: but pray who is this 'happy man?——'Why he is,' ſaid ſhe, 'what I 'am ſorry to ſay moſt happy men with us are, one of 'the loweſt fellows in the world. He is a beggar, 'a baſtard, a foundling, a fellow in meaner circum-'ſtances than one of your lordſhip's footmen.'—'And 'is it poſſible,' cried he, 'that a young creature 'with ſuch perfections ſhould think of beſtowing her-'ſelf ſo unworthily?'—'Alas! my lord,' anſwered ſhe, 'conſider the country—the bane of all young 'women is the country. There they learn a ſet of 'romantick notions of love, and I know not what 'folly, which this town and good company can ſcarce 'eradicate in a whole winter.'—'Indeed, Madam,' replied my lord, 'your couſin is of too immenſe a 'value to be thrown away: ſuch ruin as this muſt be 'prevented.'—'Alas!' cries ſhe, 'my lord, how can 'it be prevented? The family have already done 'all in their power; but the girl is, I think, in-'toxicated, and nothing leſs than ruin will content 'her. And to deal more openly with you, I expect 'every day to hear ſhe is run away with him.'—'What 'you tell me, lady Bellaſton,' anſwered his lordſhip, 'affects me moſt tenderly, and only raiſes my com-'paſſion, inſtead of leſſening my adoration of your 'couſin. Some means muſt be found to preſerve ſo 'ineſtimable a jewel. Hath your ladyſhip endea-'voured to reaſon with her?' Here the lady affected a laugh, and cried, 'My dear lord, ſure you know 'us better than to talk of reaſoning a young woman 'out of her inclinations? Theſe ineſtimable jewels 'are as deaf as the jewels they wear: time, my lord, 'time is the only medicine to cure their folly; but 'this is a medicine, which I am certain ſhe will not 'take; nay, I live in hourly horrours on her account. 'In ſhort, nothing but violent methods will do.' 'What is to be done?' cries my lord, 'What me-'thods are to be taken?——Is there any method upon 'earth?——Oh! lady Bellaſton! there is nothing 'which I would not undertake for ſuch a reward.' ——'I really know not,' anſwered the lady, after a pauſe; and then pauſing again, ſhe cried out,——

'Upon

'Upon my ſoul, I am at my wit's end on this girl's 'account.——If ſhe can be preſerved, ſomething muſt 'be done immediately; and, as I ſay, nothing but vio- 'lent method will do.——If your lordſhip hath real- 'ly this attachment to my couſin, (and to do her juſ- 'tice, except in this ſilly inclination, of which ſhe 'will ſoon ſee her folly, ſhe is every way deſerving) 'I think there may be one way—indeed it is a very 'diſagreeable one, and what I am almoſt afraid to 'think of,——It requires great ſpirit, I promiſe 'you.'—'I am not conſcious, Madam,' ſaid he, 'of 'any defect there; nor am I, I hope, ſuſpected of 'any ſuch. It muſt be an egregious defect indeed, 'which could make me backward on this occaſion.' 'Nay, my lord,' anſwered ſhe, 'I am ſo far from 'doubting you. I am much more inclined to doubt 'my own courage; for I muſt run a monſtrous riſque. 'In ſhort, I muſt place ſuch a confidence in your 'honour as a wiſe woman will ſcarce ever place in a 'man on any conſideration.' In this point likewiſe my lord very well ſatisfied her; for his reputation was extremely clear, and common fame did him no more than juſtice, in ſpeaking well of him. 'Well then,' ſaid ſhe, 'my lord,—I—I vow, I can't bear the 'apprehenſion of it.——No, it muſt not be.——At 'leaſt every other method ſhall be tried. Can you 'get rid of your engagements, and dine here to-day? 'Your lordſhip will have an opportunity of ſeeing a 'little more of Miſs Weſtern.——I promiſe you we 'have no time to loſe. Here will be no-body but 'lady Betty, and Miſs Eagle, and Colonel Hamſted, 'and Tom Edwards; they will all go ſoon——and I 'ſhall be at home to no body. Then your lordſhip 'may be a little more explicit. Nay, I will contrive 'ſome method to convince you of her attachment to 'this fellow.' My lord made proper compliments, accepted the invitation, and then they parted to dreſs, it being now paſt three in the morning, or to reckon by the old ſtyle in the afternoon.

CHAP. III.

A further explanation of the foregoing deſign.

THOUGH the reader may have long ſince concluded lady Bellaſton to be a member (and no inconſiderable one) of the great world, ſhe was in reality a very conſiderable member of the little world; by which appellation was diſtinguiſhed a very worthy and honourable ſociety which not long ſince flouriſhed in this kingdom.

Among other good principles upon which this ſociety was founded, there was one very remarkable: for as it was a rule of an honourable club of heroes, who aſſembled at the cloſe of the late war, that all the members ſhould every day fight once at leaſt; ſo 'twas in this, that every member ſhould, within the twenty-four hours, tell at leaſt one merry fib, which was to be propagated by all the brethren and ſiſterhood.

Many idle ſtories were told about this ſociety, which from a certain quality may be, perhaps, not unjuſtly, ſuppoſed to have come from the ſociety themſelves. As, that the devil was the preſident; and that he ſat in perſon in an elbow-chair at the upper end of the table; but, upon very ſtrict enquiry, I find there is not the leaſt truth in any of thoſe tales, and that the aſſembly conſiſted in reality of a ſet of very good ſort of people, and the fibs which they propagated were of a harmleſs kind, and tended only to produce mirth and good humour.

Edwards was likewiſe a member of this comical ſociety. To him, therefore, lady Bellaſton applied as a proper inſtrument for her purpoſe, and furniſhed him with a fib, which he was to vent whenever the lady gave him her cue; and this was not to be till the evening, when all the company but lord Fellamar and himſelf were gone, and while they were engaged in a rubber at whiſt,

To this time then, which was between ſeven and eight in the evening, we will convey our reader; when lady Bellaſton, lord Fellamar, Miſs Weſtern, and

and Tom being engaged at whiſt, and in the laſt game of their rubbers, Tom received his cue from lady Bellaſton, which was, 'I proteſt, Tom, you are 'grown intolerable lately; you uſed to tell us all the 'news of the town, and now you know no more of 'the world than if you lived out of it.'

Mr. Edwards then began as follows: 'The fault 'is not mine, Madam; it lies in the dulneſs of the 'age, that doth nothing worth talking of.——O la! 'though now I think on't there hath a terrible ac- 'cident befallen poor colonel Wilcox.——Poor Ned. '—— You know him, my lord, every body knows 'him; faith! I am very much concerned for him.'

'What is it, pray?' ſays lady Bellaſton.

'Why, he hath killed a man this morning in a 'duel, that's all.'

His lordſhip, who was not in the ſecret, aſked gravely, whom he had killed? To which Edwards anſwered, 'A young fellow we none of us know; a 'Somerſetſhire lad juſt come to town, one Jones his 'name is; a near relation of one Mr. Allworthy, of 'whom your lordſhip I believe hath heard. I ſaw 'the lad lie dead in a coffee-houſe.——Upon my ſoul 'he is one of the fineſt corpſes I ever ſaw in my 'life.'

Sophia, who had juſt begun to deal as Tom had mentioned that a man was killed, ſtopped her hand, and liſtened with attention, (for all ſtories of that kind affected her) but no ſooner had he arrived at the latter part of the ſtory, than ſhe began to deal again; and having dealt three cards to one, and ſeven to another, and ten to a third, at laſt dropped the reſt from her hand, and fell back in her chair.

The company behaved as uſually on theſe occaſions. The uſual diſturbance enſued, the uſual aſſiſtance was ſummoned, and Sophia at laſt, as it is uſual, returned again to life, and ſoon after was, at her earneſt deſire, led to her own apartment; where, at my lord's requeſt, lady Bellaſton acquainted her with the truth, attempted to carry it off as a jeſt of her own, and comforted her with repeated aſſurances, that neither

his lordſhip, nor Tom, though ſhe had taught him the ſtory, were in the true ſecret of the affair.

There was no further evidence neceſſary to convince lord Feſlamar how juſtly the caſe had been repreſented to him by lady Bellaſton; and now at her return into the room, a ſcheme was laid between theſe two noble perſons, which, though it appeared in no very heinous light to his lordſhip (as he faithfully promiſed, and faithfully reſolved too, to make the lady all the ſubſequent amends in his power by marriage) yet many of our readers, we doubt not, will ſee with juſt deteſtation.

The next evening at ſeven was appointed for the fatal purpoſe, when lady Bellaſton undertook that Sophia ſhould be alone, and his lordſhip ſhould be introduced to her. The whole family were to be regulated for the purpoſe, moſt of the ſervants diſpatched out of the houſe; and for Mrs. Honour, who, to prevent ſuſpicion, was to be left with her miſtreſs till his lordſhip's arrival, lady Bellaſton herſelf was to engage her in an apartment as diſtant as poſſible from the ſcene of the intended miſchief, and out of the hearing of Sophia.

Matters being thus agreed on, his lordſhip took his leave, and her ladyſhip retired to reſt, highly pleaſed with a project, of which ſhe had no reaſon to doubt the ſucceſs, and which promiſed ſo effectually to remove Sophia from being any future obſtruction to her amour with Jones, by a means of which ſhe ſhould never appear to be guilty, even if the fact appeared to the world; but this ſhe made no doubt of preventing by huddling up a marriage, to which ſhe thought the raviſhed Sophia would eaſily be brought to conſent, and at which all the reſt of her family would rejoice.

But affairs were not in ſo quiet a ſituation in the boſom of the other conſpirator: his mind was toſt in all the diſtracting anxiety ſo nobly deſcribed by Shakſpeare.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the interim is
Like a phantaſma or a hideous dream;

The

The genius and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.——

Though the violence of his paſſion had made him eagerly embrace the firſt hint of this deſign, eſpecially as it came from a relation of the lady, yet when that friend to reflection, a pillow, had placed the action itſelf in all its natural black colours before his eyes, with all the conſequences which muſt, and thoſe which might probably attend it; his reſolution began to abate, or rather indeed to go over to the other ſide; and after a long conflict, which laſted a whole night, between honour and appetite, the former at length prevailed, and he determined to wait on lady Bellaſton, and to relinquiſh the deſign.

Lady Bellaſton was in bed, though very late in the morning, and Sophia ſitting by her bed-ſide, when the ſervant acquainted her that lord Fellamar was below in the parlour; upon which her ladyſhip deſired him to ſtay, and that ſhe would ſee him preſently; but the ſervant was no ſooner departed than poor Sophia began to intreat her couſin not to encourage the viſits of that odious lord (ſo ſhe called him, though a little unjuſtly) upon her account. 'I ſee 'his deſign,' ſaid ſhe; 'for he made down right love 'to me yeſterday morning; but as I am reſolved 'never to admit it, I beg your ladyſhip not to leave 'us alone together any more, and to order the ſer-'vants that, if he enquires for me, I may be always 'denied to him.'

'La! child,' ſays lady Bellaſton, 'you country 'girls have nothing but ſweathearts in your head; 'you fancy every man who is civil to you is making 'love. He is one of the moſt gallant young fellows 'about town, and I am convinced means no more 'than a little gallantry. Make love to you indeed! 'I wiſh with all my heart he would, and you muſt be 'an arrant mad woman to refuſe him.'

'But as I ſhall certainly be that mad woman,' cries Sophia, 'I hope his viſits ſhall not be intruded 'upon me.'

'O child,' said lady Bellaston, 'you need not be 'so fearful; if you resolve to run away with that 'Jones. I know no person who can hinder you.'

'Upon my honour, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'your 'ladyship injures me. I will never run away with 'any man; nor will I ever marry contrary to my 'father's inclinations.'

'Well, Miss Western,' said the lady, 'if you are 'not in a humour to see company this morning, you 'may retire to your own apartment; for I am not 'frightened at his lordship, and must send for him 'up into my dressing-room.'

Sophia thanked her ladyship, and withdrew; and presently afterwards Fellamar was admitted up stairs.

CHAP. IV.

By which it will appear how dangerous an advocate a lady is, when she applies her eloquence to an ill purpose.

WHEN lady Bellaston heard the young lord's scruples, she treated them with the same disdain with which one of those sages of the law, called Newgate solicitors, treats the qualms of conscience in a young witness. 'My dear lord,' said she, 'you certainly want a cordial. I must send to 'lady Edgely for one of her best drams. Fie upon 'it! have more resolution. Are you frightened by 'the word rape? Or are you apprehensive——? 'Well! if the story of Helen was modern, I should 'think it unnatural. I mean the behaviour of Paris, 'not the fondness of the lady; for all women love 'a man of spirit. There is another story of the 'Sabine ladies——and that too, I thank heaven, is 'very ancient. Your lordship, perhaps, will admire my reading; but I think Mr. Hooke tells 'us, they made tolerable good wives afterwards. 'I fancy few of my married acquaintance were ravished by their husbands.'—'Nay, dear lady Bellaston,' cried he, 'don't ridicule me in this manner.'—'Why, my good lord,' answered she, 'do 'you

'you think any woman in England would not laugh 'at you in her heart, whatever prudery ſhe might 'wear in her countenance?——You force me to uſe 'a ſtrange kind of language, and to betray my ſex 'moſt abominably: but I am contented with know-'ing my intentions are good, and that I am endea-'vouring to ſerve my couſin; for I think you will 'make her a good huſband notwithſtanding this; or, 'upon my ſoul, I ſhould not even perſuade her to 'fling herſelf away upon an empty title. She ſhould 'not upbraid me hereafter with having loſt a man 'of ſpirit; for that his enemies allow this poor 'young fellow to be.'

Let thoſe who have had the ſatisfaction of hearing reflections of this kind from a wife or a miſtreſs, declare whether they are at all ſweetened by coming from a female tongue. Certain it is, they ſunk deeper into his lordſhip than any thing which Demoſthenes or Cicero could haveſaid on the occaſion.

Lady Bellaſton perceiving ſhe had fired the young lord's pride, began now, like a true orator, to rouſe other paſſions to its aſſiſtance. 'My lord, ſays ſhe, 'in a graver voice, you will be pleaſed to remem-'ber, you mentioned this matter to me firſt; for I 'would not appear to you in the light of one who 'is endeavouring to put off my couſin upon you. 'Fourſcore thouſand pounds do not ſtand in need of 'an advocate to recommend them.'—'Nor doth Miſs 'Weſtern,' ſaid he, 'require any recommendation 'from her fortune; for, in my opinion, no woman 'ever had half her charms.'—'Yes, yes, my lord;' replied the lady, looking in the glaſs, 'there have 'been women with more than half her charms, I aſ-'ſure you; not that I need leſſon her on that ac-'count: ſhe is a moſt delicious girl, that's certain; 'and within theſe few hours ſhe will be in the arms 'of one, who ſurely doth not deſerve her, though I 'will give him his due, I believe he is truely a man 'of ſpirit.'

'I hope ſo, Madam,' ſaid my lord; 'though I 'muſt own he doth not deſerve her; for unleſs hea-

'ven,

'ven, or your ladyſhip diſappoint me, ſhe ſhall within 'that time be mine.'

'Well ſpoken, my lord,' anſwered the lady, 'I 'promiſe you no diſappointment ſhall happen from my 'ſide; and within this week I am convinced I ſhall 'call your lordſhip my couſin in public.'

The remainder of this ſcene conſiſted entirely of raptures, excuſes, and compliment, very pleaſant to have heard from the parties; but rather dull when related at ſecond hand. Here, therefore, we ſhall put an end to this dialogue, and haſten to the fatal hour, when every thing was prepared for the deſtruction of poor Sophia.

But this being the moſt tragical matter in our whole hiſtory, we ſhall treat it in a chapter by itſelf.

CHAP. V.

Containing ſome matters which may affect, and others which may ſurprize the reader.

THE clock had now ſtruck ſeven, and poor Sophia, alone and melancholy, ſat reading a tragedy. It was the Fatal Marriage; and ſhe was now come to that part where the poor diſtreſſed Iſabella diſpoſes of her wedding-ring.

Here the book dropped from her hand, and a ſhower of tears ran down into her boſom. In this ſituation ſhe had continued a minute, when the door opened, and in came Lord Fellamar. Sophia, ſtarted from her chair at his entrance; and his lordſhip advancing forwards, and making a low bow, ſaid, 'I am afraid, 'Miſs Weſtern, I break in upon you abruptly.'—'In-'deed my lord,' ſays ſhe, 'I muſt own myſelf a 'little ſurpriſed at this unexpected viſit.'—'If this 'viſit be unexpected, Madam,' anſwered lord Fella-'mar, 'my eyes muſt have been very faithleſs in-'terpreters of my heart, when laſt I had the honour 'of ſeeing you: for ſurely you could not otherwiſe 'have hoped to detain my heart in your poſſeſſion, 'without receiving a viſit from its owner.' Sophia, confuſed as ſhe was, anſwered this bombaſt (and very properly

properly I think) with a look of inconceivable diſdain. My lord then made another and a longer ſpeech of the ſame ſort. Upon which Sophia, trembling, ſaid, 'Am I really to conceive your lordſhip to be out of 'your ſenſes? Sure, my lord, there is no other ex-'cuſe for ſuch behaviour.'——'I am, indeed, Ma-'dam, in the ſituation you ſuppoſe,' cries his lord-'ſhip; 'and ſure you will pardon the effects of a 'frenzy which you yourſelf have occaſioned: for 'love hath ſo totally deprived me of reaſon, that I 'am ſcarce accountable for any of my actions.' 'Up-'on my word, my lord,' ſaid Sophia, 'I neither 'underſtand your words nor your behaviour.'—— 'Suffer me then, Madam,' cries he, 'at your feet 'to explain both, by laying open my ſoul to you, and 'declaring that I doat on you to the higheſt degree 'of diſtraction. O moſt adorable, moſt divine crea-'ture! what language can expreſs the ſentiments of 'my heart?'—'I do aſſure you, mylord,' ſaid Sophia, 'I ſhall not ſtay to hear any more of this.'—'Do 'not,' cries he, 'think of leaving me thus cruelly: 'could you know half the torments which I feel, that 'tender boſom muſt pity what thoſe eyes have 'cauſed.' Then fetching a deep ſigh, and laying hold of her hand, he ran on for ſome minutes in a ſtrain which would be little more pleaſing to the reader than it was to the lady; and at laſt concluded with a declaration, 'That if he was maſter of the 'world, he would lay it at her feet.' Sophia then forcibly pulling away her hand from his, anſwered with much ſpirit, 'I promiſe you, Sir, your world 'and its maſter, I ſhould ſpurn from me with equal 'contempt.' She then offered to go, and lord Fel-lamar again laying hold of her hand ſaid, 'Pardon 'me, my beloved angel, freedoms which nothing 'but deſpair could have tempted me to take.——Be-'lieve me, could I have had any hope that my title 'and fortune, neither of them inconſiderable, unleſs 'when compared with your worth, would have been 'accepted, I had in the humbleſt manner, preſented 'them to your acceptance.——But I cannot loſe you. —By heaven, I will ſooner part with my ſoul.—

'You

'You are, you muſt, you ſhall be only mine.'—'My 'lord,' ſays ſhe, 'I intreat you to deſiſt from a vain 'purſuit; for, upon my honour, I will never hear 'you on this ſubject. Let go my hand, my lord; 'for I am reſolved to go from you this moment; 'nor will I ever ſee you more.'—'Then, Madam,' 'cries his lordſhip, 'I muſt make the beſt uſe of this 'moment; for I cannot, nor will I live without 'you.'—'What do you mean, my lord?' ſaid So-'phia; 'I will raiſe the family.'—'I have no fear, 'Madam,' anſwered he, 'but of loſing you, and that 'I am reſolved to prevent, the only way which deſpair 'points to me.'—He then caught her in his arms: upon which ſhe ſcreamed ſo loud, that ſhe muſt have alarmed ſome one to her aſſiſtance, had not lady Bellaſton taken care to remove all ears.

But a more lucky circumſtance happened for poor Sophia; another noiſe now broke forth, which almoſt drowned her cries; for now the whole houſe rang with, 'Where is ſhe? D——mme, I'll unkennel her 'this inſtant. Show me her chamber, I ſay. Where 'is my daughter? I know ſhe's in the houſe, and I'll 'ſee her if ſhe's above ground. Show me where ſhe 'is.'—At which laſt words the door flew open, and in came 'ſquire Weſtern, with his parſon, and a ſet of myrmidons at his heels.

How miſerable muſt have been the condition of poor Sophia, when the enraged voice of her father was welcome to her ears? Welcome indeed it was, and luckily did he come; for it was the only accident upon earth which could have preſerved the peace of her mind from being for ever deſtroyed.

Sophia, notwithſtanding her fright, preſently knew her father's voice; and his lordſhip, notwithſtanding his paſſion, knew the voice of reaſon, which peremptorily aſſured him, it was not now a time for the perpetraion of his villainy. Hearing, therefore, the voice approach, and hearing likewiſe whoſe it was; (for the 'ſquire more than once roared forth the word aughter, ſo Sophia, in the midſt of her ſtruggling, aried out upon her father;) he thought proper to relinquiſh his prey, having only diſordered her hand-

handkerchief; and with his rude lips committed violence on her lovely neck.

If the reader's imagination doth not assist me, I shall never be able to describe the situation of these two persons when Western came into the room. Sophia tottered into her chair, where she sat disordered, pale, breathless, bursting with indignation at lord Fellamar; affrighted, and yet more rejoiced at the arrival of her father.

His lordship sat down near her, with the bag of his wig hanging over one of his shoulders, the rest of his dress being somewhat disordered, and rather a greater proportion of linen than is usual appearing at his bosom. As to the rest, he was amazed, affrighted, vexed, and ashamed.

As to 'squire Western, he happened, at this time, to be overtaken by an enemy, which very frequently pursues, and seldom fails to overtake most of the country gentlemen of this kingdom. He was, literally speaking, drunk; which circumstance, together with his natural impetuosity, could produce no other effect, than his running immediately up to his daughter, upon whom he fell foul with his tongue in the most inveterate manner; nay, he had probably committed violence with his hands, had not the parson interposed, saying, 'For heaven's sake, Sir, animadvert 'that you are in the house of a great lady. Let me 'beg you to mitigate your wrath; it should minister 'a fullness of satisfaction that you have found your 'daughter; for as to revenge, it belongeth not unto 'us. I discern great contrition in the countenance 'of the young lady. I stand assured, if you will 'forgive her, she will repent her of all past offences, 'and return unto her duty.'

The strength of the parson's arms had at first been of more service than the strength of his rhetoric, However, his last words wrought some effect, and the 'squire answered, 'I'll forgee her if she will ha 'un. If wot ha un, Sophy, I'll forgee thee all. Why 'dost unt speak? Shat ha un! d——n me, shat ha 'un! Why dost unt answer? Was ever such a stubborn tuoad!'

'Let

'Let me intreat you, Sir, to be a little more moderate,' said the parson; 'you frighten the young lady 'so, that you deprive her of all power of utterance.'

'Power of mine a—' answered the 'squire. 'You 'take her part then, do you? A pretty parson truly, 'to side with an undutiful child. Yes, yes, I will 'gee you a living with a pox. I'll gee unto the 'devil sooner.'

'I humbly crave your pardon, 'said the parson; 'I 'assure your worship, I meant no such matter.'

My lady Bellaston now entered the room, and came up to the 'squire, who no sooner saw her, than, resolving to follow the instructions of his sister, he made her a very civil bow, in the rural manner, and paid her some of his best compliments. He then immediately proceeded to his complaints, and said, 'There, my lady cousin; there stands the most undutiful child in the world: she hankers after a beggarly rascal, and won't marry one of the greatest matches in all England, that we have provided for her.'

'Indeed, cousin Western,' answered the lady, 'I 'am persuaded you wrong my cousin. I am sure she 'hath a better understanding. I am convinced she 'will not refuse what she must be sensible is so much 'to her advantage.'

This was a wilful mistake in lady Bellaston; for she well knew whom Mr. Western meant; though perhaps she thought he would easily be reconciled to his lordship's proposals.

'Do you hear there,' quoth the 'squire, 'what her 'ladyship says? All your family are for the match. 'Come, Sophy, be a good girl, and be dutiful, and 'make your father happy.'

'If my death will make you happy, Sir,' answered Sophia, 'you will shortly be so.'

'It's a lye, Sophy; it's a d——n'd lye, and you 'know it,' said the 'squire.

'Indeed, Miss Western,' said lady Bellaston, 'you 'injure your father; he hath nothing in view but 'your interest in this match; and I and all your 'friends must acknowledge the highest honour done 'to your family in the proposal.'

'Ay,

'Ay, all of us,' quoth the ſquire; 'nay, it was 'no propoſal of mine. She knows it was her aunt 'propoſed it to me firſt.——Come, Sophy, once 'more let me beg you, to be a good girl, and gee 'me your conſent before your couſin.'

'Let me give him your hand, couſin,' ſaid the lady. 'It is the faſhion now a-days to diſpenſe with 'time and long courtſhips.'

'Pugh,' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'what ſignifies time; 'won't they have time enough to court afterwards? 'People may court very well after they have been 'a-bed together.'

As lord Fellamar was very well aſſured, that he was meant by lady Bellaſton, ſo never having heard nor ſuſpected a word of Blifil, he made no doubt of his being meant by the father. Coming up therefore to the 'ſquire, he ſaid—'Though I have not the ho-'nour, Sir, of being perſonally known to you; yet, 'as I find I have the happineſs to have my propoſals 'accepted, let me intercede, Sir, in behalf of the 'young lady, that ſhe may not be more ſolicited at 'this time.'

'You intercede, Sir!' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'why, who 'the devil are you?'

'Sir, I am lord Fellamar,' anſwered he, 'and am 'the happy man, whom I hope you have done the 'honour of accepting for a ſon-in-law.'

'You are a ſon of a b——,' replied the 'ſquire, 'for all your laced coat. You my ſon-in-law, and 'be d——n'd to you!'

'I ſhall take more from you, Sir, than from any 'man,' anſwered the lord; 'but I muſt inform you, 'that I am not uſed to hear ſuch language without 'reſentment.'

'Reſent my a——,' quoth the 'ſquire. 'Don't 'think I am afraid of ſuch a fellow as thee art! be-'cauſe haſt got a ſpit there dangling at thy ſide. 'Lay by your ſpit, and I'll give thee enough of 'meddling with what doth not belong to thee.—— 'I'll teach you to father-in-law me. I'll lick thy 'jacket.

'It's

'It's very well, Sir,' ſaid my lord, 'I ſhall make 'no diſturbance before the ladies. I am very well 'ſatisfied. Your humble Servant, Sir; lady Bella-'ſton, your moſt obedient.'

His lordſhip was no ſooner gone, than lady Bellaſton coming up to Mr. Weſtern, ſaid, 'Bleſs me, 'Sir, what have you done? You know not whom 'you have affronted; he is a nobleman of the firſt 'rank and fortune, and yeſterday made propoſals to 'your daughter; and ſuch as I am ſure you muſt ac-'cept with the higheſt pleaſure.'

'Anſwer for yourſelf, lady couſin,' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'I will have nothing to do with any of your lords. 'My daughter ſhall have an honeſt country gentle-'man; I have pitched upon one for her,—and ſhe 'ſhall ha'un.—I am ſorry for the trouble ſhe hath 'given your ladyſhip with all my heart.' Lady Bellaſton made a civil ſpeech upon the word trouble, to which the ſquire anſwered, 'Why that's kind—and 'I would do as much for your ladyſhip. To be ſure 'relations ſhould do for one another. So I wiſh 'your ladyſhip a good night.—Come, Madam, you 'muſt go along with me by fair means, or I'll have 'you carried down to the coach.'

Sophia ſaid ſhe would attend him without force; but begged to go in a chair, for ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould not be able to ride any other way.

'Prithee,' cries the 'ſquire, 'won't unt perſuade 'me canſt not ride in a coach, wouldſt? That's a 'pretty thing ſurely. No, no, I'll never let thee out 'of my ſight any more till art married, that I pro-'miſe thee.' Sophia told him ſhe ſaw he was reſolved to break her heart. 'O break thy heart and 'be d——n'd,' quoth he, 'if a good huſband will 'break it. I don't value a braſs varden, not a half-'penny of any undutiful b— upon earth.' He then took violently hold of her hand; upon which the parſon once more interfered, begging him to uſe gentle methods. At that the 'ſquire thundered out a curſe, and bid the parſon hold his tongue, ſaying, 'Ar'nt in pulpit now; when art a got up there I never

'mind

'mind what doſt ſay; but I won't be prieſt-ridden, 'nor taught how to behave myſelf by thee. I wiſh 'your ladyſhip a good night. Come along, Sophy; 'be a good girl, and all ſhall be well. Shat ha un; 'd——n me, ſhat ha un.

Mrs. Honour appeared below ſtairs, and with a low courteſy to the 'ſquire, offered to attend her miſtreſs; but he puſhed her away, ſaying, 'Hold, Madam, 'hold, you come no more near my houſe.'—'And 'will you take my maid away from me?' ſaid Sophia. 'Yes indeed, Madam, will I,' cries the 'ſquire: 'you 'need not fear being without a ſervant; I will get 'you another maid, and a better maid than this, who 'I'd lay five pound to a crown, is no more a maid 'than my grannum. No, no, Sophy, ſhe ſhall con-'trive no more eſcapes, I promiſe you.' He then packed up his daughter and the parſon into a hackney coach, after which he mounted himſelf, and ordered it to drive to his lodgings. In the way thither he ſuffered Sophia to be quiet, and entertained himſelf with reading a lecture to the parſon on good manners, and a proper behaviour to his betters.

It is poſſible he might not ſo eaſily have carried off his daughter from lady Bellaſton, had that good lady deſired to have detained her; but in reality, ſhe was not a little pleaſed with the confinement into which Sophia was going: and as her project with lord Fellamar had failed of ſucceſs, ſhe was well contented that other violent methods were now going to be uſed in favour of another man.

CHAP. VI.

By what means the 'ſquire came to diſcover his daughter.

THOUGH the reader in many hiſtories is obliged to digeſt much more unaccountable appearances than this of Mr. Weſtern, without any ſatisfaction at all; yet, as we dearly love to oblige him whenever it is in our power, we ſhall now proceed to ſhow by what method the 'ſquire diſcovered where his daughter was.

In

In the third chapter then of the preceding book, we gave a hint (for it is not our cuſtom to unfold at any time more than is neceſſary for the occaſion) that Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who was very deſirous of reconciling herſelf to her uncle and aunt Weſtern, thought ſhe had a probable opportunity, by the ſervice of preſerving Sophia from committing the ſame crime which had drawn on herſelf the anger of her family. After much deliberation therefore ſhe reſolved to inform her aunt Weſtern where her couſin was, and accordingly ſhe writ the following letter, which we ſhall give the reader at length, for more reaſons than one.

'Honoured Madam,

'The occaſion of my writing this will perhaps 'make a letter of mine agreeable to my dear aunt, 'for the ſake of one of her nieces, though I have 'little reaſon to hope it will be ſo on the account of 'another.

'Without more apology, as I was coming to 'throw my unhappy ſelf at your feet, I met, by 'the ſtrangeſt accident in the world, my couſin So-'phy, whoſe hiſtory you are better acquainted with 'than myſelf, though, alas! I know infinitely too 'much; enough indeed to ſatisfy me, that unleſs 'ſhe is immediately prevented, ſhe is in danger of 'running into the ſame fatal miſchief, which, by 'fooliſhly and ignorantly refuſing your moſt wiſe and 'prudent advice, I have unfortunately brought on 'myſelf.

'In ſhort, I have ſeen the man, nay, I was moſt 'part of yeſterday in his company, and a charming 'young fellow I promiſe you he is. By what ac-'cident he came acquainted with me is too tedious 'to tell you now; but I have this morning changed 'my lodgings to avoid him, leſt he ſhould by my 'means diſcover my couſin; for he doth not yet 'know where ſhe is, and it is adviſeable he ſhould 'not, till my uncle hath ſecured her.——No time 'therefore is to be loſt; and I need only inform you, 'that ſhe is now with lady Bellaſton, whom I have

'ſeen

'ſeen, and who hath, I find, a deſign of concealing 'her from her family. You know, Madam, ſhe is a 'ſtrange woman; but nothing could miſbecome me 'more, than to preſume to give any hint to one of 'your great underſtanding, and great knowledge of 'the world, beſides barely informing you of the mat-'ter of fact.

'I hope, Madam, the care which I have ſhown 'on this occaſion for the good of my family, will 'recommend me again to the favour of a lady who 'hath always exerted ſo much zeal for the honour 'and true intereſt of us all; and that it may be a 'means of reſtoring me to your friendſhip, which 'hath made ſo great a part of my former, and is ſo 'neceſſary to my future happineſs. I am,

'With the utmoſt reſpect,

'honoured Madam,

'your moſt dutiful obliged niece,

'and moſt obedient

'humble ſervant.

'HARRIET FITZPATRICK.

Mrs. Weſtern was now at her brother's houſe, where ſhe had reſided ever ſince the flight of Sophia, in order to adminiſter comfort to the poor 'ſquire in his affliction. Of this comfort, which ſhe doled out to him in daily portions, we have formerly given a ſpecimen.

She was now ſtanding with her back to the fire, and, with a pinch of ſnuff in her hand, was dealing forth this daily allowance of comfort to the 'ſquire, while he ſmoaked his afternoon pipe, when ſhe received the above letter; which ſhe had no ſooner read than ſhe delivered into him, ſaying, 'There, Sir, 'there is an account of your loſt ſheep. Fortune 'hath again reſtored her to you, and if you will be 'governed by my advice, it is poſſible you may yet 'preſerve her.'

The 'ſquire had no ſooner read the letter than he leaped from his chair, threw his pipe into the fire, and

gave a loud huzza for joy. He then ſummoned his ſervants, called for his boots, and ordered the Chevalier and ſeveral other horſes to be ſaddled, and that parſon Supple ſhould be immediately ſent for. Having done this, he turned to his ſiſter, caught her in his arms, and gave her a cloſe embrace, ſaying, 'Zounds! you don't ſeem pleaſed; one would imagine 'you was ſorry I have found the girl.'

'Brother,' anſwered ſhe, 'the deepeſt politicians, 'who ſee to the bottom, diſcover often a very different aſpect of affairs, from what ſwims on the 'ſurface. It is true, indeed, things do look rather 'leſs deſperate than they did formerly in Holland, 'when Lewis the Fourteenth was at the gates of 'Amſterdam; but there is a delicacy required in this 'matter, which you will pardon me, brother, if I 'ſuſpect you want. There is a decorum to be uſed 'with a woman of figure, ſuch as lady Bellaſton, 'brother, which requires a knowledge of the world, 'ſuperior I am afraid to your's.'

'Siſter,' cries the 'ſquire, 'I know you have no 'opinion of my parts; but I'll ſhew you on this occaſion who is a fool. Knowledge quotha! I have 'not been in the country ſo long without having ſome 'knowledge of warrants and the law of the land. I 'know I may take my own wherever I can find it. 'Show me my own daughter, and if I don't know 'how to come at her, I'll ſuffer you to call me fool 'as long as I live. There be juſtices of peace in 'London, as well as in other places."

'I proteſt,' cries ſhe, 'you make me tremble for 'the event of this matter, which if you will proceed 'by my advice, you may bring to ſo good an iſſue. 'Do you really imagine, brother, that the houſe of 'a woman of figure is to be attacked by warrants and 'brutal juſtices of the peace? I will inform you how 'to proceed. As ſoon as you arrive in town, and 'have got yourſelf into a decent dreſs (for indeed, 'brother, you have none at preſent fit to appear in) 'you muſt ſend your compliments to lady Bellaſton, 'and deſire leave to wait on her. When you are admitted to her preſence, as you certainly will be,

'an

'and have told her your ſtory, and have made proper 'uſe of my name, (for I think you only juſt know 'one another by ſight, though you are relations.) I 'am confident ſhe will withdraw her protection from 'my niece, who hath certainly impoſed upon her. 'This is the only method.——Juſtices of peace, in-'deed! do you imagine any ſuch event can arrive to 'a woman of figure in a civilized nation?'

'D—n their figures,' cries the 'ſquire; 'a pretty 'civilized nation, truly, where women are above the 'law. And what muſt I ſtand ſending a parcel of 'compliments to a confounded whore, that keeps 'away a daughter from her own natural father? I 'tell you, ſiſter, I am not ſo ignorant as you think 'me.——I know you would have women above the 'law, but it is all a lye; I heard his lordſhip ſay 'at a Size, that no one is above the law. But this of 'yours is Hanover law, I ſuppoſe.'

'Mr. Weſtern,' ſaid ſhe, 'I think you daily im-'prove in ignorance.——I proteſt you are grown an 'arrant bear.'

'No more a bear than yourſelf, ſiſter Weſtern,' ſaid the 'ſquire.—'Pox! you may talk of your civility 'an you will. I am ſure you never ſhow any to me. 'I am no bear, no, nor no dog neither, though I 'know ſomebody, that is ſomething that begins with 'a b——; but pox! I will ſhow you I have a got 'more good manners than ſome folks.'

'Mr. Weſtern,' anſwered the lady, 'you may ſay 'what you pleaſe, *Je vous meſpriſe de tout mon cœur.* 'I ſhall not therefore be angry.——Beſides, as my 'couſin with that odious Iriſh name juſtly ſays, I 'have that regard for the honour and true intereſt 'of my family, and that concern for my niece, who 'is a part of it, that I have reſolved to go to town 'myſelf upon this occaſion; for indeed, indeed, 'brother, you are not a fit miniſter to be employed 'at a polite court.—Greenland—Greenland ſhould 'always be the ſcene of the tramontane negociation.'

'I thank heaven,' cries the 'ſquire, 'I don't un-'derſtand you now. You are got to your Hanove-'rian linguo. However, I'll ſhow you I ſcorn to be

'behind-hand in civility with you; and as you are not 'angry for what I have said, so I am not angry for 'what you have said. Indeed I have always thought 'it a folly for relations to quarrel; and if they do 'now and then give a hasty word, why people should 'give and take; for my part, I never bear malice; 'and I take it very kind of you to go up to London; 'for I never was there but twice in my life, and then 'I did not stay above a fortnight at a time, and to be 'sure I can't be expected to know much of the streets 'and the folks in that time. I never denied that you 'know'd all these matters better than I. For me to 'dispute that would be all as one, as for you to dispute 'the management of a pack of dogs, or the finding 'a hare sitting, with me.'—'Which I promise you, says she, 'I never will.'—'Well, and I promise 'you,' returned he, 'that I never will dispute 't'other.'

Here then a league was struck (to borrow a phrase from the lady) between the contending parties; and now the parson arriving, and the horses being ready, the 'squire departed, having promised his sister to follow her advice, and she prepared to follow him the next day.

But having communicated these matters to the parson on the road, they both agreed that the prescribed formalities might very well be dispensed with; and the 'squire, having changed his mind, proceeded in the manner we have already seen.

CHAP. VII.

In which various misfortunes befel poor Jones.

AFFAIRS were in the aforesaid situation when Mrs. Honour arrived at Mrs. Miller's, and called Jones out from the company, as we have before seen, with whom, when she found herself alone, she began as follows:

'O my dear Sir, how shall I get spirits to tell you; 'you are undone, Sir, and my poor lady's undone, 'and I am undone.'—'Hath any thing happened to Sophia?' cries Jones, staring like a madman. 'All 'that

'that is bad,' cries Honour; 'O I ſhall never get 'ſuch another lady! O that I ſhould ever live to ſee 'this day!' At theſe words Jones turned pale as aſhes, trembled, and ſtammered; but Honour went on. 'O, Mr. Jones, I have loſt my lady for ever.' 'How! what! for heaven's ſake tell me.——O my 'dear Sophia!'—'You may well call her ſo,' ſaid Honour; 'ſhe was the deareſt lady to me.——I ſhall 'never have ſuch another place.'——'D—n your 'place,' cries Jones; 'where is? what! what is be-'come of my Sophia?'—'Ay, to be ſure,' cries ſhe, 'ſervants may be d—n'd. It ſignifies nothing what 'becomes of them, though they are turned away, 'and ruined ever ſo much. To be ſure they are not 'fleſh and blood like other people. No to be ſure, 'it ſignifies nothing what becomes of them.'—'If 'you have any pity, any compaſſion,' cries Jones, 'I beg you will inſtantly tell me what hath hap-'pened to Sophia?'—'To be ſure I have more pity 'for you than you have for me,' anſwered Honour; 'I don't d—n you becauſe you have loſt the ſweeteſt 'lady in the world. To be ſure you are worthy to 'be pitied, and I am worthy to be pitied too: for 'to be ſure if ever there was a good miſtreſs'—— 'What hath happened,' cries Jones, in almoſt a rav-ing fit.——'What?——What?' ſaid Honour; 'why the worſt that could have happened both for 'you and for me.——Her father is come to town, 'and hath carried her away from us both.' Here Jones fell on his knees of thankſgiving that it was no worſe.—'No worſe!' repeated Honour, 'what could 'be worſe for either of us? He carried her off, ſwear-'ing ſhe ſhould marry Mr. Blifil; that's for your com-'fort; and for poor me, I am turned out of doors.' 'Indeed, Mrs. Honour,' anſwered Jones, 'you fright-'ened me out of my wits. I imagined ſome moſt 'dreadful ſudden accident had happened to Sophia; 'ſomething, compared to which, even the ſeeing her 'married to Blifil would be a trifle; but while there 'is life, there are hopes, my dear Honour. Women 'in this land of liberty cannot be married by actual 'brutal force.'—'To be ſure, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that's

'true. There may be ſome hopes for you; but alack 'a day! what hopes are there for poor me? And to 'be ſure, Sir, you muſt be ſenſible I ſuffer all this 'upon your account. All the quarrel the 'ſquire hath 'to me is for taking your part, as I have done, againſt 'Mr. Blifil.'—'Indeed, Mrs. Honour, 'anſwered he, 'I am ſenſible of my obligations to you, and will 'leave nothing in my power undone to make you 'amends.'—'Alas, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'what can make 'ſervant amends for the loſs of one place, but the 'getting another altogether as good!'—'Do not de-'ſpair, Mrs. Honour,' ſaid Jones, 'I hope to rein-'ſtate you again in the ſame.' 'Alack-a-day, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'how can I flatter myſelf with ſuch hopes, 'when I know it's a thing impoſſible; for the 'ſquire 'is ſo ſet againſt me: and yet if you ſhould ever have 'my lady, as to be ſure I now hopes heartily you will; 'for you are a generous good-natured gentleman, 'and I am ſure you loves her, and to be ſure ſhe 'loves you as dearly as her own ſoul; it is a matter in 'vain to deny it; becauſe as why, every body that is in 'the leaſt acquained with my lady, muſt ſee it; for, 'poor dear lady, ſhe can't diſſemble; and if two people 'who loves one another a'n't happy, why who ſhould 'be ſo? Happineſs don't always depend upon what 'people has; beſides, my lady has enough for both. 'To be ſure, therefore, as one may ſay, it would be 'all the pity in the world to keep two ſuch loviers 'aſunder; nay, I am convinced for my part, you 'will meet together at laſt; for if it is to be, there 'is no preventing it. If a marriage is made in hea-'ven, all the juſtices of peace upon earth can't break 'it off. To be ſure I wiſhes that parſon Supple had but 'a little more ſpirit to tell the 'ſquire of his wicked-'neſs in endeavouring to force his daughter contrary 'to her liking; but then his whole dependance is on 'the 'ſquire, and ſo the poor gentleman, though he 'is a very religious good ſort of man, and talks 'of the badneſs of ſuch doings behind the ſquire's 'back, yet he dares not ſay his ſoul is his own to 'his face. To be ſure I never ſaw him make ſo bold as 'juſt now; I was afeard the 'ſquire would have ſtruck

'him.—I would not have your honour be melancholy, 'Sir, nor deſpair; things may go better, as long as 'you are ſure of my lady, and that I am certain you 'may be; for ſhe never will be brought to conſent 'to marry any other man. Indeed, I am terribly 'afeard the 'ſquire will do her a miſchief in his paſ-'ſion: for he is a prodigious paſſionate gentleman, 'and I am afeard too the lady will be brought to 'break her heart; for ſhe is as tender-hearted as a 'chicken; it is pity, methinks, ſhe had not a little 'of my courage. If I was in love with a young 'man, and my father offered to lock me up, I'd tear 'his eyes out, but I'd come at him; but then there's 'a great fortune in the caſe, which it is in her father's 'power either to give her or not; that to be ſure, 'may make ſome difference.'

Whether Jones gave ſtrict attention to all the foregoing harangue, or whether it was for want of any vacancy in the diſcourſe, I cannot determine; but he never once attempted to anſwer, nor did ſhe once ſtop, till Partridge came running into the room, and informed him that the great lady was upon the ſtairs.

Nothing could equal the dilemma to which Jones was now reduced. Honour knew nothing of any acquaintance that ſubſiſted between him and lady Bellaſton, and ſhe was almoſt the laſt perſon in the world to whom he would have communicated it. In this hurry and diſtreſs, he took (as is common enough) the worſt courſe, and inſtead of expoſing her to the lady, which would have been of little conſequence, he choſe to expoſe the lady to her; he therefore reſolved to hide Honour, whom he had but juſt time to convey behind the bed, and to draw the curtains.

The hurry in which Jones had been all day engaged on account of his poor landlady and her family, the terrors occaſioned by Mrs. Honour, and the confuſion into which he was thrown by the ſudden arrival of lady Bellaſton, had altogether driven former thoughts out of his head; ſo that it never once occurred to his memory to act the part of a ſick man; which indeed, neither the gaiety of his dreſs, nor the freſhneſs of his countenance, would have at all ſupported.

He received her ladyſhip therefore rather agreeably to her deſires, than to her expectations, with all the good humour he could muſter in his countenance, and without any real or affected appearance of the leaſt diſorder.

Lady Bellaſton no ſooner entered the room, than ſhe ſquatted herſelf down on the bed: 'So my dear 'Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'you find nothing can detain me 'long from you. Perhaps I ought to be angry with 'you, that I have neither ſeen nor heard from you 'all day; for I perceive your diſtemper would have 'ſuffered you to come abroad: nay, I ſuppoſe you 'have not ſat in your chamber all day dreſſed up like 'a fine lady to ſee company after a lying-in; but 'however, don't think I intend to ſcold you: for I 'never will give you an excuſe for the cold behaviour 'of a huſband, by putting on the ill humour of a 'wife.'

'Nay, lady Bellaſton,' ſaid Jones, 'I am ſure your 'ladyſhip will not upbraid me with neglect of duty, 'when I only waited for orders. Who, my dear crea-'ture, hath reaſon to complain? Who miſſed an ap-'pointment laſt night, and left an unhappy man to 'expect, and wiſh, and ſigh, and languiſh?'

'Do not mention it, my dear Mr. Jones,' cried ſhe. 'If you knew the occaſion, you would pity me. In 'ſhort, it is impoſſible to conceive what women of 'condition are obliged to ſuffer from the impertinence 'of fools, in order to keep up the farce of the world. 'I am glad, however, all your languiſhing and wiſh-'ing have done you no harm: for you never looked 'better in your life. Upon my faith! Jones, you 'might at this inſtant ſit for the picture of Adonis.'

There are certain words of provocation which men of honour hold can only properly be anſwered by a blow. Among lovers poſſibly there may be ſome expreſſions which can be only anſwered by a kiſs. The compliment which lady Bellaſton now made Jones ſeems to be of this kind, eſpecially as it was attended with a look in which the lady conveyed more ſoft ideas than it was poſſible to expreſs with her tongue.

Jones

Jones was certainly at this inſtant in one of the moſt diſagreeable and diſtreſſed ſituations imaginable; for to carry on the compariſon we made uſe of before, though the provocation was given by the lady, Jones could not receive ſatisfaction, nor ſo much as offer to aſk it, in the preſence of a third perſon; ſeconds in this kind of duels not being according to the law of arms. As this objection did not occur to lady Bellaſton, who was ignorant of any other woman being there but herſelf, ſhe waited ſome time in great aſtoniſhment for an anſwer from Jones, who conſcious of the ridiculous figure he made, ſtood at a diſtance, and not daring to give the proper anſwer, gave none at all. Nothing can be imagined more comic, nor yet more tragical than this ſcene would have been, if it had laſted much longer. The lady had already changed colour two or three times; had got up from the bed and ſat down again, while Jones was wiſhing the ground to ſink under him, or the houſe to fall on his head, when an odd accident freed him from an embarraſſment out of which neither the eloquence of a Cicero, nor the politics of a Machiavel, could have delivered him, without utter diſgrace.

This was no other than the arrival of young Nightingale dead drunk; or rather in that ſtate of drunkenneſs which deprives men of the uſe of their reaſon, without depriving them of the uſe of their limbs.

Mrs. Miller and her daughters were in bed, and Partridge was ſmoaking his pipe by the kitchen fire; ſo that he arrived at Mr. Jones's chamber door without any interruption. This he burſt open, and was entering without any ceremony, when Jones ſtarted from his ſeat, and ran to oppoſe him; which he did ſo effectually, that Nightingale never came far enough within the door to ſee who was ſitting on the bed.

Nightingale had in reality miſtaken Jones's apartment for that in which himſelf had lodged; he therefore ſtrongly inſiſted on coming in, often ſwearing that he would not be kept from his own bed. Jones, however, prevailed over him, and delivered him into

the hands of Partridge, whom the noiſe on the ſtairs ſoon ſummoned to his maſter's aſſiſtance.

And now Jones was unwillingly obliged to return to his own apartment, where at the very inſtant of his entrance he heard lady Bellaſton venting an exclamation, though not a very loud one; and at the ſame time, ſaw her flinging herſelf into a chair in a vaſt agitation, which in a lady of a tender conſtitution would have been an hyſteric fit.

In reality, the lady, frightened with the ſtruggle between the two men, of which ſhe did not know what would be the iſſue, as ſhe heard Nightingale ſwear many oaths he would come to his own bed, attempted to retire to her known place of hiding, which to her great confuſion ſhe found already occupied by another.

'Is this uſage to be borne, Mr. Jones?' cries the lady, '—baſeſt of men?——What wretch is this 'to whom you have expoſed me?'—'Wretch!' cries Honour, burſting in a violent rage from her place of concealment—— 'marry come up?—Wretch for-'ſooth!——as poor a wretch as I am, I am honeſt; 'that is more than ſome folks who are richer can 'ſay.'

Jones, inſtead of applying himſelf directly to take off the edge of Mrs. Honour's reſentment, as a more experienced gallant would have done, fell to curſing his ſtars, and lamenting himſelf as the moſt unfortunate man in the world; and preſently after, addreſſing himſelf to lady Bellaſton, he fell to ſome very abſurd proteſtations of innocence. By this time the lady having recovered the uſe of her reaſon, which ſhe had as ready as any woman in the world, eſpecially on ſuch occaſions, calmly replyed; 'Sir, you need 'make no apologies, I ſee now who the perſon is; I 'did not at firſt know Mrs. Honour; but now I do, 'I can ſuſpect nothing wrong between her and you; 'and I am ſure ſhe is a woman of too good ſenſe to 'put any wrong conſtructions upon my viſit to you; I have been always her friend, and it may be in my power to be much more ſo hereafter.'

Mrs.

Mrs. Honour was altogether as placable, as ſhe was paſſionate. Hearing therefore lady Bellaſton aſſume the ſoft tone, ſhe likewiſe ſoftened her's——— 'I'm ſure, Madam,' ſays ſhe, 'I have been always 'ready to acknowledge your ladyſhip's friendſhips to 'me; ſure I never had ſo good a friend as your lady-'ſhip——and to be ſure now I ſee it is your ladyſhip 'that I ſpoke to, I could almoſt bite my tongue off 'for very mad.——I conſtructions upon your lady-'ſhip——to be ſure it doth not become a ſervant as 'I am to think about ſuch a great lady——I mean I 'was a ſervant: for indeed I am nobody's ſervant now, 'the more miſerable wretch is me——I have loſt the 'beſt miſtreſs.'——Here Honour thought fit to produce a ſhower of tears.——'Don't cry child,' ſays the good lady, 'Ways perhaps may be found to make 'you amends. Come to me to-morrow morning.' She then took up her fan which lay on the ground, and without even looking at Jones, walked very majeſtically out of the room; there being a kind of dignity in the impudence of women of quality, which their inferiors vainly aſpire to attain to in circumſtances of this nature.

Jones followed her down ſtairs, often offering her his hand, which ſhe abſolutely refuſed him, and got into her chair without taking any notice of him as he ſtood bowing before her.

At his return up ſtairs, a long dialogue paſſed between him and Mrs. Honour, while ſhe was adjuſting herſelf after the diſcompoſure ſhe had undergone. The ſubject of this was his infidelity to her young lady; on which ſhe enlarged with great bitterneſs; but Jones at laſt found means to reconcile her, and not only ſo, but to obtain a promiſe of moſt inviolable ſecrecy, and that ſhe would the next morning endeavour to find out Sophia, and bring him a further account of the proceedings of the 'ſquire.

Thus ended this unfortunate adventure to the ſatisfaction only of Mrs. Honour; for a ſecret (as ſome of my readers will perhaps acknowledge from experience) is often a very valuable poſſeſſion: and that not only to thoſe who faithfully keep it, but ſometimes to ſuch

as whiſper it about till it comes to the ears of every one, except the ignorant perſon, who pays for the ſuppoſed concealing of what is publickly known.

CHAP. VIII.

Short and ſweet.

NOtwithſtanding all the obligations ſhe had received from Jones, Mrs. Miller could not forbear in the morning ſome gentle remonſtrances for the hurricane which had happened the preceding night in his chamber. Theſe were however ſo gentle and ſo friendly; profeſſing, and indeed truely, to aim at nothing more than the real good of Mr. Jones himſelf, that he, far from being offended, thankfully received the admonition of the good woman, expreſſed much concern for what had paſſed, excuſed it as well as he could and promiſed never more to bring the ſame diſturbances into the houſe.

But though Mrs. Miller did not refrain from a ſhort expoſtulation in private at their firſt meeting; yet the occaſion of his being ſummoned down ſtairs that morning was of a much more agreeable kind; being indeed to perform the office of a father to Miſs Nancy, and to give her in wedlock to Mr. Nightingale, who was now ready dreſſed, and full as ſober as many of my readers will think a man ought to be who receives a wife in ſo imprudent a manner.

And here perhaps it may be proper to account for the eſcape which this young gentleman had made from his uncle, and for his appearance in the condition in which we have ſeen him the night before.

Now, when the uncle had arrived at his lodgings with his nephew, partly to indulge his own inclinations (for he dearly loved his bottle) and partly to diſqualify his nephew from the immediate execution of his purpoſe, he ordered wine to be ſet on the table; with which he ſo briſkly plyed the young gentleman, that this latter, who, though not much uſed to drinking, did not deteſt it ſo as to be guilty of diſobedience, or want of complaiſance by refuſing, was ſoon completely finiſhed.

Juſt as the uncle had obtained this victory, and was preparing a bed for his nephew, a meſſenger arrived with a piece of news, which ſo entirely diſconcerted and ſhocked him, that he in a moment loſt all conſideration for his nephew, and his whole mind became entirely taken up with his own concerns.

This ſudden and afflicting news was no leſs than that his daughter had taken the opportunity of almoſt the firſt moment of his abſence, and had gone off with a neighbouring young clergyman; againſt whom, though her father could have had but one objection, namely, that he was worth nothing, yet ſhe had never thought proper to communicate her amour even to that father; and ſo artfully had ſhe managed, that it had never been once ſuſpected by any, till now that it was conſummated.

Old Mr. Nightingale no ſooner received this account, than in the utmoſt confuſion he ordered a poſt-chaiſe to be inſtantly got ready, and having recommended his nephew to the care of a ſervant, he directly left the houſe, ſcarce knowing what he did, nor whither he went.

The uncle being thus departed, when the ſervant came to attend the nephew to bed, had waked him for that purpoſe, and had at laſt made him ſenſible that his uncle was gone, he, inſtead of accepting the kind offices tendered him, inſiſted on a chair being called; with this the ſervant, who had received no ſtrict orders to the contrary, readily complied; and thus being conducted back to the houſe of Mrs. Miller, he had ſtaggered up to Mr. Jones's chamber, as hath been before recounted.

This bar of the uncle being now removed (though young Nightingale knew not as yet in what manner) and all parties being quickly ready, the mother, Mr. Jones, Mr. Nightingale, and his love, ſtepped into a hackney coach, which conveyed him to Doctor's Commons; where Miſs Nancy was, in vulgar language, ſoon made an honeſt woman, and the poor mother became, in the pureſt ſenſe of the word, one of the happieſt of all human beings.

And now, Mr. Jones having ſeen his good offices to that poor woman and her family brought to a happy concluſion, began to apply himſelf to his own concerns; but here, leſt many of my readers ſhould cenſure his folly for thus troubling himſelf with the affairs of others, and leſt ſome few ſhould think he acted more diſintereſtedly than indeed he did, we think proper to aſſure our reader, that he was ſo far from being unconcerned in this matter, that he had indeed a very conſiderable intereſt in bringing it to that final conſummation.

To explain this ſeeming paradox at once, he was one who could truly ſay with him in Terence, *Homo ſum, nihil humani à me alienum puto.* He was never an indifferent ſpectator of the miſery or happineſs of any one; and he felt either the one or the other in great proportion as he himſelf contributed to either. He could not therefore be the inſtrument of raiſing a whole family from the loweſt ſtate of wretchedneſs to the higheſt pitch of joy without conveying great felicity to himſelf; more perhaps than worldly men often purchaſe to themſelves by undergoing the moſt ſevere labour, and often by wading through the deepeſt iniquity.

Thoſe readers who are of the ſame complexion with him, will perhaps think this ſhort chapter contains abundance of matter; while others may probably wiſh, ſhort as it is, that it had been totally ſpared as impertinent to the main deſign, which I ſuppoſe they conclude is to bring Mr. Jones to the gallows, or, if poſſible, to a more deplorable cataſtrophe.

CHAP. IX.

Containing love-letters of ſeveral ſorts.

MR. Jones at his return home, found the following letters lying on his table, which he luckily opened in the order they were ſent.

LETTER I.

'Surely I am under ſome ſtrange infatuation; I 'cannot keep my reſolutions a moment, however 'ſtrongly

'ſtrongly made or juſtly founded Laſt night I re-
'ſolved never to ſee you more; this morning I am
'willing to hear if you can, as you ſay, clear up this
'affair. And yet I know that to be impoſſible. I
'have ſaid every thing to myſelf which you can in-
'vent.——Perhaps not. Perhaps your invention is
'ſtronger. Come to me, therefore, the moment you
'receive this. If you can forge an excuſe, I almoſt
'promiſe you to believe it. Betrayed to——I will
'think no more.——Come to me directly.——This
'is the third letter I have writ, the two former are
'burnt——I am almoſt inclined to burn this too—
'I wiſh I may preſerve my ſenſes.——Come to me
'preſently.'

LETTER II.

'If you ever expect to be forgiven, or even ſuf-
'fered within my doors, come to me this inſtant.'

LETTER III.

'I now find you was not at home when my notes
'came to your lodgings. The moment you receive
'this let me ſee you:——I ſhall not ſtir out; nor
'ſhall any body be let in but yourſelf. Sure nothing
'can detain you long.'

Jones had juſt read over theſe three billets, when Mr. Nightingale came into the room. 'Well Tom,' ſaid he, 'any news from lady Bellaſton, after laſt 'night's adventure?' for it was now no ſecret to any one in that houſe who the lady was.) 'The lady 'Bellaſton?' anſwered Jones very gravely.——'Nay, 'dear Tom,' cries Nightingale, 'don't be ſo reſerved 'to your friends. Though I was too drunk to ſee 'her laſt night, I ſaw her at the maſquerade. Do 'you think I am ignorant who the queen of the 'fairies is?'—'And did you really then know the 'lady at the maſquerade?' ſaid Jones. 'Yes, upon 'my ſoul, did I,' ſaid Nightingale, 'and have given 'you twenty hints of it ſince, though you ſeemed al-
'ways ſo tender on that point, that I would not ſpeak
'plainly. I fancy, my friend, by your extreme nicety

'in this matter, you are not ſo well acquainted with 'the character of the lady, as with her perſon. Don't 'be angry, Tom, but upon my honour, you are not 'the firſt young fellow ſhe hath debauched. Her re-'putation is in no danger, believe me.'

Though Jones had no reaſon to imagine the lady to have been of the veſtal kind when this amour began; yet as he was throughly ignorant of the town, and had very little acquaintance in it, he had yet no knowledge, of that character which is vulgarly called a demirep; that is to ſay, a woman who intrigues with every man ſhe likes, under the name and appearance of virtue; and who, though ſome over-nice ladies will not be ſeen with her, is viſited (as they term it) by the whole town; in ſhort, whom every body knows to be what no body calls her.

When he found, therefore, that Nightingale was perfectly acquainted with his intrigue, and began to ſuſpect, that ſo ſcrupulous a delicacy as he had hitherto obſerved, was not quite neceſſary on the occaſion, he gave a latitude to his friend's tongue, and deſired him to ſpeak plainly what he knew, or had ever heard of the lady.

Nightingale, who in many other inſtances was rather too effeminate in his diſpoſition, had a pretty ſtrong inclination to tittle-tattle. He had no ſooner, therefore, received a full liberty of ſpeaking from Jones, than he entered upon a long narrative concerning the lady; which as it contained many particulars highly to her diſhonour, we have too great a tenderneſs for all women of condition to repeat. We would cautiouſly avoid giving an opportunity to the future commentators on our works, of making any malicious application; and of forcing us to be, againſt our will, the author of ſcandal, which never entered into our head.

Jones, having very attentively heard all that Nightingale had to ſay, fetched a deep ſigh, which the other obſerving, cried, 'Hey-day! why thou art 'not in love, I hope! Had I imagined my ſtories 'would have affected you, I promiſe you ſhould never 'have heard them.'—'O my dear friend,' cries Jones,

'I am

'I am so entangled with this woman, that I know 'not how to extricate myself. In love indeed! no, 'my friend, but I am under obligations to her, and 'very great ones. Since you know so much, I will 'be very explicit with you. It is owing perhaps solely 'to her, that I have not before this, wanted a bit of 'bread. How can I possibly desert such a woman? 'and yet I must desert her, or be guilty of the 'blackest treachery to one, who deserves infinitely 'better of me than she can: a woman, my Night-'ingale, for whom I have a passion which few can 'have an idea of. I am half distracted with doubts 'how to act.'—'And is this other, pray, an honour-'able mistress?' cries Nightingale. 'Honourable!' answered Jones; 'no breath ever yet durst sully her 'reputation. The sweetest air is not purer, the 'limpid stream not clearer than her honour. She is 'all over, both in mind and body, consummate per-'fection. She is the most beautiful creature in the 'universe; and yet she is mistress of such noble, 'elevated qualities, that though she is never from my 'thoughts, I scarce ever think of her beauty, but 'when I see it.'——'And can you, my good friend,' cries Nightingale, 'with such an engagement as this 'upon your hands, hesitate a moment about quit-'ing such a ——'—'Hold,' said Jones, 'no more 'abuse of her; I detest the thought of ingratitude.' 'Pooh!' answered the other, 'you are not the first 'upon whom she hath conferred obligations of this 'kind. She is remarkably liberal where she likes; 'though, let me tell you, her favours are so pru-'dently bestowed, that they should rather raise a 'man's vanity, than his gratitude.' In short, Night-ingale proceeded so far on this head, and told his friend so many stories of the lady, which he swore to the truth of, that he entirely removed all the esteem for her from the breast of Jones; and his gratitude was lessened in proportion. Indeed he began to look on all the favours he had received, rather as wages than benefits, which not only depreciated her, but himself too, in his own conceit, and put him quite out of humour with both. From this disgust, his mind,

by

by a natural tranſition, turned towards Sophia: her virtue, her purity, her love to him, her ſufferings on his account, filled all his thoughts, and made his commerce with lady Bellaſton appear ſtill more odious. The reſult of all was, that though his turning himſelf out of her ſervice, in which light he now ſaw his affair with her, would be the loſs of his bread; yet he determined to quit her, if he could but find a handſome pretence; which having communicated to his friend, Nightingale conſidered a little, and then ſaid, 'I have it, my boy! I have found out a ſure 'method: propoſe marriage to her, and I would 'venture hanging upon the ſucceſs,'—'Marriage!' cries Jones. 'Ay, propoſe marriage,' anſwered Night-'ingale, 'and ſhe will declare off in a moment. I 'knew a young fellow whom ſhe kept formerly, who 'made the offer to her in earneſt, and was preſently 'turned off for his pains.'

Jones declared he could not venture the experiment. 'Perhaps,' ſaid he, 'ſhe may be leſs ſhocked 'at this propoſal from one man than from another. 'And if ſhe ſhould take me at my word, where am I 'then? Caught in my own trap, and undone for ever.' 'No;' anſwered Nightingale, 'not if I can give you 'an expedient, by which you may, at any time, get 'out of the trap.'——'What expedient can that 'be?' replied Jones. 'This,' anſwered Nightingale. 'The young fellow I mentioned, who is one of the 'moſt intimate acquaintances I have in the world, is 'ſo angry with her for ſome ill offices ſhe hath ſince 'done him, that I am ſure he would, without any 'difficulty, give you a ſight of her letters; upon 'which you may decently break with her; and de-'clare off before the knot is tyed, if ſhe ſhould really 'be willing to tie it, which I am convinced ſhe will 'not.'

After ſome heſitation, Jones, upon the ſtrength of this aſſureance, conſented; but as he ſwore he wanted the confidence to propoſe the matter to her face, he wrote the following letter, which Nightingale dictated.

'Madam,

'Madam,

'I am extremely concerned, that, by an unfortunate engagement abroad, I ſhould have miſſed receiving the honour of your ladyſhip's commands the moment they came; and the delay which I muſt now ſuffer of vindicating myſelf to your ladyſhip, greatly adds to this misfortune. O lady Bellaſton, what a terror have I been in, for fear your reputation ſhould be expoſed by theſe perverſe accidents. There is one only way to ſecure it. I need not name what that is. Only permit me to ſay, that as your honour is as dear to me as my own; ſo my ſole ambition is to have the glory of laying my liberty at your feet; and believe me when I aſſure you, I can never be made completely happy, without you generouſly beſtow on me a legal right of calling you mine for ever. I am,

'Madam,

'with moſt profound reſpect,

'your ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

'obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS JONES.'

To this ſhe preſently returned the following anſwer:

'Sir,

'When I read over your ſerious epiſtle, I could from its coldneſs and formality, have ſworn that you had already the legal right you mention; nay, that we had for many years, compoſed that monſtrous animal a huſband and wife. Do you really then imagine me a fool? or do you fancy yourſelf capable of ſo entirely perſuading me out of my ſenſes, that I ſhould deliver my whole fortune into your power, in order to enable you to ſupport your pleaſures at my expence. Are theſe the proofs of love which I expected? Is this the return for—— but I ſcorn to upbraid you, and am in great admiration of your profound reſpect.

'P. S.

'*P. S.* I am prevented from reviſing:——Perhaps I 'have ſaid more than I meant.——Come to me at 'eight this evening.'

Jones, by the advice of his privy-council, replied.

'Madam,

'It is impoſſible to expreſs how much I am ſhocked 'at the ſuſpicion you entertain of me. Can Lady Bel-'laſton have conferred favours on a man whom ſhe 'could believe capable of ſo baſe a deſign? or can 'ſhe treat the moſt ſolemn tie of love with contempt? 'Can you imagine, Madam, that if the violence of 'my paſſion, in an unguarded moment, overcame 'the tenderneſs which I have for your honour, that I 'would think of indulging myſelf in the continuance 'of an intercourſe which could not poſſibly eſcape 'long the notice of the world; and which, when diſ-'covered, muſt prove ſo fatal to your reputation? 'If ſuch be your opinion of me, I muſt pray for a 'ſudden opportunity of returning thoſe pecuniary 'obligations, which I have been ſo unfortunate to 'receive at your hands; and for thoſe of a more 'tender kind, I ſhall ever remain, &c.' And ſo concluded in the very words with which he had concluded the former letter.

The lady anſwered as follows:

'I ſee you are a villain; and I deſpiſe you from my 'ſoul. If you come here, I ſhall not be at home.'

Though Jones was well ſatisfied with his deliverance from a thraldom which thoſe who have ever experienced it, will, I apprehend, allow to be none of the lighteſt, he was not, however, perfectly eaſy in his mind. There was in this ſcheme too much of fallacy to ſatisfy one who utterly deteſted every ſpecies of falſehood or diſhoneſty: nor would he, indeed, have ſubmitted to put it in practice, had he not been involved in a diſtreſsful ſituation, where he was obliged to be guilty of ſome diſhonour, either to the one lady or the other; and ſurely the reader will allow, that every good principle, as well as love, pleaded ſtrongly in favour of Sophia.

Night-

Nightingale highly exulted in the ſucceſs of his ſtratagem, upon which he received many thanks, and much applauſe from his friend. He anſwered, 'Dear 'Tom, we have conferred very different obligations 'on each other. To me you owe the regaining your 'liberty; to you I owe the loſs of mine. But if you 'are as happy in the one inſtance as I am in the 'other, I promiſe you, we are the two happieſt fel-'lows in England.'

The two gentlemen were now ſummoned down to dinner, where Mrs. Miller, who performed herſelf the office of cook, had exerted her beſt talents, to celebrate the wedding of her daughter. This joyful circumſtance ſhe aſcribed principally to the friendly behaviour of Jones, her whole ſoul was fired with gratitude towards him, and all her looks, words, and actions, were ſo buſy in expreſſing it, that her daughter, and even her new ſon-in-law, were very little the objects of her conſideration.

Dinner was juſt ended when Mrs. Miller received a letter; but as we have had letters enough in this chapter, we ſhall communicate the contents in our next.

CHAP. X.

Conſiſting partly of facts, and partly of obſervations upon them.

THE letter then which arrived at the end of the preceding chapter was from Mr. Allworthy, and the purport of it was his intention to come immediately to town, with his nephew Bliſil, and a deſire to be accommodated with his uſual lodgings, which were the firſt floor for himſelf, and the ſecond for his nephew.

The chearfulneſs which had before diſplayed itſelf in the countenance of the poor woman, was a little clouded on this occaſion. This news did indeed a good deal diſconcert her. To requite ſo diſintereſted a match with her daughter, by preſently turning her new ſon-in-law out of doors, appeared to her very unjuſtifiable on the one hand; and on the other, ſhe could ſcarce bear the thoughts of making any excuſe

to

to Mr. Allworthy, after all the obligations received from him, for depriving him of lodgings which were indeed ſtrictly his due: for that gentleman, in conferring all his numberleſs benefits on others, acted by a rule diametrically oppoſite to what is practiſed by moſt generous people. He contrived, on all occaſions, to hide his beneficence not only from the world, but even from the object of it. He conſtantly uſed the words Lend and Pay, inſtead of Give; and by every other method he could invent, always leſſened with his tongue the favours he conferred while he was heaping them with both his hands. When he ſettled the annuity of 50l. a year, therefore on Mrs. Miller, he told her, 'It was in conſideration of always having her firſt floor when he was in town, (which he ſcarce ever intended to be) but that ſhe might lett it at any other time, for that he would always ſend her a month's warning.' He was now, however, hurried to town ſo ſuddenly that he had no opportunity of giving ſuch notice; and this hurry probably prevented him, when he wrote for his lodgings, adding, if they were then empty: for he would moſt certainly have been well ſatisfied to have relinquiſhed them on a leſs ſufficient excuſe than what Mrs. Miller could now have made.

But there are a ſort of perſons, who, as Prior excellently well remarks, direct their conduct by ſomething

> Beyond the fix'd and ſettled rules
> Of vice and virtue in the ſchools;
> Beyond the letter of the law.

To theſe it is ſo far from being ſufficient that their defence would acquit them at the Old-Bailey, that they are not even contented, though conſcience, the ſevereſt of all judges, ſhould diſcharge them. Nothing ſhort of the fair and honourable will ſatisfy the delicacy of their minds; and if any of their actions fall ſhort of this mark, they mope and pine, are as uneaſy and reſtleſs as a murderer, who is afraid of a ghoſt, or of the hangman.

Mrs.

Mrs. Miller was one of theſe. She could not conceal her uneaſineſs at this letter; with the contents of which ſhe had no ſooner acquainted the company, and given ſome hints of her diſtreſs, than Jones, her good angel, preſently relieved her anxiety. 'As for 'myſelf, Madam,' ſaid he, 'my lodging is at your 'ſervice at a moment's warning: and Mr. Nightin-'gale, I am ſure, as he cannot yet prepare a houſe 'fit to receive his lady, will conſent to return to his 'new lodging, whither Mrs. Nightingale will cer-'tainly conſent to go.' With which propoſal both huſband and wife inſtantly agreed.

The reader will eaſily believe, that the cheeks of Mrs. Miller began again to glow with additional gratitude to Jones; but perhaps it may be more difficult to perſuade him, that Mr. Jones having, in his laſt ſpeech, called her daughter Mrs. Nightingale (it being the firſt time that agreeable ſound had ever reached her ears) gave the fond mother more ſatisfaction, and warmed her heart more towards Jones, than his having diſſipated her preſent anxiety.

The next day was then appointed for the removal of the new-married couple, and of Mr. Jones, who was likewiſe to be provided for in the ſame houſe with his friend. And now the ſerenity of the company was again reſtored, and they paſſed the day in the utmoſt chearfulneſs, all except Jones, who, though he outwardly accompanied the reſt in their mirth, felt many a bitter pang on the account of his Sophia; which were not a little heightened by the news of Mr. Blifil's coming to town (for he clearly ſaw the intention of his journey:) and what greatly aggravated his concern was, that Mrs. Honour who had promiſed to enquire after Sophia, and to make her report to him early the next evening, had diſappointed him.

In the ſituation that he and his miſtreſs were in at this time, there were ſcarce any grounds for him to hope, that he ſhould hear any good news; yet he was as impatient to ſee Mrs. Honour, as if he had expected ſhe would bring him a letter with an aſſignation in it from Sophia, and bore the diſappointment

as

as ill. Whether this impatience arose from that natural weakness of the human mind, which makes it desirous to know the worst, and renders uncertainty the most intolerable of pains; or whether he still flattered himself with some secret hopes, we will not determine. But that it might be the last, whoever has loved cannot but know. For of all the powers exercised by this passion over our minds, one of the most wonderful is that of supporting hope in the midst of despair. Difficulties, improbabilities, nay impossibilities are quite overlooked by it; so that to any man extremely in love, may be applied what Addison says of Cæsar,

The Alps, and Pyrenæans, sink before him.

Yet it is equally true, that the same passion will sometimes make mountains of mole-hills, and produce despair in the midst of hope; but these cold fits last not long in good constitutions. Which temper Jones was now in, we leave the reader to guess, having no exact information about it; but this is certain, that he had spent two hours in expectation, when being unable any longer to conceal his uneasiness, he retired to his room; where his anxiety had almost made him frantick, when the following letter was brought him from Mrs. Honour, with which we shall present the reader *verbatim & literatim*.

'SIR,

'I shud sartenly haf kaled on you a cordin too 'mi prommiss haddunt it binn that hur lashipp pre-'vent mee; for too bee sur, Sir, you nose very well 'that evere persun must luk furst at ome, and sar-'tenly such anuther offar mite not ave ever hapned, 'so as I shud ave been justly to blam, had I not ex-'cepted of it when her laship was so veri kind as to 'offar to mak mee hur one uman without me ever 'asking any such thing, to bee sur shee is won of 'thee best ladis in thee wurld, and pepil who sase 'to the kontrari must bee veri wiket pepil in thare 'harts. To be sur if ever I ave sad any thing of 'that kine it as bin thru ignorens and I am hartili

'sorri

'ſorri for it. I noſe your onur to be a genteelman 'of more onur and oneſty, if I ever ſaid ani ſuch 'thing, to repete it to hurt a pore ſervant that as 'alwais ad thee grateſt reſpect in thee world for ure 'onur. To bee ſur won ſhud kepe wons tung within 'wons teeth, for no boddi noſe what may hapen; 'and too bee ſur if ani boddi ad tolde mee yeſter-'day that I ſhud haf bin in ſo gud a plaſe to day, 'I ſhud not haf beleeved it; for too bee ſur I never 'was a dremd of any ſuch thing, nor ſhud I ever 'have ſort after ani other boddi's plaſe; but as her 'laſhip was ſo kine of her one a cord too give it 'me without aſking, too bee ſur Mrs. Etoff herſelf, 'nor no other boddi can blam mee for exceptin ſuch 'a thing when it fals in my waye. I beg ure onur 'not too menſhion any thing of what I haf ſad, for I 'wiſh ure onur all the gud luk in the wurld; and 'I don't cueſtion butt thatt u will haf Madam Sofia 'in the end; but aſs to miſelf, ure onur noſe I cant 'bee of ani farder ſarvis to u in that matar, nou bein 'under thee cumand off anuthar parſon, and not mi 'one miſtres. I begg ure onur to ſay nothing of what 'paſt, and belive me to be, Sir,

'Ure onur's umble ſarvant

'To cumand till deth,

'HONOUR BLACKMORE.

Various were the conjectures which Jones entertained for this ſtep of lady Bellaſton; who in reality had little farther deſign than to ſecure within her own houſe the repoſitory of a ſecret, which ſhe choſe ſhould make no further progreſs than it had made already; but moſtly ſhe deſired to keep it from the ears of Sophia; for though that young lady was almoſt the only one who would never have repeated it again, her ladyſhip could not perſuade herſelf of this; ſince as ſhe now hated poor Sophia with moſt implacable hatred, ſhe conceived a reciprocal hatred to herſelf to be lodged in the tender breaſt of our heroine, where no ſuch paſſion had ever yet found an entrance.

While

While Jones was terrifying himself with the apprehenſion of a thouſand dreadful machinations, and deep political deſigns, which he imagined to be at the bottom of the promotion of Honour, fortune, who hitherto ſeems to have been an utter enemy to his match with Sophia, tried a new method to put a final end to it, by throwing a temptation in the way of Jones, which in his preſent deſperate ſituation it ſeemed unlikely he ſhould be able to reſiſt.

CHAP. XI.

Containing curious, but not unprecedented matter.

THERE was a lady, one Mrs. Hunt, who had often ſeen Jones at the houſe where he lodged, being intimately acquainted with the women there, and indeed a very great friend to Mrs. Miller. Her age was about thirty; for ſhe owned ſix and twenty; her face and perſon very good, only inclining a little too much to be fat. She had been married young by her relations to an old Turkey-merchant, who having got a great fortune, had left off trade. With him, ſhe lived without reproach, but not without pain, in a ſtate of great ſelf-denial, for about twelve years; and her virtue was rewarded by his dying and leaving her very rich. The firſt year of her widowhood was juſt at an end, and ſhe had paſt it in a good deal of retirement, ſeeing only a few particular friends, and dividing her time between her devotions and novels, of which ſhe was always extremely fond. Very good health, a very warm conſtitution, and a great deal of religion, make it abſolutely neceſſary for her to marry again; and ſhe reſolved to pleaſe herſelf in her ſecond huſband, as ſhe had done her friends in the firſt. From her the following billet was brought to Jones.

'SIR,

'From the firſt day I ſaw you I doubt my eyes 'have told you too plainly, that you were not indif- 'ferent to me; but neither my tongue nor my hand 'ſhould have ever avowed it, had not the ladies of 'the family where you are lodged given me ſuch a

'character

'character of you, and told me ſuch proofs of your 'virtue and goodneſs, as convince me you are not 'only the moſt agreeable, but the moſt worthy of 'men. I have alſo the ſatisfaction to hear from 'them, that neither my perſon, underſtanding, or 'character are diſagreeable to you. I have a fortune 'ſufficient to make us both happy, but which cannot 'make me ſo without you. In thus diſpoſing of my-'ſelf I know I ſhall incur the cenſure of the world; 'but if I did not love you more than I fear the 'world, I ſhould not be worthy of you. One only 'difficulty ſtops me: I am informed you are engaged 'in a commerce of gallantry with a woman of faſhion. 'If you think it worth while to ſacrifice that to the 'poſſeſſion of me, I am your's; if not, forget my 'weakneſs, and let this remain an eternal ſecret be-'tween you and

'ARABELLA HUNT.'

At the reading of this, Jones was put into a violent flutter. His fortune was then at a very low ebb, the ſource being ſtopped from which hitherto he had been ſupplied. Of all he had received from lady Bellaſton not above five guneas remained, and that very morning he had been dunned by a tradeſman for twice that ſum. His honourable miſtreſs was in the hands of her father, and he had ſcarce any hopes ever to get her out of them again. To be ſubſiſted at her expence from that little fortune ſhe had independent of her father, went much againſt the delicacy both of his pride and his love. This lady's fortune would have been exceedingly convenient to him, and he could have no objection to her in any reſpect. On the contrary, he liked her as well as he did any woman except Sophia. But to abandon Sophia, and marry another, that was impoſſible; he could not think of it upon any account. Yet why ſhould he not, ſince it was plain ſhe could not be his? Would it not be kinder to her, than to continue her longer engaged in a hopeleſs paſſion for him? Ought he not to do ſo in friendſhip to her? This notion prevailed ſome moments, and he had almoſt determined to be falſe to

her from a high point of honour; but that refinement was not able to ſtand very long againſt the voice of nature, which cried in his heart, that ſuch friendſhip was treaſon to love. At laſt he called for pen, ink, and paper, and writ as follows to Mrs. Hunt.

'MADAM,

'It would be but a poor return to the favour you 'have done me, to ſacrifice any gallantry to the poſ-'ſeſſion of you, and I would certainly do it, though 'I were not diſengaged, as at preſent I am, from 'any affair of that kind. But I ſhould not be the 'honeſt man you think me, if I did not tell you, 'that my affections are engaged to another, who is a 'woman of virtue, and one that I never can leave, 'though it is probable I ſhall never poſſeſs her. God 'forbid that in return of your kindneſs to me, I 'ſhould do you ſuch an injury, as to give you my 'hand, when I cannot give my heart. No! I had 'much rather ſtarve than be guilty of that. Even 'though my miſtreſs were married to another, I would 'not marry you unleſs my heart had entirely effaced 'all impreſſions of her. Be aſſured that your ſecret 'was not more ſafe in your own breaſt, than in 'that of

'Your moſt obliged, and
'Grateful humble ſervant,
'T. JONES.'

When our hero had finiſhed and ſent this letter, he went to his ſcrutore, took out Miſs Weſtern's muff, kiſſed it ſeveral times, and then ſtrutted ſome turns about his room, with more ſatisfaction of mind than ever any Iriſhman felt in carrying off a fortune of fifty thouſand pounds.

CHAP. XII.

A diſcovery made by Partridge.

WHILE Jones was exulting in the conſciouſneſs of his integrity, Partridge came capering into the room, as was his cuſtom when he brought, or he fancied he brought, any good tidings. He had been

been diſpatched that morning by his maſter, with orders to endeavour, by the ſervants of lady Bellaſton, or by any other means, to diſcover whither Sophia had been conveyed; and he now returned, and with a joyful countenance told our hero, that he had found the loſt bird. 'I have ſeen, Sir,' ſays he, 'Black George, the gamekeeper, who is one 'of the ſervants whom the 'ſquire hath brought with 'him to town. I knew him preſently, though I have 'not ſeen him theſe ſeveral years; but you know, 'Sir, he is a very remarkable man, or to uſe a purer 'phraſe, he hath a moſt remarkable beard, the largeſt 'and blackeſt I ever ſaw. It was ſome time however, 'before Black George could recollect me.'—'Well, 'but what is your good news?' cries Jones, 'What 'do you know of my Sophia?'—'You ſhall know 'preſently, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'I am coming to 'it as faſt as I can.—You are ſo impatient, Sir, you 'would come at the infinitive mood, before you can 'get to the imperative. As I was ſaying, Sir, it was 'ſome time before he recollected my face.'—'Con-'found your face,' cries Jones, 'what of my Sophia?' '—Nay, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'I know nothing 'more of Madam Sophia, than what I am going to 'tell you; and I ſhould have told you all before this 'if you had not interrupted me; but if you look ſo 'angry at me, you will frighten all of it out my head, 'or to uſe a purer phraſe, out of my memory. I 'never ſaw you look ſo angry ſince the day we left 'Upton, which I ſhall remember if I was to live a 'thouſand years.'——'Well, pray go on in your 'own way,' ſaid Jones, 'you are reſolved to make 'me mad I find,'—'Not for the world,' anſwered Partridge, 'I have ſuffered enough for that already; 'which, as I ſaid, I ſhall bear in my remembrance 'the longeſt day I have to live.—'Well, but Black 'George?' cries Jones.—'Well, Sir, as I was ſay-'ing, it was a long time before he could recollect 'me; for indeed I am very much altered ſince I ſaw 'him. *Non ſum qualis eram.* I have had troubles in 'the world, and nothing alters a man ſo much as 'grief. I have heard it will change the colour of a

'man's hair in a night. However, at laſt, know me 'he did, that's ſure enough; for we are both of an 'age, and were in the ſame charity-ſchool. George 'was a great dunce, but no matter for that; all men 'do not thrive in the world according to their learn-'ing. I am ſure I have reaſon to ſay ſo; but it 'will be all one a thouſand years hence. Well, Sir, '—where was I?—O—well, we no ſooner knew 'each other, than after many hearty ſhakes by the 'hand, we agreed to go to an alehouſe and take a 'pot, and by good luck the beer was ſome of the beſt 'I have met with ſince I have been in town.—Now, 'Sir, I am coming to the point; for no ſooner did I 'name you, and told him, that you and I came to 'town together, and had lived together ever ſince, 'than he called for another pot, and ſwore he would 'drink to your health; and indeed he drank your 'health ſo heartily, that I was overjoyed to ſee there 'was ſo much gratitude left in the world: and after 'we had emptied that pot, I ſaid I would be my pot 'too, and ſo we drank another to your health; and 'then I made haſte home to tell you the news.'

'What news?' cries Jones, 'you have not men-'tioned a word of my Sophia!'—'Bleſs me! I had 'like to have forgot that. Indeed we mentioned a 'great deal about young Madam Weſtern, and 'George told me all; that Mr. Blifil is coming to 'town in order to be married to her. He had beſt 'make haſte then, ſays I, or ſome body will have 'her before he comes; and indeed, ſays I, Mr. Sea-'grim, it is a thouſand pities ſomebody ſhould not 'have her; for he certainly loves her above all the 'women in the world. I would have both you and 'ſhe know, that it is not for her fortune he follows 'her; for I can aſſure you as to matter of that, there 'is another lady, one of much greater quality and 'fortune than ſhe can pretend to, who is ſo fond of 'ſomebody, that ſhe comes after him day and 'night.'

Here Jones fell into a paſſion with Partridge, for having, as he ſaid, betrayed him; but the poor fellow anſwered he had mentioned no name: 'Beſides,

'Sir.

'Sir,' ſaid he, 'I can aſſure you George is ſincerely 'you friend, and wiſhed Mr. Blifil at the devil more 'than once; nay, he ſaid he would do any thing in 'his power upon earth to ſerve you; and I am con-'vinced he will.—Betray you, indeed! why I queſtion 'whether you have a better friend than George upon 'earth, except myſelf, or one that would go farther 'to ſerve you.'

'Well,' ſays Jones, a little pacified, 'you ſay this 'fellow, who I believe indeed is enough inclined to 'be my friend, lives in the ſame houſe with Sophia?'

'In the ſame houſe!' anſwered Partridge; 'why, 'Sir, he is one of the ſervants of the family, and 'very well dreſſed I promiſe you he is; if it was not 'for his black beard, you would hardly know him.'

'One ſervice then at leaſt he may do me,' ſays Jones; 'ſure he can certainly convey a letter to my 'Sophia.'

'You have hit the nail *ad unguem*,' cries Partridge; 'How came I not to think of it? I will engage he 'ſhall do it upon the very firſt mentioning.'

'Well then,' ſaid Jones, 'do you leave me at 'preſent, and I will write a letter which you ſhall de-'liver to him to-morrow morning; for I ſuppoſe you 'know where to find him.'

'O yes, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'I ſhall certainly 'find him again; there is no fear of that. The liquor 'is too good for him to ſtay away long. I make no 'doubt but he will be there every day he ſtays in 'town.'

'So you don't know the ſtreet then where my So-'phia is lodged?' cries Jones.

'Indeed, Sir, I do,' ſays Partridge.

'What is the name of the ſtreet?' cries Jones.

'The name, Sir, why here, Sir, juſt by,' an-ſwered Partridge, 'not above a ſtreet or two off. 'I don't indeed know the very name; for as he never 'told me, if I had aſked, you know, it might have 'put ſome ſuſpicion into his head. No, no, Sir, let 'me alone for that. I am too cunning for that, I 'promiſe you.'

'Thou art moſt wonderfully cunning indeed,' replied Jones; 'however I will write to my charmer, 'ſince I believe you will be cunning enough to find 'him to-morrow at the alehouſe.'

And now having diſmiſſed the ſagacious Partridge, Mr. Jones ſat himſelf down to write, in which employment we ſhall leave him for a time. And here we put an end to the fifteenth book.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVI;

Containing the ſpace of five days.

CHAP. I.

Of Prologues.

I HAVE heard of a dramatic writer who uſed to ſay, he would rather write a play than a prologue; in like manner, I think, I can with leſs pains write one of the books of this hiſtory, than the prefatory chapter to each of them.

To ſay the truth, I believe many a hearty curſe hath been devoted on the head of the Author, who firſt inſtituted the method of prefixing to his play that portion of matter which is called the prologue; and which at firſt was part of the piece itſelf, but of latter years hath had uſually ſo little connexion with the drama before which it ſtands, that the prologue to one play might as well ſerve for any other. Thoſe indeed of more modern date, ſeem all to be written on the ſame three topics, viz. an abuſe of the taſte of the town, a condemnation of all contemporary Authors, and an eulogium on the performance juſt about to be repreſented, The ſentiments in all theſe are very little varied, nor is it poſſible they ſhould; and indeed I have often wondered at the great inven-

tion of authors, who have been capable of finding ſuch various phraſes to expreſs the ſame thing.

In like manner, I apprehend, ſome future hiſtorian (if any one ſhall do me the honour of imitating my manner) will, after much ſcratching his pate, beſtow ſome good wiſhes on my memory, for having firſt eſtabliſhed theſe ſeveral initial chapters; moſt of which, like modern prologues, may as properly be prefixed to any other book in this hiſtory as to that which they introduce, or indeed to any other hiſtory as to this.

But however authors may ſuffer by either of theſe inventions, the reader will find ſufficient emolument in the one, as the ſpectator hath long found in the other.

Firſt it is well known, that the prologue ſerves the critic for an opportunity to try his faculty of hiſſing, and to tune his cat-call to the beſt advantage; by which means, I have known thoſe muſical inſtruments ſo well prepared, that they have been able to play in full concert at the firſt riſing of the curtain.

The ſame advantages may be drawn from theſe chapters, in which the critic will be always ſure of meeting with ſome thing that may ſerve as a whetſtone to his noble ſpirit; ſo that he may fall with a more hungry appetite for cenſure on the hiſtory itſelf. And here his ſagacity muſt make it needleſs to obſerve how artfully theſe chapters are calculated for that excellent purpoſe; for in theſe we have always taken care to interſperſe ſomewhat of the ſour or acid kind, in order to ſharpen and ſtimulate the ſaid ſpirit of criticiſm.

Again, the indolent reader, as well as ſpectator, finds great advantage from both theſe; for as they are not obliged either to ſee the one or read the others, and both the play and the book are thus protracted, by the former they have a quarter of an hour longer allowed them to ſit at dinner, and by the latter they have the advantage of beginning to read at the fourth or fifth page inſtead of the firſt, a matter by no means of trivial conſequence to perſons who read

books

books with no other view than to say they have read them, a more general motive to reading than is commonly imagined; and from which not only law books, and good books, but the pages of Homer and Virgil, of Swift and Cervantes have been often turned over.

Many other are the emoluments which arise from both these, but they are for the most part so obvious that we shall not at present stay to enumerate them; especially since it occurs to us that the principal merit of both the prologue and the preface is that they be short.

CHAP. II.

A whimsical adventure which befel the Squire, with the distressed situation of Sophia.

WE must now convey the reader to Mr. Western's lodgings, which were in Piccadilly, where he was placed by the recommendation of the landlord at the Hercules Pillars at Hyde-Park-Corner; for at that inn, which was the first he saw on his arrival in town, he placed his horses, and in those lodgings, which were the first he heard of, he deposited himself.

Here, when Sophia alighted from the hackney-coach which brought her from the house of lady Bellaston, she desired to retire to the apartment provided for her, to which her father very readily agreed, and whither he attended her himself. A short dialogue, neither very material nor pleasant to relate minutely, then passed between them, in which he pressed her vehemently to give her consent to the marriage with Blifil, who, as he acquainted her, was to be in town in a few days; but instead of complying, she gave a more peremptory and resolute refusal than she had ever done before. This so incensed her father, that after many bitter vows that he would force her to have him whether she would or no, he departed from her with many hard words and curses, locked the door, and put the key into his pocket.

While Sophia was left with no other company than what attend the close state prisoner, namely, fire and candle, the 'squire sat down to regale himself over a bottle of wine, with his parson and the landlord of the Hercules Pillars, who, as the 'squire said, would make an excellent third man, and could inform them of the news of the town, and how affairs went; for to be sure, says he, he knows a great deal, since the horses of many of the quality stand at his house.

In this agreeable society Mr. Western passed that evening and great part of the succeeding day, during which period nothing happened of sufficient consequence to find a place in this history. All this time Sophia passed by herself; for her father swore she should never come out of her chamber alive, unless she first consented to marry Blifil; nor did he ever suffer the door to be unlocked unless to convey her food, on which occasions he always attended himself.

The second morning after his arrival, while he and the parson were at breakfast together on a toast and tankard, he was informed that a gentleman was below to wait on him.

'A Gentleman!' quoth the 'squire, 'who the 'devil can he be? Do, Doctor, go down and see who 'tis. Mr. Blifil can hardly be come to town yet.— 'Go down, do, and know what his business is.'

The doctor returned with an account that it was a very well dressed man, and by the ribbon in his hat, he took him for an officer of the army; that he said he had some particular business, which he could deliver to none but Mr. Western himself.

'An officer!' cries the 'squire, 'what can any 'such fellow have to do with me? If he wants an 'order for baggage-waggons, I am no justice of peace 'here, nor can I grant a warrant.——Let un come 'up then, if he must speak to me.'

A very genteel man now entered the room; who having made his compliments to the 'squire, and desired the favour of being alone with him, delivered himself as follows:

'Sir,

'Sir, I come to wait upon you by the command 'of my lord Fellamar; but with a very different 'meſſage from what I ſuppoſe you expect, after what 'paſſed the other night.'

'My lord who?' cries the 'ſquire, 'I never heard 'the name o'un.'

'His lordſhip,' ſaid the gentleman, 'is willing to 'impute every thing to the effect of liquor, and the 'moſt trifling acknowledgement of that kind will ſet 'every thing right; for as he hath the moſt violent 'attachment to your daughter, you, Sir, are the laſt 'perſon upon earth, from whom he would reſent 'an affront; and happy is it for you both that he 'hath given ſuch publick demonſtrations of his cou-'rage, as to be able to put up an affair of this kind, 'without danger of any imputation on his honour. 'All he deſires therefore, is, that you will before me 'make ſome acknowledgement; the ſlighteſt in the 'world will be ſufficient; and he intends this after-'noon to pay his reſpects to you, in order to obtain 'your leave of viſiting the young lady on the footing 'of a lover.'

'I don't underſtand much of what you ſay, Sir,' ſaid the 'ſquire; 'but I ſuppoſe, by what you talk 'about my daughter, that this is the lord which 'my couſin lady Bellaſton mentioned to me, and ſaid 'ſomething about his courting my daughter. If ſo 'be that how that be the caſe—you may give my 'ſervice to his lordſhip, and tell un the girl is diſ-'poſed of already.'

'Perhaps, Sir, ſaid the gentleman, 'you are not 'ſufficiently apprized of the greatneſs of this offer. 'I believe ſuch a perſon, title, and fortune would be 'no where refuſed.'

'Lookee, Sir,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'to be very 'plain, my daughter is beſpoke already; but if ſhe 'was not, I would not marry her to a lord upon any 'account; I hate all lords; they are a parcel of 'courtiers and Hanoverians, and I will have nothing 'to do with them.'

'Well, Sir,' ſaid the gentleman, 'if that is your 'reſolution, the meſſage I am to deliver to you is,

'that my lord desires the favour of your company 'this morning in Hyde-Park.'

'You may tell my lord,' answered the 'squire, 'that I am busy, and cannot come. I have enough 'to look after at home, and can't stir abroad on any 'account.'

'I am sure, Sir,' quoth the other, 'you are too 'much a gentleman to send such a message; you will 'not, I am convinced, have it said of you, that 'after having affronted a noble peer, you refuse him 'satisfaction. His lordship would have been willing, 'from his great regard to the young lady, to have 'made up matters in another way; but unless he is 'to look on you as a father, his honour will not suffer 'his putting up such an indignity as you must be sen-'sible you offered him.'

'I offered him!' cries the 'squire; 'it is a d—n'd 'lie, I never offered him any thing.'

Upon these words the gentleman returned a very short verbal rebuke, and this he accompanied at the same time with some manual remonstrances, which no sooner reached the ears of Mr. Western, than that worthy 'squire began to caper very briskly about the room, bellowing at the same time with all his might, as if desirous to summon a greater number of spectators to behold his agility.

The parson, who had left great part of the tankard unfinished, was not retired far; he immediately attended therefore on the 'squire's vociferation, crying, 'Bless me! Sir, what's the matter?'——'Matter?' quoth the 'squire, 'here's a highwayman, I believe, 'who wants to rob and murder me—for he hath 'fallen upon me with that stick there in his hand, 'when I wish I may be d—n'd if I gid un the least 'provocation.'

'How, Sir,' said the captain, 'did you not tell me 'I ly'd?'

'No, as I hope to be saved,' answered the 'squire. 'I believe I might say,' "'Twas a lie that I had "offered any affront to my lord,"—'but I never 'said the word you lie.—I understand myself better, 'and you might have understood yourself better than

'to

'to fall upon a naked man. If I had a ſtick in my 'hand, you would not have dared to ſtrike me. I'd 'have knocked thy lantern jaws about thy ears. 'Come down into yard this minute, and I'll take a 'bout with thee at ſingle ſtick for a broken head, 'that I will; or I will go into a naked room and box 'thee for a belly-full. At unt half a map, at unt 'I'm ſure.'

The captain, with ſome indignation replied, 'I 'ſee, Sir, you are below my notice, and I ſhall inform 'his lordſhip you are below his.—I am ſorry I have 'dirtied my fingers with you.'—At which words he withdrew, the parſon interpoſing to prevent the 'ſquire from ſtopping him, in which he eaſily prevailed, as the other, though he made ſome efforts for the purpoſe, did not ſeem very violently bent on ſucceſs. However, when the captain was departed, the 'ſquire ſent many curſes and ſome menaces after him; but as theſe did not ſet out from his lips till the officer was at the bottom of the ſtairs, and grew louder and louder as he was more and more remote, they did not reach his ears, or at leaſt did not retard his departure.

Poor Sophia, however, who, in her priſon, heard all her father's outcries from firſt to laſt, began now firſt to thunder with her foot, and afterwards to ſcream as loudly as the old gentleman himſelf had done before, though in a much ſweeter voice. Theſe ſcreams ſoon ſilenced the 'ſquire, and turned all his conſideration towards his daughter, whom he loved ſo tenderly that the leaſt apprehenſion of any harm happening to her threw him preſently into agonies: for except in that ſingle inſtance in which the whole future happineſs of her life was concerned, ſhe was ſovereign miſtreſs of his inclinations.

Having ended his rage againſt the captain, with ſwearing he would take the law of him, the 'ſquire now mounted up ſtairs to Sophia, whom, as ſoon as he had unlocked and opened the door, he found all pale and breathleſs. The moment however that ſhe ſaw her father, ſhe collected all her ſpirits, and catching him hold by the hand, ſhe cry'd paſſionately,

'O

'O my dear Sir, I am almoſt frighted to death; 'I hope to heaven no harm hath happened to you!'. —'No, no,' cries the 'ſquire, 'no great harm. The 'raſcal hath not hurt me much, but rat me if I don't 'ha the la o'un.'—'Pray, dear Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'tell 'me what's the matter, who is it that hath inſulted 'you?'—'I don't know the name o'un,' anſwered Weſtern, 'ſome officer fellow I ſuppoſe, that we are 'to pay for beating us, but I'll make him pay this 'bout, if the raſcal hath got any thing, which I ſup-'poſe he hath not. For thof he was dreſt out ſo 'vine, I queſtion whether he had got a voot of land 'in the world'—'But, dear Sir,' cries ſhe, 'what 'was the occaſion of your quarrel?'—'What ſhould 'it be, Sophy?' anſwered the 'ſquire, but about you, 'Sophy. All my misfortunes are about you; you 'will be the death of your poor father at laſt. Here's 'a varlet of a lord, the Lord knows who, forſooth! 'who hath taan a liking to you, and becauſe I would 'not giun my conſent, he ſent me a kallenge. Come, 'do be a good girl, Sophy, and put an end to all 'your father's troubles; come do, conſent to ha un; 'he will be in town within this day or two; do but 'promiſe me to marry un as ſoon as he comes, and 'you will make me the happieſt man in the world, 'and I will make you the happieſt woman; you ſhall 'have the fineſt clothes in London, and the fineſt 'jewels, and a coach and ſix at your command. I 'promiſed Allworthy already to give up half my 'eſtate.—Odrabbit it! I ſhould hardly ſtick at giving 'up the whole.'—'Will my papa be ſo kind,' ſays ſhe, 'as to hear me ſpeak!'—'Why wout aſk, Sophy?' cries he, 'when doſt know I had rather hear thy voice, 'than the muſick of the beſt pack of dogs in Eng-'land.—Hear thee, my dear little girl! I hope I 'ſhall hear thee as long as I live: for if ever I was to 'loſe that pleaſure, I would not gee a braſs varden to 'live a moment longer. Indeed, Sophy, you do not 'know how I love you, indeed you don't, or you 'never could have run away and left your poor fa-'ther, who hath no other joy, no other comfort upon 'earth, but his little Sophy.' At theſe words the tears

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ſtood in his eyes; and Sophia, (with the tears ſtreaming from her's) anſwered, 'Indeed, my dear papa, I 'know you have loved me tenderly, and heaven is 'my witneſs how ſincerely I have returned your af-'fection; nor could any thing but an apprehenſion 'of being forced into the arms of this man, have 'driven me to run from a father whom I love ſo 'paſſionately, that I would, with pleaſure, ſacrifice 'my life to his happineſs; nay, I have endeavoured 'to reaſon myſelf into doing more, and had almoſt 'worked up a reſolution, to endure the moſt miſera-'ble of all lives, to comply with your inclination. 'It was that reſolution alone to which I could not 'force my mind; nor can I ever.' Here the 'ſquire began to look wild, and the foam appeared at his lips, which Sophia obſerving, begged to be heard out, and then proceeded: 'If my father's life, his health, or 'any real happineſs of his was at ſtake, here ſtands 'your reſolved daughter, may heaven blaſt me, if 'there is a miſery I would not ſuffer to preſerve you. '—No, that moſt deteſted, moſt loathſome of all lots 'would I embrace. I would give my hand to Blifil 'for your ſake.'—'I tell thee, it will preſerve me,' anſwers the father; 'it will gee me health, happi-'neſs, life, every thing.—Upon my ſoul I ſhall die 'if doſt refuſe me; I ſhall break my heart, I ſhall 'upon my ſoul.'—'Is it poſſible,' ſays ſhe, 'you can 'have ſuch a deſire to make me miſerable?'—'I tell 'thee noa,' anſwered he loudly, 'my whole deſire 'is a thing upon earth I would not do to ſee thee 'happy?'—'And will not my dear papa allow me 'to have the leaſt knowledge of what will make me 'ſo? If it be true that happineſs conſiſts in opinion; 'what muſt be my condition, when I ſhall think my-'ſelf the moſt miſerable of all the wretches upon 'earth?'—'Better think yourſelf ſo,' ſaid he, 'than 'know it by being married to a poor baſtardly vaga-'bond.'—'If it will content you, Sir,' ſaid Sophia, 'I will give you the moſt ſolemn promiſe never to 'marry him nor any other while my papa lives, with-'out his conſent. Let me dedicate my whole life to 'your ſervice; let me be again your poor Sophy, and

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ſhe could not eat; but George begged her to try, and particularly recommended to her the eggs, of which he ſaid it was full.

All this time the 'ſquire was waiting at the door; but George was a great favourite with his maſter, as he was employed in concerns of the higheſt nature, namely about the game, and was accuſtomed to take many liberties. He had officiouſly carried up the dinner, being, as he ſaid, very deſirous to ſee his young lady; he made therefore no ſcruple of keeping his maſter ſtanding above ten minutes, while civilities were paſſing between him and Sophia; for which he received only a good-humoured rebuke at the door when he returned.

The eggs of pullets, partridges, pheaſants, &c. were, as George well knew, the moſt favourite dainties of Sophia. It was therefore no wonder that he who was a very good-natured fellow, ſhould take care to ſupply her with this kind of delicacy, at a time when all the ſervants in the houſe were afraid ſhe would be ſtarved; for ſhe had ſcarce ſwallowed a ſingle morſel in the laſt forty hours.

Though vexation hath not the ſame effect on all perſons, as it uſually hath on a widow, whoſe appetite it often renders ſharper than it can be rendered by the air on Banſted Downs, or Saliſbury Plain; yet the ſublimeſt grief, notwithſtanding what ſome people may ſay to the contrary, will eat at laſt. And Sophia herſelf, after ſome little conſideration, began to diſſect the fowl, which ſhe found to be as full of eggs as George had reported.

But, if ſhe was pleaſed with theſe, it contained ſomething which would have delighted the Royal Society much more; for if a fowl with three legs be ſo invaluable a curioſity, when perhaps time had produced a thouſand ſuch, at what price ſhall we eſteem a bird which ſo totally contradicts all the laws of animal œconomy as to contain a letter in its belly? Ovid tells us of a flower into which Hyacinthus was metamorphoſed, that bears letters on its leaves, which Virgil recommended as a miracle to the Royal Society of his day; but no age nor nation have ever recorded a bird with a letter in its maw. But

But though a miracle of this kind might have engaged all the *Academies des Sciences* in Europe, and perhaps in a fruitleſs enquiry; yet the reader, by barely recollecting the laſt dialogue which paſſed between Meſſieurs Jones and Partridge, will be very eaſily ſatisfied from whence this letter came, and how it found its paſſage into the fowl.

Sophia, notwithſtanding her long faſt, and notwithſtanding her favourite diſh was there before her, no ſooner ſaw the letter than ſhe immediately ſnatched it up, tore it open, and read as follows.

'Madam,

'Was I not ſenſible to whom I have the honour 'of writing, I ſhould endeavour, however difficult, 'to paint the horrours of my mind, at the account 'brought me by Mrs. Honour: but as tenderneſs 'alone can have any true idea of the pangs which 'tenderneſs is capable of feeling; ſo can this moſt 'amiable quality which my Sophia poſſeſſes in the 'moſt eminent degree, ſufficiently inform her what 'her Jones muſt have ſuffered on this melancholy 'occaſion. Is there a circumſtance in the world 'which can heighten my agonies, when I hear of any 'misfortune which hath befallen you? Surely there 'is one only, and with that I am accurſed. It is, 'my Sophia, the dreadful conſideration that I am 'myſelf the wretched cauſe. Perhaps I here do my-'ſelf too much honour, but none will envy me an 'honour which coſts me ſo extremely dear. Pardon 'me this preſumption, and pardon me a greater ſtill, 'if I aſk you whether my advice, my aſſiſtance, my 'preſence, my abſence, my death, or my tortures, 'can bring you any relief? Can the moſt perfect 'admiration, the moſt watchful obſervance, the moſt 'ardent love, the moſt melting tenderneſs, the moſt 'reſigned ſubmiſſion to your will, make you amends 'for what you are to ſacrifice to my happineſs? If 'they can, fly, my lovely angel, to thoſe arms which 'are ever open to receive and protect you; and to 'which, whether you bring yourſelf alone, or the 'riches of the world with you, is, in my opinion,

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'an alternative not worth regarding. If, on the con-
'trary, wiſdom ſhould predominate, and, on the moſt
'mature reflection, inform you, that the ſacrifice is
'too great; and if there be no way left to reconcile
'you to your father, and reſtore the peace of your dear
'mind, but by abandoning me, I conjure you drive
'me for ever from your thoughts, exert your reſolu-
'tion, and let no compaſſion for my ſufferings bear
'the leaſt weight in that tender boſom. Believe me,
'Madam, I ſo ſincerely love you better than myſelf,
'that my great and principal end is your happineſs.
'My firſt wiſh (why would not fortune indulge me
'in it?) was, and pardon me if I ſay, ſtill is, to ſee
'you every moment the happieſt of women; my ſe-
'cond wiſh is to hear you are ſo; but no miſery on
'earth can equal mine, while I think you owe an
'uneaſy moment to him who is,

'Madam,

'In every ſenſe, and to every purpoſe,

'your devoted,

'THOMAS JONES."

What Sophia ſaid, or did, or thought upon this letter; how often ſhe read it, or whether more than once, ſhall all be left to our reader's imagination. The anſwer to it he may, perhaps, ſee hereafter, but not at preſent; for this reaſon, among others, that ſhe did not now write any, and that for ſeveral good cauſes, one of which was this, ſhe had no paper, pen, nor ink.

In the evening while Sophia was meditating on the letter ſhe had received, or on ſomething elſe, a violent noiſe from below diſturbed her meditations. This noiſe was no other than a round bout at altercation between two perſons. One of the combatants, by his voice, ſhe immediately diſtinguiſhed to be her father; but ſhe did not ſo ſoon diſcover the ſhriller pipes to belong to the organ of her aunt Weſtern, who was juſt arrived in town, and having, by means of one of her ſervants, who ſtopped at the Hercules Pillars, learned where her brother lodged, ſhe drove directly to his lodgings. We

We ſhall therefore take our leave at preſent of Sophia, and with our uſual good-breeding, attend her ladyſhip.

CHAP. IV.

In which Sophia is delivered from her confinement.

THE 'ſquire and the parſon (for the landlord, was now otherwiſe engaged) were ſmoaking their pipes together, when the arrival of the lady was firſt ſignified. The 'ſquire no ſooner heard her name, than he immediately ran down to uſher her up ſtairs; for he was a great obſerver of ſuch ceremonials, eſpecially to his ſiſter, of whom he ſtood more in awe than of any other human creature, though he never would own this, nor did he, perhaps, know it himſelf.

Mrs. Weſtern, on her arrival in the dining-room, having flung herſelf into the chair, began thus to harangue:—'Well, ſurely, no one ever had ſuch an 'intolerable journey, I think the roads, ſince ſo 'many turnpike acts, are grown worſe than ever. 'La, brother, how could you get into this odious 'place; no perſon of condition, I dare ſwear, ever 'ſet foot here before.'—'I don't know', cries the 'ſquire, 'I think they do well enough; It was land-'lord recommended them. I thought as he knew 'moſt of the quality, he could beſt ſhow me where 'to get among um.'—'Well, and where's my niece?' ſays the lady: 'Have you been to wait upon lady Bella-'ſton yet?' 'Ay, ay,' cries the 'ſquire, 'your niece 'is ſafe enough; ſhe is up ſtairs in chamber.'—'How!' anſwered the lady, 'is my niece in this houſe, and 'doth ſhe not know of my being here?'—'No, no-'body can well get to her,' ſays the 'ſquire,' 'for 'ſhe is under lock and key. I have her ſafe; I vet-'ched her from my lady Couſin the firſt night I came 'to town, and I have taken care of her ever ſince; 'ſhe is as ſecure as a fox in a bag, I promiſe you.' 'Good heaven!' returned Mrs. Weſtern, 'what do 'I hear! I thought what a fine piece of work would 'be the conſequence of my conſent to your coming

'to

'to town yourſelf; nay, it was indeed your own head-'ſtrong will, nor can I charge myſelf with having 'ever conſented to it. Did not you promiſe me, 'brother, that you would take none of theſe head-'ſtrong meaſures? Was it not by theſe headſtrong 'meaſures that you forced my niece to run away 'from you in the country? Have you a mind to ob-'lige her to take ſuch another ſtep?'— 'Z—ds and 'the devil,' cries the 'ſquire, daſhing his pipe on the ground, 'did ever mortal hear the like? when I ex-'pected you would have commended me for all I have 'done, to be fallen upon in this manner!'—'How! 'brother,' ſaid the lady, 'have I ever given you the 'leaſt reaſon to imagine I ſhould commend you for 'locking up your daughter? Have I not often told 'you that women in a free country are not to be 'treated with ſuch arbitrary power? We are as free 'as the men, and I heartily wiſh I could not ſay we 'deſerve that freedom better. If you expect I ſhould 'ſtay a moment longer in this wretched houſe, or 'that I ſhould ever own you again as my relation, 'or that I ſhould ever trouble myſelf again with the 'affairs of your family, I inſiſt upon it that my niece 'be ſet at liberty this inſtant.' This ſhe ſpoke with ſo commanding an air, ſtanding with her back to the fire, with one hand behind her, and a pinch of ſnuff in the other, that I queſtion whether Thaleſtris at the head of her Amazons ever made a more tremendous figure. It is no wonder, therefore, that the poor 'ſquire was not proof againſt the awe which ſhe inſpired. 'There,' he cried, throwing down the key, 'There it is; do whatever you pleaſe. I in-'tended only to have kept her up till Blifil came to 'town; which can't be long; and now if any harm 'happens in the mean time, remember who is to be 'blamed for it.'

'I will anſwer it with my life,' cried Mrs. Weſtern, 'but I ſhall not intermeddle at all, unleſs upon one 'condition, and that is, that you will commit the 'whole entirely to my care, without taking any one 'meaſure yourſelf, unleſs I ſhall eventually appoint 'you to act. If you ratify theſe preliminaries, bro-

'ther, I yet will endeavour to preſerve the honour 'of your family; if not, I ſhall continue in a neutral 'ſtate.'

'I pray you, good Sir,' ſaid the Parſon, 'permit yourſelf this once to be admoniſhed by her 'ladyſhip; peradventure by communing with young 'Madam Sophia, ſhe will effect more than you have 'been able to perpetrate by more rigorous meaſures.'

'What doſt thee open upon me?' cries the 'ſquire. 'If thee doſt begin to babble, I ſhall whip thee in 'preſently.'

'Fie, brother,' anſwered the lady, 'is this language to a clergyman? Mr. Supple is a man of ſenſe, 'and gives you the beſt advice; and the whole world, 'I believe, will concur in his opinion; but I muſt 'tell you, I expect an immediate anſwer to my categorical propoſals. Either cede your daughter to my 'diſpoſal, or take her wholly to your own ſurpriſing 'diſcretion, and then I here, before Mr. Supple, 'evacuate the garriſon, and renounce you and your 'family for ever.'

'I pray you, let me be a mediator,' cries the parſon; 'let me ſupplicate you.'

'Why there lies the key on the table,' cries the 'ſquire, 'She may take un up, if ſhe pleaſes; who 'hinders her?'

'No, brother,' anſwered the lady, 'I inſiſt on the 'formality of its being delivered me, with a full ratification of all the conceſſions ſtipulated.'

'Why then I will deliver it to you.—There 'tis,' cries the 'ſquire. 'I am ſure, ſiſter, you can't accuſe me of ever denying to truſt my daughter to 'you. She hath lived wi' you a whole year and 'muore to a time, without my ever zeeing her.'

'And it would have been happy for her,' anſwered the lady, 'if ſhe had always lived with me. Nothing 'of this kind would have happened under my eye.'

'Ay, certainly,' cries he, 'I only am to blame.'

'Why, you are to blame, brother,' anſwered ſhe; 'I have been often obliged to tell you ſo, and ſhall 'always be obliged to tell you ſo. However, I hope 'you will now amend, and gather ſo much experience

'from

'from paſt errors, as not to defeat my wiſeſt machi-
'nations by your blunders. Indeed, brother, you
'are not qualified for theſe negotiations. All your
'whole ſcheme of politics is wrong. I once more,
'therefore, inſiſt, that you do not intermeddle. Re-
'member only what is paſt.'—

'Z——ds and bl—d, ſiſter,' cries the 'ſquire,
'What would you have me ſay? You are enough to
'provoke the devil.'

'There now,' ſaid ſhe, 'juſt according to the old
'cuſtom. I ſee, brother, there is no talking to you.
'I will appeal to Mr. Supple, who is a man of ſenſe,
'if I ſaid any thing, which could put any human
'creature into a paſſion; but you are ſo wrong-
'headed every way.'

'Let me beg you, Madam,' ſaid the parſon, 'not
'to irritate his worſhip.'

'Irritate him?' ſaid the lady;——'Sure you are
'as great a fool as himſelf. Well, brother, ſince
'you have promiſed not to interfere, I will once
'more undertake the management of my niece. Lord
'have mercy upon all affairs which are under the di-
'rections of men. The head of one woman is worth
'a thouſand of yours.' And now having ſummoned
a ſervant to ſhow her to Sophia, ſhe departed, bearing
the key with her.

She was no ſooner gone, than the 'ſquire (having
firſt ſhut the door) ejaculated twenty bitches, and as
many hearty curſes againſt her, not ſparing himſelf
for having ever thought of her eſtate: but added,
'Now one hath been a ſlave ſo long, it would be pity
'to loſe it at laſt, for want of holding out a little
'longer. The bitch can't live for ever, and I know
'I am down for it upon the will.'

The parſon greatly commended this reſolution;
and now the 'ſquire having ordered in another bottle,
which was his uſual method when any thing either
pleaſed or vexed him, did, by drinking plentifully
of this medicinal julap, ſo totally waſh away his
choler, that his temper was become perfectly placid
and ſerene, when Mrs. Weſtern returned with Sophia
into the room. The young lady had on her hat and
capuchin, and the aunt acquainted Mr. Weſtern,

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'that she intended to take her niece with her to her 'own lodgings; for, indeed, brother,' says she, 'these 'rooms are not fit to receive a christian soul in.'

'Very well, Madam' quoth Western, 'whatever 'you please. The girl can never be in better hands 'than your's; and the parson here can do me the jus-'tice to say, that I have said fifty times behind your 'back, that you was one of the most sensible women 'in the world.'

'To this,' cries the parson, 'I am ready to bear 'testimony.'

'Nay, brother,' says Mrs. Western, 'I have al-'ways, I'm sure given you as favourable a character. 'You must own you have a little too much hastiness in 'your temper; but when you will allow yourself time 'to reflect, I never knew a man more reasonable.'

'Why then, sister, if you think so,' said the 'squire, 'here's your good health with all my heart. I am a 'little passionate sometimes, but I scorn to bear any 'malice. Sophy, do you be a good girl, and do every 'thing your aunt orders you.'

'I have not the least doubt of her,' answered Mrs. Western. 'She hath already had an example before 'her eyes, in the behaviour of that wretch her cousin 'Harriet, who ruined herself by neglecting my ad-'vice.—O brother, what think you? You was hardly 'gone out of hearing, when you set out for London, 'when who should arrive but that impudent fellow 'with the odious Irish name—that Fitzpatrick. He 'broke in abruptly uponme without notice, or I would 'not have seen him. He ran on a long, unintelligi-'ble story about his wife, to which he forced me to 'give him a hearing; but I made him very little an-'swer, and delivered him the letter from his wife, 'which I bid him answer himself. I suppose the 'wretch will endeavour to find us out; but I beg you 'will not see her, for I am determined I will not.'

'I zee her,' answered the 'squire; 'you need not 'fear me. I'll gee no encouragement to such undutiful 'wenches. It is well for the fellow her husband 'I was not at huome. Od rabbit it, he should have 'taken a dance thru the horse pond, I promise un.

'You see, Sophy, what undutifulness brings folks to. 'You have an example in your own family.'

'Brother,' cries the aunt, 'you need not shock 'my niece by such odious repetitions. Why will 'you not leave every thing entirely to me?'—'Well 'well; I will, I will,' said the 'squire.

And now Mrs. Western, luckily for Sophia, put an end to the conversation, by ordering chairs to be called. I say luckily; for had it continued much longer, fresh matter of dissension would, most probably, have arisen between the brother and sister; between whom education and sex made the only difference; for both were equally violent, and equally positive; they had both a vast affection for Sophia, and both a sovereign contempt for each other.

CHAP. V.

In which Jones receives a letter from Sophia, and goes to a play with Mrs. Miller and Partridge.

THE arrival of Black George in town, and the good offices which that grateful fellow had promised to do for his old benefactor, greatly comforted Jones in the midst of all the anxiety and uneasiness which he had suffered on the account of Sophia; from whom, by the means of the said George, he received the following answer to his letter, which Sophia, to whom the use of pen, ink, and paper was restored with her liberty, wrote the very evening when she departed from her confinement.

'SIR,

'As I do not doubt your sincerity in what you 'write, you will be pleased to hear that some of my 'afflictions are at an end, by the arrival of my aunt 'Western, with whom I am at present, and with 'whom I enjoy all the liberty I can desire. One 'promise my aunt hath insisted on my making, which 'is, that I will not see or converse with any person 'without her knowledge and consent. This promise 'I have most solemnly given, and shall most inviolably keep; and though she hath not expressly forbidden

'forbidden me writing, yet that muſt be an omiſſion 'from forgetfulneſs; or this, perhaps, is included 'in the word converſing. However, as I cannot 'but conſider this as a breach of her generous con- 'fidence in my honour, you cannot expect that I 'ſhall, after this, continue to write myſelf, or to 'receive letters, without her knowledge. A promiſe 'is with me a very ſacred thing, and to be extended 'to every thing underſtood from it, as well as to 'what is expreſſed by it; and this conſideration may 'perhaps, on reflection, afford you ſome comfort. 'But why ſhould I mention a comfort to you of this 'kind? For though there is one thing in which I can 'never comply with the beſt of fathers, yet am I firm- 'ly reſolved never to act in defiance of him, or to 'take any ſtep of conſequence without his conſent. 'A firm perſuaſion of this muſt teach you to divert 'your thoughts from what fortune hath (perhaps) 'made impoſſible. This your own intereſt perſuades 'you. This may reconcile, I hope, Mr. Allworthy 'to you; and, if it will, you have my injunctions to 'purſue it. Accidents have laid ſome obligations on 'me, and your good intentions probably more. For- 'tune may, perhaps, be ſometimes kinder to us both 'than at preſent. Believe this, that I ſhall always 'think of you as I think you deſerve, and am,

'SIR,

'Your obliged humble ſervant,

'SOPHIA WESTERN.'

'I charge you write to me no more—at preſent 'at leaſt; and accept this, which is now of no ſervice 'to me, which I know you muſt want, and think 'you owe the trifle only to that fortune by which you 'found it *.'

A child who had juſt learnt his letters, would have ſpelt this letter out in leſs time than Jones took in reading it. The ſenſations it occaſioned were a mixture of joy and grief; ſomewhat like what divide the

* Meaning, perhaps, the Bank-bill for 100l.

mind of a good man, when he peruſes the will of his deceaſed friend, in which a large legacy, which his diſtreſſes make the more welcome, is bequeathed to him. Upon the whole, however, he was more pleaſed than diſpleaſed; and indeed the reader may probably wonder that he was diſpleaſed at all; but the reader is not quite ſo much in love as was poor Jones: and love is a diſeaſe, which, though it may in ſome inſtances reſemble a conſumption (which it ſometimes cauſes) in others proceeds in direct oppoſition to it, and particularly in this, that it never flatters itſelf, or ſees any one ſymptom in a favourable light.

One thing gave him complete ſatisfaction, which was, that his miſtreſs had regained her liberty, and was now with a lady where ſhe might at leaſt aſſure herſelf of a decent treatment. Another comfortable circumſtance, was the reference which ſhe made to her promiſe of never marrying any other man: for however diſintereſted he might imagine his paſſion, and notwithſtanding all the generous overtures made in his letter, I very much queſtion whether he could have heard a more afflicting piece of news, than that Sophia was married to another, though the match had been never ſo great, and never ſo likely to end in making her completely happy. That refined degree of Platonic affection which is abſolutely detached from the fleſh, and indeed is entirely and purely ſpiritual, is a gift confined to the female part of the creation; many of whom I have heard declare (and doubtleſs with great truth) that they would with the utmoſt readineſs, reſign a lover to a rival, when ſuch reſignation was proved to be neceſſary for the temporal intereſt of ſuch lover. Hence, therefore, I conclude, that this affection is in nature, though I cannot pretend to ſay, I have ever ſeen an inſtance of it.

Mr. Jones having ſpent three hours in reading and kiſſing the aforeſaid letter, and being, at laſt, in a ſtate of good ſpirits, from the laſt mentioned conſiderations, he agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was to attend

tend Mrs. Miller, and her younger daughter, into the gallery at the play houſe, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taſte for humour which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticiſms of Partridge; from whom he expected the ſimple dictates of nature, unimproved indeed, but likewiſe unadulterated by art.

In the firſt row then of the firſt gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngeſt daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared, it was the fineſt place he had ever been in. When the firſt muſick was played, he ſaid, 'It was a 'wonder how ſo many fiddlers could play at one time, 'without putting one another out.' While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, 'Look, look, Madam, the very 'picture of the man at the end of the common-'prayer book, before the gun powder-treaſon ſer-'vice.' Nor could he help obſerving, with a ſigh, when all the candles were lighted, 'That here were 'candles enough burnt in one night, to keep an 'honeſt poor family for a twelvemonth.

As ſoon as the play, which was Hamlet Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break ſilence till the entrance of the ghoſt; upon which he aſked Jones, 'What man that was in 'the ſtrange dreſs; ſomething,' ſaid he, 'like what 'I have ſeen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, 'is it?' Jones anſwered, 'That is the ghoſt.' To which Partridge replied with a ſmile, 'Perſuade me 'to that, Sir, if you can. Though I can't ſay 'I ever actually ſaw a ghoſt in my life, yet I am 'certain I ſhould know one, if I ſaw him, better 'than that comes to. No, no, Sir, ghoſts don't ap-'pear in ſuch dreſſes as that, neither.' In this miſtake, which cauſed much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was ſuffered to continue, 'till the ſcene between the Ghoſt and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick, which he had denied to Jones, and fell into ſo violent a trembling, that his knees knocked againſt each other.

Jones aſked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the ſtage? 'O 'la! Sir,' ſaid he, 'I perceive now it is what you 'told me. I am not afraid of any thing; for I 'know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghoſt, 'it could do one no harm at ſuch a diſtance, and 'in ſo much company; and yet if I was frightened, 'I am not the only perſon.'—'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'doſt thou take to be ſuch a coward here 'beſides thyſelf!'—'Nay, you may call me coward 'if you will; but if that little man there upon the 'ſtage is not frightened, I never ſaw any man 'frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with 'you! Ay, to be ſure! Who's fool then? Will 'you? Lud have mercy upon ſuch fool-hardineſs! '——Whatever happens it is good enough for you. '——Follow you? I'd follow the devil as ſoon. 'Nay, perhaps, it is the devil—for they ſay he 'can put on what likeneſs he pleaſes.——Oh! here 'he is again,——No farther! No, you have gone 'far enough already; farther than I'd have gone 'for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to ſpeak, but Partridge cried, 'Huſh, huſh, dear Sir, 'don't you hear him!' And during the whole ſpeech of the ghoſt, he ſat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghoſt, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the ſame paſſions which ſucceed each other in Hamlet, ſucceeding likewiſe in him.

When the ſcene was over, Jones ſaid, 'Why, 'Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You en-'joy the play more than I conceive poſſible.'—'Nay, 'Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid of 'the devil, I can't help it; but to be ſure it is na-'tural to be ſurpriſed at ſuch things, though I know 'there is nothing in them; not that it was the 'ghoſt that ſurpriſed me neither; for I ſhould have 'known that to have been only a man in a ſtrange dreſs: 'but when I ſaw the little man ſo frightened himſelf, 'it was that which took hold of me.'—'And doſt 'thou imagine then, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'that 'he was really frightened?'—'Nay, Sir,' ſaid Partridge, 'did not you yourſelf obſerve afterwards,

'when

'when he found it was his own father's ſpirit, and 'how he was murdered in the garden, how his ſear 'forſook him by degrees, and he was ſtruck dumb 'with ſorrow, as it were, juſt as I ſhould have been, 'had it been my own caſe.—But huſh! O la! what 'noiſe is that? There he is again.—Well, to be cer-'tain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I 'am glad I am not down yonder, where thoſe men 'are.' Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, 'Ay, you may draw your ſword; what ſignifies a 'ſword againſt the power of the devil?'

During the ſecond act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineneſs of the dreſſes; nor could he help obſerving upon the king's countenance. 'Well,' ſaid he, 'how people may be 'deceived by faces? *Nulli fides fronti* is, I find, a 'true ſaying. Who would think, by looking in the 'king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?' He then enquired after the ghoſt; but Jones, who intended he ſhould be ſurpriſed, gave him no other ſatisfaction, than, 'that he might poſſibly ſee him 'again ſoon, and in a flaſh of fire.'

Partridge ſat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghoſt made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, 'There, Sir, now; what ſay 'you now? is he frightened now or no? As much 'frightened as you think me, and, to be ſure, no 'body can help ſome fears, I would not be in ſo bad 'a condition, as what's his name, 'ſquire Hamlet, is 'there, for all the world. Bleſs me! what's become 'of the ſpirit? As I am a living ſoul, I thought I 'ſaw him ſink into the earth.'—'Indeed, you ſaw 'right,' anſwered Jones. 'Well, well,' cries Par-tridge, 'I know it is only a play; and beſides, if 'there was any thing in all this, Madam Miller 'would not laugh ſo: for as to you, Sir, you would 'not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in 'perſon.—There, there—Ay, no wonder you are in 'ſuch a paſſion; ſhake the vile wicked wretch to 'pieces. If ſhe was my own mother I ſhould ſerve 'her ſo. To be ſure, all duty to a mother is for-

'feited by ſuch wicked doings.——Ay, go about 'you buſineſs; I hate the ſight of you.'

Our critic was now pretty ſilent till the play, which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at firſt underſtand, 'till Jones explained it to him; but he no ſooner entered into the ſpirit of it, than he began to bleſs himſelf that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs Miller, he aſked her, 'If ſhe did not imagine the king looked as if he was 'touched; though he is' ſaid he, 'a good actor, 'and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would 'not have ſo much to anſwer for, as that wick-'ed man there hath, to ſit upon a much higher 'chair than he ſits upon.—No wonder he run 'away; for your ſake I'll never truſt an innocent 'face again.'

The grave-digging ſcene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expreſſed much ſurpriſe at the number of ſculls thrown upon the ſtage. To which Jones anſwered, 'That it was one of the moſt 'famous burial-places about town.'—'No wonder 'then,' cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. 'But I never ſaw in my life a worſe grave-digger. 'I had a ſexton when I was clerk, that ſhould have 'dug three graves while he is digging one. The 'fellow handles a ſpade as if it was the firſt time he 'had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may 'ſing. You had rather ſing than work, I believe.' ——Upon Hamlet's taking up the ſcull, he cried out, 'Well, it is ſtrange to ſee how fearleſs ſome men are: 'I never could bring myſelf to touch any thing be-'longing to a dead man on any account.—He ſeemed 'frightened enough too at the ghoſt I thought. *Nemo* '*omnibus horis ſapit.*'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones aſked him, 'which of the players he had liked beſt?' To this he anſwered, with ſome appearance of indignation at the queſtion, 'The king without doubt.'—'Indeed, 'Mr. Partridge,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'you are not of 'the ſame opinion with the town: for they are all 'agreed, that Hamlet is acted by the beſt player

'who

'who was ever on the ſtage.'—'He the beſt player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous ſneer: 'Why 'I could act as well as he myſelf. I am ſure, if I 'had ſeen a ghoſt, I ſhould have looked in the very 'ſame manner, and done juſt as he did. And then, 'to be ſure, in that ſcene, as you called it, between 'him and his mother, where you told me he acted 'ſo fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is, 'any good man, that had ſuch a mother, would have 'done exactly the ſame. I know you are only joking 'with me; but indeed, Madam, though I was never 'at a play at London, yet I have ſeen acting before 'in the country; and the king for my money; he 'ſpeaks all his words diſtinctly, half as loud again 'as the other.——Any body may ſee he is an actor.'

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in converſation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She ſaid, ſhe had ſeen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of ſpeaking to him, as ſhe had ſomething to ſay, which might be of great ſervice to himſelf. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning; which, upon recollection, ſhe preſently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promiſed to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the play-houſe; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who ſat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he ſaid, than to any thing that paſſed on the ſtage.

He durſt not go to bed all that night, for fear of the ghoſt; and for many nights after ſweated for two or three hours before he went to ſleep with the ſame apprehenſions, and waked ſeveral times in great horrors, crying out, 'Lord have mercy upon us! there 'it is.'

Heaven forbid, he ſaid, that he ſhould ever think of prevailing by any other than the moſt gentle methods! 'Beſides, Sir, ſaid he, if they fail, you may 'then (which will be ſurely time enough) deny 'your conſent.' He urged the great and eager deſire which Mr. Weſtern had for the match; and laſtly, he made great uſe of the name of Jones, to whom he imputed all that had happened; and from whom, he ſaid, to preſerve ſo valuable a young lady was even an act of charity.

All theſe arguments were well ſeconded by Thwackum, who dwelt a little ſtronger on the authority of parents than Mr. Blifil himſelf had done. He aſcribed the meaſures which Mr. Blifil was deſirous to take, to chriſtian motives; 'and though,' ſays he, 'the 'good young gentleman hath mentioned charity laſt; 'I am almoſt convinced, it is his firſt and principal 'conſideration.'

Square, poſſibly, had he been preſent, would have ſung to the ſame tune, though in a different key; and would have diſcovered much moral fitneſs in the proceeding; but he was now gone to Bath for the recovery of his health.

Allworthy, though not without reluctance, at laſt yielded to the deſires of his nephew. He ſaid, he would accompany him to London, where he might be at liberty to uſe every honeſt endeavour to gain the lady: 'But I declare,' ſaid he, 'I will never 'give my conſent to any abſolute force being pu- 'on her inclinations, nor ſhall you ever have her, un- 'leſs ſhe can be brought freely to compliance.'

Thus did the affection of Allworthy for his nephew betray the ſuperior underſtanding to be triumphed over by the inferior; and thus is the prudence of the beſt of heads often defeated by the tenderneſs of the beſt of hearts.

Blifil having obtained this unhoped for acquieſcence in his uncle, reſted not till he carried his purpoſe into execution. And as no immediate buſineſs required Mr. Allworthy's preſence in the country, and little preparation is neceſſary to men for a journey, they ſet out the very next day, and arrived in town

that

that evening, when Mr. Jones, as we have ſeen, was diverting himſelf with Partridge at the play.

The morning after his arrival, Mr. Blifil waited on Mr. Weſtern, by whom he was moſt kindly and graciouſly received, and from whom he had every poſſible aſſurance (perhaps more than was poſſible) that he ſhould very ſhortly be as happy as Sophia could make him; nor would the 'ſquire ſuffer the young gentleman to return to his uncle, till he had, almoſt againſt his will, carried him to his ſiſter.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mr. Weſtern pays a viſit to his ſiſter, in company with Mr. Blifil.

MRS. Weſtern was reading a lecture on prudence, and matrimonial politics, to her niece, when her brother and Blifil broke in with leſs ceremony than the laws of viſiting require. Sophia no ſooner ſaw Blifil, than ſhe turned pale, and almoſt loſt the uſe of all her faculties; but her aunt, on the contrary, waxed red, and having all her faculties at command, began to exert her tongue on the 'ſquire.

'Brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am aſtoniſhed at your behaviour! will you never learn any regard to decorum? Will you ſtill look upon every apartment as your own, or as belonging to one of your country tenants? Do you think yourſelf at liberty to invade the privacies of women of condition, without the leaſt decency or notice?'——'Why, what a pox! is the matter now?' quoth the 'ſquire, 'one would think I had caught you at'—'None of your brutality, Sir, I beſeech you,' anſwered ſhe.——'You have ſurpriſed my poor niece ſo, that ſhe can hardly, I ſee, ſupport herſelf.——Go, my dear, retire, and endeavour to recruit your ſpirits; for I ſee you have occaſion.' At which words, Sophia, who never received a more welcome command, haſtily withdrew.

'To be ſure, ſiſter,' cries the 'ſquire, 'you are mad, when I have brought Mr. Blifil here to court her, to force her away.'

'Sure.

'Sure, brother,' ſays ſhe, 'you are worſe than 'mad, when you know in what ſituation affairs are, 'to——I am ſure, I aſk Mr. Blifil pardon, but he 'knows very well to whom to impute ſo diſagreeable 'a reception. For my own part, I am ſure, I ſhall 'always be very glad to ſee Mr. Blifil; but his own 'good ſenſe would not have ſuffered him to pro-'ceed ſo abruptly, had you not compelled him to 'it.'

Blifil bowed and ſtammered, and looked like a fool; but Weſtern, without giving him time to form a ſpeech for the purpoſe, anſwered, 'Well, well, 'I am to blame if you will; I always am, certainly; 'but come, let the girl be fetched back again, or let 'Mr. Blifil go to her——He's come up on purpoſe, 'and there is no time to be loſt.'

'Brother,' cries Mrs. Weſtern, 'Mr. Blifil, I am 'confident, underſtands himſelf better than to think 'of ſeeing my niece any more this morning after 'what hath happened. Women are of a nice con-'texture; and our ſpirits when diſordered are not 'to be recompoſed in a moment. Had you ſuffered 'Mr. Blifil to have ſent his compliments to my niece, 'and to have deſired the favour of waiting on her in 'the afternoon, I ſhould poſſibly have prevailed on 'her to have ſeen him; but now I deſpair of bring-'ing about any ſuch matter.'

'I am very ſorry, Madam,' cried Blifil, 'that 'Mr. Weſtern's extraordinary kindneſs to me, which 'I can never enough acknowledge, ſhould have occa-'ſioned—' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, interrupting him, 'you need make no apologies, we all know my bro-'ther ſo well.'

'I don't care what any body knows of me,' an-ſwered the 'ſquire;——'but when muſt he come to ſee 'her? For, conſider, I tell you, he is come up on 'purpoſe, and ſo is Allworthy.'—'Brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'whatever meſſage Mr. Blifil thinks proper to ſend 'to my niece, ſhall be delivered to her; and, I ſup-'poſe, ſhe will want no inſtructions to make a proper 'anſwer. I am convinced ſhe will not refuſe to ſee 'Mr. Blifil at a proper time.'——'The devil ſhe

'won't,'

'won't,' anſwered the 'ſquire.—'Odſbub!—Don't 'we know—I ſay nothing, but ſome volk are 'wiſer than all the world.—If I might have had 'my will, ſhe had not run away before: and now I 'expect to hear every moment ſhe is gone again. 'For as great a fool as ſome volk think me, I know 'very well ſhe hates'—'No matter, brother,' replied Mrs. Weſtern, 'I will not hear my niece abu-'ſed. It is a reflection on my family. She is an 'honour to it; and ſhe will be an honour to it, I 'promiſe you. I will pawn my whole reputation in 'the world on her conduct.—I ſhall be glad to ſee 'you, brother, in the afternoon; for I have ſome-'what of importance to mention to you.—At pre-'ſent, Mr. Blifil, as well as you, muſt excuſe me; 'for I am in haſte to dreſs.'—'Well but,' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'do appoint a time.'—'Indeed,' ſaid ſhe, 'I can appoint no time.—I tell you, I will ſee 'you in the afternoon.'—'What the devil would 'you have me do?' cries the 'ſquire, turning to Bli-fil, 'I can no more turn her, than a beagle can turn 'an old hare. Perhaps, ſhe will be in a better hu-'mour in the afternoon.'—'I am condemned, I 'ſee, Sir, to misfortune,' anſwered Blifil; 'but I 'ſhall always own my obligations to you.'—He then took a ceremonious leave of Mrs. Weſtern, who was altogether as ceremonious on her part; and then they departed, the 'ſquire muttering to himſelf with an oath, that Blifil ſhould ſee his daughter in the afternoon.

If Mr. Weſtern was little pleaſed with this interview, Blifil was leſs. As to the former, he imputed the whole behaviour of his ſiſter to her humour only, and to her diſſatisfaction at the omiſſion of ceremony in the viſit; but Blifil ſaw a little deeper into things. He ſuſpected ſomewhat of more conſequence, from two or three words which dropped from the lady; and, to ſay the truth, he ſuſpected right, as will appear when I have unfolded the ſeveral matters which will be contained in the following chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Schemes of lady Bellaſton for the ruin of Jones.

LOVE had taken too deep a root in the mind of lord Fellamar to be plucked up by the rude hands of Mr. Weſtern. In the heat of reſentment he had indeed given a commiſſion to captain Egglane, which the captain had far exceeded in the execution; nor had it been executed at all, had his lordſhip been able to find the captain after he had ſeen lady Bellaſton, which was in the afternoon of the day after he had received the affront; but ſo induſtrious was the captain in the diſcharge of his duty, that having after long enquiry found out the 'ſquire's lodgings very late in the evening, he ſat up all night at a tavern, that he might not miſs the 'ſquire in the morning, and by that means miſſed the revocation which my lord had ſent to his lodgings.

In the afternoon then next after the intended rape of Sophia, his lordſhip, as we have ſaid, made a viſit to lady Bellaſton, who laid open ſo much of the character of the 'ſquire, that his lordſhip plainly ſaw the abſurdity he had been guilty of in taking any offence at his words, eſpecially as he had thoſe honourable deſigns on his daughter. He then unboſomed the violence of his paſſion to lady Bellaſton, who readily undertook the cauſe, and encouraged him with certain aſſurance of a moſt favourable reception from all the elders of the family, and from the father himſelf when he ſhould be ſober, and ſhould be made acquainted with the nature of the offer made to his daughter. The only danger, ſhe ſaid, lay in the fellow ſhe had formerly mentioned, who, though a beggar and a vagabond, had by ſome means or other, ſhe knew not what, procured himſelf tolerable clothes, and paſſed for a gentleman. 'Now,' ſays ſhe, 'as I 'have, for the ſake of my couſin, made it my buſi'neſs to enquire after this fellow, I have luckily 'found out his lodgings;' with which ſhe then acquainted his lordſhip. 'I am thinking, my lord,' added ſhe, '(for this fellow is too mean for your per-

'ſonal reſentment) whether it would not be poſſible 'for your lordſhip to contrive ſome method of having 'him preſſed and ſent on board a ſhip. Neither law 'nor conſcience forbid this project: for the fellow, 'I promiſe you, however well dreſſed, is but a vaga-'bond, and as proper as any fellow in the ſtreets to be 'preſſed into the ſervice; and as for the conſcientious 'part, ſurely the preſervation of a young lady from 'ſuch ruin is a moſt meritorious act; nay, with re-'gard to the fellow himſelf, unleſs he could ſucceed '(which heaven forbid) with my couſin, it may pro-'bably be the means of preſerving him from the 'gallows, and perhaps may make his fortune in an 'honeſt way.'

Lord Fellamar very heartily thanked her ladyſhip, for the part which ſhe was pleaſed to take in the affair, upon the ſucceſs of which his whole future happineſs entirely depended. He ſaid, he ſaw at preſent no objection to the p eſſing ſcheme, and would conſider of putting it in execution. He then moſt earneſtly recommended to her ladyſhip, to do him the honour of immediately mentioning his propoſals to the family; to whom, he ſaid, he offered a *Carte Blanche*, and would ſettle his fortune in almoſt any manner they ſhould require. And after uttering many ecſtacies and raptures concerning Sophia, he took his leave and departed, but not before he had received the ſtrongeſt charge to beware of Jones, and to loſe no time in ſecuring his perſon where he ſhould no longer be in capacity of making any attempts to the ruin of the young lady.

The moment Mrs. Weſtern was arrived at her lodgings, a card was diſpached with her compliments to lady Bellaſton; who no ſooner received it, than, with the impatience of a lover, ſhe flew to her couſin, rejoiced at this fair opportunity, which beyond her hopes offered itſelf: for ſhe was much better pleaſed with the proſpect of making the propoſals to a woman of ſenſe, and who knew the world, than to a gentleman whom ſhe honoured with the appellation of Hottentot; though indeed from him ſhe apprehended no danger of a refuſal.

The

The two ladies being met, after very ſhort previous ceremonials, fell to buſineſs, which was indeed almoſt as ſoon concluded as begun; for Mrs. Weſtern no ſooner heard the name of lord Fellamar than her cheeks glowed with pleaſure; but when ſhe was acquainted with the eagerneſs of his paſſion, the earneſtneſs of his propoſals, and the generoſity of his offer, ſhe declared her full ſatisfaction in the moſt explicit terms.

In the progreſs of their converſation, their diſcourſe turned to Jones, and both couſins very pathetically lamented the unfortunate attachment which both agreed Sophia had to that young fellow; and Mrs. Weſtern entirely attributed it to the folly of her brother's management. She concluded, however, at laſt, with declaring her confidence in the good underſtanding of her niece, who though ſhe would not give up her affection in favour of Blifil, will, I doubt not, ſays ſhe, ſoon be prevailed upon to ſacrifice a ſimple inclination to the addreſſes of a fine gentleman, who brings her both a title and a large eſtate: 'For indeed,' added ſhe, 'I muſt do Sophy the juſtice to 'confeſs, this Blifil is but a hideous kind of fellow, 'as you know, Bellaſton, all country gentlemen are, 'and hath nothing but his fortune to recommend 'him.'

'Nay,' ſaid lady Bellaſton, 'I don't then ſo much 'wonder at my couſin; for I promiſe you, this Jones 'is a very agreeable fellow, and hath one virtue 'which the men ſay is a great recommendation to 'us. What do you think, Mrs. Weſtern——I ſhall 'certainly make you laugh; nay, I can hardly tell 'you myſelf for laughing——Will you believe that 'the fellow hath had the aſſurance to make love to 'me? But if you ſhould be inclined to diſbelieve it, 'here is evidence enough, his own hand-writing, I 'aſſure you.' She then delivered her couſin the letter with the propoſals of marriage; which, if the reader hath a deſire to ſee, he will find already on record in the XVth book of this hiſtory.

'Upon my word, I am aſtoniſhed,' ſaid Mrs. Weſtern; 'this is indeed a maſter-piece of aſſurance.

'With

'With your leave, I may poſſibly make ſome uſe of 'this letter.'—'You have my full liberty,' cries lady Bellaſton, 'to apply it to what purpoſe you pleaſe. 'However, I would not have it ſhown to any but 'Miſs Weſtern, nor to her unleſs you find occaſion.' 'Well, and how did you uſe the fellow?' returned Mrs. Weſtern. 'Not as a huſband,' ſaid the lady; 'I am not married, I promiſe you, my dear. You 'know, Mrs. Weſtern, I have tried the comforts once 'already; and once I think is enough for any rea-'ſonable woman.'

This letter lady Bellaſton thought would certainly turn the balance againſt Jones in the mind of Sophia, and ſhe was emboldened to give it up, partly by her hopes of having him inſtantly diſpatched out of the way, and partly by having ſecured the evidence of Honour, who, upon ſounding her, ſhe ſaw ſufficient reaſon to imagine, was prepared to teſtify whatever ſhe pleaſed.

But perhaps the reader may wonder why lady Bellaſton, who in her heart hated Sophia, ſhould be ſo deſirous of promoting a match, which was ſo much to the intereſt of the young lady. Now, I would deſire ſuch readers to look carefully into human nature, page almoſt the laſt, and there he will find, in ſcarce legible characters, that women, notwithſtanding the prepoſterous behaviour of mothers, aunts, &c. in matrimonial matters, do in reality think it ſo great a misfortune to have their inclinations in love thwarted, that they imagine, they ought never to carry enmity higher than upon theſe diſappointments; again, he will find it written much about the ſame place, that a woman who hath once been pleaſed with the poſſeſſion of a man, will go above half way to the devil to prevent any other woman from enjoying the ſame.

If he will not be contented with theſe reaſons, I freely confeſs I ſee no other motive to the actions of that lady, unleſs we will conceive ſhe was bribed by lord Fellamar, which for my own part I ſee no cauſe to ſuſpect.

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Now this was the affair which Mrs. Weſtern was preparing to introduce to Sophia, by ſome prefatory diſcourſe on the folly of love, and on the wiſdom of legal proſtitution for hire, when her brother and Blifil broke abruptly in upon her; and hence aroſe all that coldneſs in her behaviour to Blifil, which, though the 'ſquire, as was uſual with him, imputed to a wrong cauſe, infuſed into Blifil himſelf (he being a much more cunning man) a ſuſpicion of the real truth.

CHAP. IX.

In which Jones pays a viſit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

THE reader may now perhaps be pleaſed to return with us to Mr. Jones, who at the appointed hour attended on Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but before we relate the converſation which now paſſed, it may be proper, according to our method, to return a little back, and to account for ſo great an alteration of behaviour in this lady, that from changing her lodging principally to avoid Mr. Jones, ſhe had now induſtriouſly, as hath been ſeen, ſought this interview.

And here we ſhall need only to reſort to what happened the preceding day, when hearing from lady Bellaſton, that Mr. Weſtern was arrived in town, ſhe went to pay her duty to him, at his lodgings, at Piccadilly, where ſhe was received with many ſcurvy appellations too coarſe to be repeated, and was even threatened to be kicked out of doors. From hence an old ſervant of her aunt Weſtern, with whom ſhe was well acquainted, conducted her to the lodgings of that lady, who treated her not more kindly, but more politely: or, to ſay the truth, with rudeneſs in another way. In ſhort, ſhe returned from both, plainly convinced not only that her ſcheme of reconciliation had proved abortive, but that ſhe muſt for ever give over all thoughts of bringing it about by any means whatever. From this moment deſire of revenge only filled her mind; and in this temper meeting Jones at the play, an opportunity ſeemed to her to occur of effecting this purpoſe.

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The reader muſt remember, that he was acquainted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in the account ſhe gave of her own ſtory, with the fondneſs Mrs. Weſtern had formerly ſhown for Mr. Fitzpatrick at Bath, from the diſappointment of which, Mrs. Fitzpatrick derived the great bitterneſs her aunt had expreſſed towards her. She had therefore no doubt but that the good lady would as eaſily liſten to the addreſſes of Mr. Jones, as ſhe had before done to the other; for the ſuperiority of charms was clearly on the ſide of Mr. Jones; and the advance which her aunt had ſince made in age, ſhe concluded (how juſtly I will not ſay) was an argument rather in favour of her project than againſt it.

Therefore, when Jones attended, after a previous declaration of her deſire of ſerving him, ariſing, as ſhe ſaid, from a firm aſſurance how much ſhe ſhould by ſo doing oblige Sophia; and after ſome excuſes for her former diſappointment, and after acquainting Mr. Jones in whoſe cuſtody his miſtreſs was, of which ſhe thought him ignorant; ſhe very explicitly mentioned her ſcheme to him, and adviſed him to make ſham addreſſes to the older lady, in order to procure an eaſy acceſs to the younger, informing him at the ſame time of the ſucceſs which Mr. Fitzpatrick had formerly owed to the very ſame ſtratagem.

Mr. Jones expreſſed great gratitude to the lady for the kind intentions towards him which ſhe had expreſſed, and indeed teſtified, by this propoſal; but beſides intimating ſome diffidence of ſucceſs from the lady's knowledge of his love to her niece, which had not been her caſe in regard to Mr. Fitzpatrick, he ſaid, he was afraid Miſs Weſtern would never agree to an impoſition of this kind, as well from her utter deteſtation of all fallacy, as from her avowed duty to her aunt.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was a little nettled at this; and indeed, if it may not be called a lapſe of the tongue, it was a ſmall deviation from politeneſs in Jones, and into which he ſcarce would have fallen, had not the delight he felt in praiſing Sophia, hurried him out of all

all reflections; for this commendation of one couſin was more than a tacit rebuke on the other.

'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered the lady, with ſome warmth, 'I cannot think there is any thing eaſier 'than to cheat an old woman with a profeſſion of 'love, when her complexion is amorous; and though 'ſhe is my aunt, I muſt ſay there never was a more 'liquoriſh one than her ladyſhip. Can't you pretend 'that the deſpair of poſſeſſing her niece, from her 'being promiſed to Blifil, has made you turn your 'thoughts towards her? As to my couſin Sophia, I 'can't imagine her to be ſuch a ſimpleton as to have 'the leaſt ſcruple on ſuch an account, or to conceive 'any harm in puniſhing one of theſe hags for the 'many miſchiefs they bring upon families, by their 'tragi-comic paſſions; for which I think it is pity 'they are not puniſhable by law. I had no ſuch ſcruple 'myſelf; and yet I hope my couſin Sophia will not 'think it an affront when I ſay ſhe cannot deteſt 'every real ſpecies of falſehood more than her couſin 'Fitzpatrick. To my aunt indeed I pretend no duty, 'nor doth ſhe deſerve any. However, Sir, I have 'given you my advice, and if you decline purſuing 'it, I ſhall have the leſs opinion of your underſtand-'ing—that's all.'

Jones now clearly ſaw the error he had committed, and exerted his utmoſt power to rectify it; but he only faultered and ſtuttered into nonſenſe and contradiction. To ſay the truth, it is often ſafer to abide by the conſequences of the firſt blunder than to endeavour to rectify it; for by ſuch endeavours we generally plunge deeper inſtead of extricating ourſelves; and few perſons will on ſuch occaſions have the good nature, which Mrs. Fitzpatrick diſplayed to Jones, by ſaying, with a ſmile, 'You need attempt no more 'excuſes; for I can eaſily forgive a real lover, what-'ever is the effect of fondneſs for his miſtreſs.'

She then renewed her propoſal, and very fervently recommended it, omitting no argument which her invention could ſuggeſt on the ſubject; for ſhe was ſo violently incenſed againſt her aunt, that ſcarce any thing was capable of affording her equal pleaſure with

with expoſing her; and, like a true woman, ſhe would ſee no difficulties in the execution of a favourite ſcheme.

Jones however perſiſted in declining the undertaking, which had not indeed the leaſt probability of ſucceſs. He eaſily perceived the motives which induced Mrs. Fitzpatrick to be ſo eager in preſſing her advice. He ſaid, he would not deny the tender and paſſionate regard he had for Sophia; but was ſo conſcious of the inequality of their ſituations, that he could never flatter himſelf ſo far as to hope that ſo divine a young lady would condeſcend to think on ſo unworthy a man; nay, he proteſted, he could ſcarce bring himſelf to wiſh ſhe ſhould. He concluded with a profeſſion of generous ſentiments, which we have not at preſent leiſure to inſert.

There are ſome fine women (for I dare not here ſpeak in too general terms) with whom ſelf is ſo predominant, that they never detach it from any ſubject; and as vanity is with them a ruling principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever praiſe they meet with; and, though the property of others, convey it to their own uſe. In the company of theſe ladies it is impoſſible to ſay any thing handſome of another woman, which they will not apply to themſelves; nay, they often improve the praiſe they ſeiſe; as for inſtance, if her beauty, her wit, her gentility, her good-humour deſerve ſo much commendation, what do I deſerve who poſſeſs thoſe qualities in ſo much more eminent a degree?

To theſe ladies a man often recommends himſelf while he is commending another woman; and while he is expreſſing ardour and generous ſentiments for his miſtreſs, they are conſidering what a charming lover this man would make to them, who can feel all this tenderneſs for an inferior degree of merit. Of this, ſtrange as it may ſeem, I have ſeen many inſtances beſides Mrs. Fitzpatrick, to whom all this really happened, and who now began to feel a ſomewhat for Mr. Jones, the ſymptoms of which ſhe much ſooner underſtood than poor Sophia had formerly done.

To say the truth, perfect beauty in both sexes is a more irresistible object than it is generally thought; for notwithstanding some of us are contented with more homely lots, and learn by rote (as children are to repeat what gives them no idea) to despise outside, and to value more solid charms; yet I have always observed at the approach of consummate beauty, that these more solid charms only shine with that kind of lustre which the stars have after the rising of the sun.

When Jones had finished his exclamations, many of which would have become the mouth of Oroondates himself, Mrs. Fitzpatrick heaved a deep sigh, and taking her eyes off from Jones, on whom they had been some time fixed, and dropping them on the ground, she cried, 'Indeed, Mr. Jones, I pity you; 'but it is the curse of such tenderness to be thrown 'away on those who are insensible of it. I know my 'cousin better than you, Mr. Jones, and I must say, 'any woman who makes no return to such a passion, 'and such a person, is unworthy of both.'

'Sure, Madam,' said Jones, 'you can't mean'——'Mean?' cries Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 'I know not 'what I mean; there is something, I think, in true 'tenderness bewitching; few women ever meet with 'it in men, and fewer still know how to value it 'when they do. I never heard such truly noble sen-'timents, and I can't tell how it is, but you force 'one to believe you. Sure she must be the most con-'temptible of women who can overlook such merit.'

The manner and look with which all this was spoke, infused a suspicion into Jones, which we don't care to convey in direct words to the reader. Instead of making any answer, he said, 'I am afraid, Ma-'dam, I have made too tiresome a visit, and offered 'to take his leave.'

'Not at all, Sir,' answered Mrs. Fitzpatrick.—— 'Indeed I pity you, Mr. Jones; indeed I do: but if 'you are going, consider of the scheme I have men-'tioned. I am convinced you will approve it, and 'let me see you again as soon as you can.——To-

'morrow

'morrow morning if you will, or at leaſt ſome time 'to-morrow. I ſhall be at home all day.'

Jones then, after many expreſſions of thanks, very reſpectfully retired; nor could Mrs. Fitzpatrick forbear making him a preſent of a look at parting, by which if he had underſtood nothing, he muſt have had no underſtanding in the language of the eyes. In reality it confirmed his reſolution of returning to her no more; for faulty as he hath hitherto appeared in this hiſtory, his whole thoughts were now ſo confined to his Sophia, that I believe no woman upon earth could have now drawn him into an act of inconſtancy.

Fortune, however, who was not his friend, reſolved, as he intended to give her no ſecond opportunity, to make the beſt of this; and accordingly produced the tragical incident which we are now in ſorrowful notes to record.

CHAP. X.

The conſequence of the preceding viſit.

MR. Fitzpatrick having received the letter before-mentioned, from Mrs. Weſtern, and being by that means acquainted with the place to which his wife was retired, returned directly to Bath, and thence the day after ſet forward to London.

The reader hath been already often informed of the jealous temper of this gentleman. He may likewiſe be pleaſed to remember the ſuſpicion which he had conceived of Jones at Upton, upon his finding him in the room with Mrs. Waters; and though ſufficient reaſons had afterwards appeared entirely to clear up that ſuſpicion, yet now the reading ſo handſome a character of Mr. Jones from his wife, cauſed him to reflect, that ſhe likewiſe was in the inn at the ſame time, and jumbled together ſuch a confuſion of circumſtances in a head which was naturally none of the cleareſt, that the whole produced that green-eyed monſter mentioned by Shakſpeare in his tragedy of Othello.

And now as he was enquiring in the ſtreet after his wife, and had juſt received directions to the door, unfortunately Mr. Jones was iſſuing from it.

Fitzpatrick did not yet recollect the face of Jones; however, ſeeing a young well-dreſſed fellow coming from his wife, he made directly up to him, and aſked him what he had been doing in that houſe: 'for I 'am ſure,' ſaid he, 'you muſt have been in it, as I 'ſaw you come out of it.'

Jones anſwered very modeſtly, 'That he had been 'viſiting a lady there.' To which Fitzpatrick replied, 'what buſineſs have you with the lady?' Upon which Jones, who now perfectly remembered the voice, features, and indeed coat, of the gentleman, cried out, ——'Ha, my good friend! give me your hand; I 'hope there is no ill blood remaining between us, upon 'a ſmall miſtake which happened ſo long ago.'

'Upon my ſoul, Sir,' ſaid Fitzpatrick, 'I don't 'know your name, nor your face.'—'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'neither have I the pleaſure of knowing 'your name, but your face I very well remember to 'have ſeen before at Upton, where a fooliſh quarrel 'happened between us, which, if it is not made up 'yet, we will now make up over a bottle.'

'At Upton!' cried the other,—'Ha! upon my 'ſoul, I believe your name is Jones.'—'Indeed,' anſwered he, 'it is.'——'O, upon my ſoul,' cries Fitzpatrick, 'you are the very man I wanted to meet. '—Upon my ſoul I will drink a bottle with you pre'ſently; but firſt I will give you a great knock over 'the pate. There is for you, you raſcal. Upon my 'ſoul, if you do not give me ſatisfaction for that 'blow, I will give you another.' And then drawing his ſword put himſelf in a poſture of defence, which was the only ſcience he underſtood.

Jones was a little ſtaggered by the blow, which came ſomewhat unexpectedly; but preſently recovering himſelf he alſo drew. and though he underſtood nothing of fencing, preſſed on ſo boldly upon Fitzpatrick, that he beat down his guard, and ſheathed one half of his ſword in the body of the ſaid gentleman, who had no ſooner received it, than he ſtepped backwards dropped

dropped the point of his ſword, and leaning upon it, 'cried, I have ſatisfaction enough: I am a dead man.'

'I hope not,' cries Jones, 'but whatever be the 'conſequence, you muſt be ſenſible you have drawn 'it upon yourſelf.' At this inſtant a number of fellows ruſhed in and ſeiſed Jones, who told them, he ſhould make no reſiſtance, and begged ſome of them at leaſt would take care of the wounded gentleman.

'Ay,' cries one of the fellows, 'the wounded 'gentleman will be taken care enough of; for I ſup-'poſe he hath not many hours to live. As for you, 'Sir, you have a month at leaſt good yet.'—'D—n me, 'Jack,' ſaid another, 'he hath prevented his voy-'age; he's bound to another port now;' and many other ſuch jeſts was our poor Jones made the ſubject of, by theſe fellows, who were indeed the gang employed by lord Fellamar, and had dogged him into the houſe of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, waiting for him at the corner of the ſtreet when this unfortunate accident happened.

The officer who commanded this gang very wiſely concluded, that his buſineſs was now to deliver his priſoner into the hands of the civil magiſtrate. He ordered him therefore to be carried to a public houſe, where having ſent for a conſtable, he delivered him to his cuſtody.

The conſtable ſeeing Mr. Jones very well dreſſed, and hearing that the accident had happened in a duel, treated his priſoner with great civility, and at his requeſt, diſpatched a meſſenger to enquire after the wounded gentleman, who was now at a tavern under the ſurgeon's hands. The report brought back was, that the wound was certainly mortal, and there were no hopes of life. Upon which the conſtable informed Jones, that he muſt go before a juſtice. He anſwered, 'wherever you pleaſe: I am indifferent as to what 'happens to me; for though I am convinced I am not 'guilty of murder in the eye of the law, yet the 'weight of blood I find intolerable upon my mind.'

Jones was now conducted before the juſtice, where the ſurgeon who dreſſed Mr. Fitzpatrick appeared, and depoſed, that he believed the wound to be mor-

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tal; upon which the priſoner was committed to the Gate-houſe. It was very late at night, ſo that Jones would not ſend for Partridge till the next morning; and as he never ſhut his eyes till ſeven, ſo it was near twelve before the poor fellow, who was greatly frightened at not hearing from his maſter ſo long, received a meſſage which almoſt deprived him of his being when he heard it.

He went to the Gate-houſe with trembling knees and a beating heart, and was no ſooner arrived in the preſence of Jones, than he lamented the misfortune that had befallen him, with many tears, looking all the while frequently about him in great terror; for as the news now arrived that Mr. Fitzpatrick was dead, the poor fellow apprehended every minute that his ghoſt would enter the room. At laſt he delivered him a letter, which he had like to have forgot, and which came from Sophia by the hands of Black George.

Jones preſently diſpatched every one out of the room, and having eagerly broke open the letter, read as follows.

'You owe the hearing from me again to an accident which I own ſurprizes me. My aunt hath juſt now ſhown me a letter from you to lady Bellaſton, which contains a propoſal of marriage. I am convinced it is your own hand; and what more ſurprizes me, is, that it is dated at the very time when you would have me imagine you was under ſuch concern on my account.——I leave you to comment on this fact. All I deſire is, that your name may never more be mentioned to

'S. W.'

Of the preſent ſituation of Mr. Jones's mind, and of the pangs with which he was now tormented, we cannot give the reader a better idea, than by ſaying, his miſery was ſuch, that even Thwackum would almoſt have pitied him. But bad as it is, we ſhall at preſent leave him in it, as his good genius (if he really had any) ſeems to have done. And here we put an end to the ſixteenth book of our hiſtory.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVII.

Containing three days.

CHAP. I.

Containing a portion of introductory writing.

WHEN a comic writer hath made his principal characters as happy as he can; or when a tragic writer hath brought them to the higheſt pitch of human miſery, they both conclude their buſineſs to be done, and that their work is come to a period.

Had we been of the tragic complexion, the reader muſt allow we were very nearly arrived at this period, ſince it would be difficult for the devil, or any of his repreſentatives on earth, to have contrived much greater torments for poor Jones, than thoſe in which we left him in the laſt chapter; and as for Sophia, a good-natured woman would hardly wiſh more uneaſineſs to a rival, than what ſhe muſt at preſent be ſuppoſed to feel. What then remains to complete the tragedy but a murder or two, and a few moral ſentences.

But to bring our favourites out of their preſent anguiſh and diſtreſs, and to land them at laſt on the

ſhore of happineſs, ſeems a much harder taſk; a taſk indeed ſo hard that we do not undertake to execute it. In regard to Sophia, it is more than probable, that we ſhall ſomewhere or other provide a good huſband for her in the end, either Blifil, or my lord, or ſomebody elſe; but as to poor Jones, ſuch are the calamities in which he is at preſent involved, owing to his imprudence, by which if a man doth not become a felon to the world, he is at leaſt a *Felo de ſe*; ſo deſtitute is he now of friends, and ſo perſecuted by enemies, that we almoſt deſpair of bringing him to any good; and if our reader delights in ſeeing executions, I think he ought not to loſe any time in taking a firſt row at Tyburn.

This I faithfully promiſe, that notwithſtanding any affection, which we may be ſuppoſed to have for this rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our hero, we will lend him none of that ſupernatural aſſiſtance with which we are entruſted, upon condition that we uſe it only on very important occaſions. If he doth not therefore find ſome natural means of fairly extricating himſelf from all his diſtreſſes, we will do no violence to the truth and dignity of hiſtory for his ſake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at Tyburn, (which may very probably be the caſe) than forfeit our integrity, or ſhock the faith of our reader.

In this the ancients had a great advantage over the moderns. Their mythology, which was at that time more firmly believed by the vulgar than any religion is at preſent, gave them always an opportunity of delivering a favourite hero. Their deities were always ready at the writer's elbow, to execute any of his purpoſes; and the more extraordinary the invention was, the greater was the ſurprize and delight of the credulous reader. Thoſe writers could with greater eaſe have conveyed a friend from one country to another, nay from one world to another, and have brought him back again, than a poor circumſcribed modern can deliver him from a gaol.

The Arabians and Perſians had an equal advantage in writing their tales from the Genii and Fairies, which

which they believe in as an article of their faith, upon the authority of the Koran itſelf. But we have none of theſe helps. To natural means alone are we confined; let us try therefore what by theſe means may be done for poor Jones; though, to confeſs the truth, ſomething whiſpers me in the ear, that he doth not yet know the worſt of his fortune; and that a more ſhocking piece of news than any he hath yet heard, remains for him in the unopened leaves of fate.

CHAP. II.

The generous and grateful behaviour of Mrs. Miller.

MR. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller were juſt ſat down to breakfaſt, when Blifil, who had gone out very early that morning, returned to make one of the company.

He had not been long ſeated before he began as follows: 'Good Lord! my dear uncle, what do you 'think hath happened? I vow I am afraid of telling 'it you, for fear of ſhocking you with the remem-'brance of ever having ſhewn any kindneſs to ſuch 'a villain.'—'What is the matter, child,' ſaid the uncle, 'I fear I have ſhewn kindneſs in my life to 'the unworthy more than once. But charity doth 'not adopt the vices of its objects.'—'O, Sir,' returned Blifil, 'it is not without the ſecret direction 'of Providence that you mention the word adoption. 'Your adopted ſon, Sir, that Jones, that wretch 'whom you nouriſhed in your boſom, hath proved 'one of the greateſt villains upon earth.'—'By all 'that's ſacred it is falſe,' cries Mrs. Miller. 'Mr. 'Jones is no villain. He is one of the worthieſt 'creatures breathing; and if any other perſon had 'called him villain, I would have thrown all this 'boiling water in his face.' Mr. Allworthy looked very much amazed at this behaviour. But ſhe did not give him leave to ſpeak, before turning to him, ſhe cried, 'I hope you will not be angry with me; 'I would not offend you, Sir, for the world; but 'indeed I could not bear to hear him called ſo.'

'I muſt own, Madam, ſaid Allworthy very gravely, 'I am a little ſurprized to hear you ſo warmly de-'fend a fellow you do not know.'—'O I do know 'him, Mr. Allworthy,' ſaid ſhe, 'indeed I do: I 'ſhould be the moſt ungrateful of all wretches if I 'denied it. O he hath preſerved me and my little 'family; we have all reaſon to bleſs him while we 'live: and I pray heaven to bleſs him, and 'turn the hearts of his malicious enemies. I know, 'I find, I ſee he hath ſuch.'—'You ſurprize me, 'Madam, ſtill more,' ſaid Allworthy; 'ſure you muſt 'mean ſome other. It is impoſſible you ſhould have 'any ſuch obligations to the man my nephew men-'tions.'—'Too ſurely,' anſwered ſhe, 'I have ob-'ligations to him of the greateſt and tendereſt kind. 'He hath been the preſerver of me and mine.— 'Believe me, Sir, he hath been abuſed, groſsly 'abuſed to you; I know he hath, or you, whom I 'know to be all goodneſs and honour, would not, 'after the many kind and tender things I have 'heard you ſay of this poor helpleſs child, have ſo 'diſdainfully called him fellow. Indeed, my beſt of 'friends, he deſerves a kinder appellation from you, 'had you heard the good, the kind, the grateful 'things which I have heard him utter of you. He 'never mentions your name but with a ſort of ado-'ration. In this very room I have ſeen him on his 'knees, imploring all the bleſſings of heaven upon 'your head. I do not love that child there better 'than he loves you.'

'I ſee, Sir, now,' ſaid Blifil, with one of thoſe grinning ſneers with which the devil marks his beſt beloved, 'Mrs. Miller really doth know him. I 'ſuppoſe you will find ſhe is not the only one of 'your acquaintance to whom he hath expoſed you. 'As for my character, I perceive, by ſome hints ſhe 'hath thrown out, he hath been very free with it, 'but I forgive him,—'And the Lord forgive you, 'Sir,' ſays Mrs. Miller; 'we have all ſins enough to 'ſtand in need of his forgiveneſs.'

'Upon my word, Mrs. Miller,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I do not take thisbehaviour of your's to my nephew, 'kindly;

'kindly; and I do aſſure you, as any reflections 'which you caſt upon him muſt come only from 'that wickedeſt of men, they would only ſerve, if 'that were poſſible, to heighten my reſentment 'againſt him: for I muſt tell you, Mrs. Miller, the 'young man who now ſtands before you, hath ever 'been the warmeſt advocate for the ungrateful wretch 'whoſe cauſe you eſpouſe. This, I think, when you 'hear it from my own mouth, will make you wonder 'at ſo much baſeneſs and ingratitude.'

'You are deceived, Sir,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'If they were the laſt words which were to iſſue 'from my lips, I would ſay you were deceived; 'and I once more repeat it, the Lord forgive thoſe 'who have deceived you. I do not pretend to ſay 'the young man is without faults; but they are 'the faults of wildneſs and of youth; faults which 'may, nay, which I am certain he will relinquiſh, 'and if he ſhould not, they are vaſtly overbalanced 'by one of the moſt humane, tender, honeſt hearts 'that ever man was bleſſed with.'

'Indeed, Mrs, Miller,' ſaid Allworthy, 'had this 'been related of you, I ſhould not have believed it.' 'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'you will believe every 'thing I have ſaid, I am ſure you will; and when 'you have heard the ſtory which I ſhall tell you, '(for I will tell you all) you will be ſo far from being 'offended, that you will own (I know your juſtice ſo 'well) that I muſt have been the moſt deſpicable and 'moſt ungrateful of wretches, if I had acted any 'other part than I have.'

'Well, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I ſhall be very 'glad to hear any good excuſe for a behaviour which 'I muſt confeſs, I think wants an excuſe. And now, 'Madam, will you be pleaſed to let my nephew 'proceed in his ſtory without interruption. He 'would not have introduced a matter of ſlight con- 'ſequence with ſuch a preface. Perhaps even this ſtory 'will cure you of your miſtake.'

Mrs. Miller gave tokens of ſubmiſſion, and then Mr. Blifil began thus: 'I am ſure, Sir, if you don't 'think proper to reſent the ill uſage of Mrs. Miller,

'I ſhall eaſily forgive what affects me only. I think 'your goodneſs hath not deſerved this indignity at 'her hands.'—'Well, child,' ſaid Allworthy, 'but 'what is this new inſtance? What hath he done of 'late?'—'What?' cries Blifil, 'notwithſtanding all 'Mrs. Miller hath ſaid, I am very ſorry to relate, 'and what you ſhould never have heard from me, 'had it not been a matter impoſſible to conceal from 'the whole world. In ſhort, he hath killed a man; 'I will not ſay murdered——for perhaps it may not 'be ſo conſtrued in law, and I hope the beſt for his 'ſake.'

Allworthy looked ſhocked, and bleſſed himſelf; and then turning to Mrs. Miller, he cried, 'Well, 'Madam, what ſay you now?'

'Why, I ſay, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'that I never 'was more concerned at any thing in my life; but, 'if the fact be true, I am convinced the man, who-'ever he is, was in fault. Heaven knows there are 'many villains in this town, who make it their 'buſineſs to provoke young gentlemen. Nothing 'but the greateſt provocation could have tempted 'him; for of all the gentlemen I ever had in my 'houſe, I never ſaw one ſo gentle, or ſo ſweet-tem-'pered. He was beloved by every one in the houſe, 'and every one who came near it.'

While ſhe was thus running on, a violent knock-ing at the door interrupted the converſation, and pre-vented her from proceeding farther, or from receiv-ing any anſwer; for as ſhe concluded this was a viſi-ter to Mr. Allworthy, ſhe haſtily retired, taking with her her little girl, whoſe eyes were all over blubbered at the melancholy news ſhe heard of Jones, who uſed to call her his little wife, and not only gave her many play-things, but ſpent whole hours in playing with her himſelf.

Some readers may perhaps be pleaſed with theſe minute circumſtances, in relating of which we follow the example of Plutarch, one of the beſt of our brother hiſtorians; and others to whom they may appear trivial, will, we hope, at leaſt pardon them, as we are never prolix on ſuch occaſions.

CHAP. III.

The arrival of Mr. Weſtern, with ſome matters concerning the paternal authority.

MRS. Miller had not long left the room, when Mr. Weſtern entered; but not before a ſmall wrangling bout had paſſed between him and his chairmen; for the fellows who had taken up their burden at the Hercules Pillars, had conceived no hopes of having any future good cuſtomer in the 'ſquire; and they were moreover further encouraged by his generoſity (for he had given them of his own accord ſix-pence more than their fare;) they therefore very boldly demanded another ſhilling, which ſo provoked the 'ſquire, that he not only beſtowed many hearty curſes on them at the door, but retained his anger after he came into the room; ſwearing that all the Londoners were like the court, and thought of nothing but plundering country gentlemen. 'D——n 'me,' ſays he, 'if I won't walk in the rain rather 'than get into one of their hand-barrows again. 'They have jolted me more in a mile than Brown 'Beſs would in a long fox chace.'

When his wrath on this occaſion was a little appeaſed, he reſumed the ſame paſſionate tone on another. 'There,' ſays he, 'there is fine buſineſs for-'wards now. The hounds have changed at laſt, 'and when we imagined we had a fox to deal with, 'od-rat-it, it turns out to be a badger at laſt.'

'Pray, my good neighbour,' ſaid Allworthy, 'drop your metaphors, and ſpeak a little plainer.' 'Why then,' ſays the 'ſquire, 'to tell you plainly, 'we have been all this time afraid of a ſon of a 'whore, of a baſtard of ſome body's I don't know 'who's, not I——And now here is a confounded 'ſon of a whore of a lord, who may be a baſtard 'too for what I know or care, for he ſhall never 'have a daughter of mine by my conſent. They 'have beggared the nation, but they ſhall never 'beggar me. My land ſhall never be ſent over to 'Hanover.'

'You ſurpriſe me much, my good friend,' ſaid Allworthy. 'Why, zounds! I am ſurpriſed myſelf,' anſwered the 'ſquire. 'I went to zee ſiſter Weſtern 'laſt night, according to her own appointment, and 'there I was had into a whole room-full of women.— 'There was my lady couſin Bellaſton, and my lady 'Betty, and my lady Catharine, and my lady I 'don't know who; d—n me if ever you catch me 'among ſuch a kennel of hoop-petticoat b——s. 'D—n me, I'd rather be run by my own dogs, as 'one Acton was, that the ſtory book ſays was turned 'into a hare; and his own dogs killed un, and eat 'un. Od-rabbet it, no mortal was ever run in ſuch 'a manner; if I dodged one way, one had me; if 'I offered to clap back another ſnapped me. O! 'certainly one of the greateſt matches in England, 'ſays one couſin (here he attempted to mimic them;) 'A very advantageous offer indeed, cries another 'couſin (for you muſt know they be all my couſins, 'thof I never zeed half o'um before.) "Surely," ſays that fat a—ſe b——, my lady Bellaſton, "Couſin, "you muſt be out of your wits to think of refuſing "ſuch an offer."

'Now I begin to underſtand,' ſays Allworthy: 'ſome perſon hath made propoſals to Miſs Weſtern, 'which the ladies of the family approve, but is not 'to your liking.'

'My liking!' ſaid Weſtern, 'how the devil 'ſhould it? I tell you it is a lord, and thoſe are 'always volks whom you know I always reſolved to 'have nothing to do with. Did unt I refuſe a matter 'of vorty years purchaſe now for a bit of land, which 'one o'um had a mind to put into a park, only becauſe 'I would have no dealings with lords, and doſt 'think I would marry my daughter Zu? Beſides, 'ben't I engaged to you, and did I ever go off any 'bargain when I had promiſed?'

'As to that point, neighbour,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I entirely releaſe you from any engagement. No 'contract can be binding between parties who have 'not a full power to make it at the time, nor ever 'afterwards acquire the power of fulfilling it.'

'Slud!

'Slud! then,' anſwered Weſtern, 'I tell you I 'have power, and I will fulfil it. Come along with 'me directly to Doctors Commons, I will get a 'licence; and I will go to ſiſter and take away the 'wench by force, and ſhe ſhall ha un, or I will lock 'her up and keep her upon bread and water as long 'as ſhe lives.'

'Mr, Weſtern,' ſaid Allworthy, 'ſhall I beg 'you will hear my full ſentiments on this matter?' 'Hear thee! ay to be ſure, I will,' anſwered he. 'Why then, Sir,' cries Allworthy, 'I can truely ſay, 'without a compliment either to you or the young 'lady, that when this match was propoſed, I em-'braced it very readily and heartily, from my regard 'to you both. An alliance between two families ſo 'nearly neighbours, and between whom there had 'always exiſted ſo mutual an intercourſe and good-'harmony, I thought a moſt deſireable event; and 'with regard to the young lady, not only the con-'current opinion of all who knew her, but my own 'obſervation, aſſured me that ſhe would be an in-'eſtimable treaſure to a good huſband. I ſhall ſay 'nothing of her perſonal qualifications, which cer-'tainly are admirable; her good-nature, her chari-'table diſpoſition, her modeſty, are too well known 'to need any panegyrick: but ſhe hath one quality 'which exiſted in a high degree in that beſt of wo-'men, who is now one of the firſt of angels, which 'as it is not of a glaring kind, more commonly 'eſcapes obſervation; ſo little indeed is it remarked, 'that I want a word to expreſs it. I muſt uſe nega-'tives on this occaſion. I never heard any thing of 'pertneſs, or what is called repartee, out of her 'mouth; no pretence to wit, much leſs to that kind 'of wiſdom, which is the reſult only of great learn-'ing and experience; the affectation of which, in 'a young woman, is as abſurd as any of the af-'fectations of an ape. No dictatorial ſentiments, 'no judicial opinions, no profound criticiſms. When-'ever I have ſeen her in the company of men, ſhe 'hath been all attention, with the modeſty of a 'learner, not the forwardneſs of a teacher. You'll

'pardon

'pardon me for it, but I once, to try her only, de-
'fired her opinion on a point which was controverted
'between Mr. Thwackum and Mr. Square. To
'which ſhe anſwered with much ſweetneſs, "You
"will pardon me, good Mr. Allworthy, I am ſure
"you cannot in earneſt think me capable of decid-
"ing any point in which two ſuch gentlemen diſ-
"agree." 'Thwackum and Square, who both
'alike thought themſelves ſure of a favourable de-
'ciſion, ſeconded my requeſt. She anſwered with
'the ſame good humour, "I muſt abſolutely be
"excuſed; for I will affront neither ſo much, as to
"give my judgement on his ſide." 'Indeed, ſhe
'always ſhowed the higheſt deference to the under-
'ſtandings of men; a quality abſolutely eſſential to
'the making a good wife. I ſhall only add, that
'as ſhe is moſt apparently void of all affectation,
'this deference muſt be certainly real.'

Here Blifil ſighed bitterly: upon which Weſtern, whoſe eyes were full of tears at the praiſe of Sophia, blubbered out. 'Don't be chicken-hearted, for ſhat 'ha her; d-n me, ſhat ha her, if ſhe was twenty 'times as good.'

'Remember your promiſe, Sir,' cried Allworthy, 'I was not to be interrupted.' 'Well, ſhat unt,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'I won't ſpeak another word.'

'Now, my good friend,' continued Allworthy, 'I have dwelt ſo long on the merit of this young 'lady, partly as I really am in love with her cha-'racter, and partly that fortune (for the match in 'that light is really advantageous on my nephew's 'ſide) might not be imagined to be my principal 'view in having ſo eagerly embraced the propoſal. 'Indeed, I heartily wiſhed to receive ſo great a jewel 'into my family; but though I may wiſh for many 'good things, I would not therefore ſteal them, or 'be guilty of any violence or injuſtice to poſſeſs my-'ſelf of them. Now, to force a woman into a mar-'riage contrary to her conſent or approbation is an 'act of ſuch injuſtice and oppreſſion, that I wiſh 'the laws of our country could reſtrain it; but a 'good conſcience is never lawleſs in the worſt re-

'gulated

'gulated ſtate, and will provide thoſe laws for it-
'ſelf, which the neglect of legiſlators hath forgot-
'ten to ſupply. This is ſurely a caſe of that kind;
'for is it not cruel, nay impious, to force a woman
'into that ſtate againſt her will; for her behaviour in
'which ſhe is to be accountable to the higheſt and
'moſt dreadful court of judicature, and to anſwer
'at the peril of her ſoul? To diſcharge the matri-
'monial duties in an adequate manner is no eaſy
'taſk, and ſhall we lay this burthen upon a woman
'while we at the ſame time deprive her of all that
'aſſiſtance which may enable her to undergo it?
'Shall we tear her very heart from her, while we
'enjoin her duties to which a whole heart is ſcarce
'equal. I muſt ſpeak very plainly here: I think
'parents who act in this manner are acceſſaries to all
'the guilt which their children afterwards incur, and
'of courſe muſt, before a juſt judge, expect to par-
'take of their puniſhment; but if they could avoid
'this, good heaven! is there a ſoul who can bear the
'thought of having contributed to the damnation
'of his child?

'For theſe reaſons, my beſt neighbour, as I ſee the
'inclinations of this young lady are moſt unhappily
'averſe to my nephew, I muſt decline any further
'thoughts of the honour you intended him, though
'I aſſure you I ſhall always retain the moſt grateful
'ſenſe of it.'

'Well, Sir,' ſaid Weſtern (the froth burſting forth from his lips the moment they were uncorked) 'you
'cannot ſay but I have heard you out, and now I
'expect you'll hear me; and if I don't anſwer every
'word on't, why then I'll conſent to gee the matter
'up. Firſt, then, I deſire you to anſwer me one
'queſtion, Did not I beget her? did not I beget
'her? anſwer me that. They ſay indeed it is a
'wiſe father that knows his own child; but I am
'ſure I have the beſt title to her, for I bred her up.
'But I believe you will allow me to be her father,
'and if I be, am I not to govern my own child! I
'aſk you that, am I not to govern my own child?
'and if I am to govern her in other matters, ſurely

'I am

'I am to govern her in this which concerns her 'moſt. And what am I deſiring all this while? Am 'I deſiring her to do any thing for me? to give me 'any thing?—So much on t'other ſide, that I am 'only deſiring her to take away half my eſtate now, 'and t'other half when I die. Well, and what is 'it all vor? Why is unt it to make her happy? It is 'enough to make one mad to hear volks talk; if I 'was going to marry myſelf, then ſhe would ha 'reaſon to cry and to blubber; but, on the con-'trary, han't I offered to bind down my land in ſuch 'a manner, that I could not marry if I would, ſeeing 'as narro' woman upon earth would ha me. What 'the devil in hell can I do more? I contribute to 'her damnation!—Zounds! I'd zee all the world 'd——n'd bevore her little vinger ſhould be hurt. 'Indeed, Mr. Allworthy, you muſt excuſe me, but 'I am ſurpriſed to hear you talk in ſuch a manner, 'and I muſt ſay, take it how you will, that I thought 'you had more ſenſe.'

Allworthy reſented this reflection only with a ſmile; nor could he, if he would have endeavoured it, have conveyed into that ſmile any mixture of malice or contempt. His ſmiles at folly were indeed ſuch as we may ſuppoſe the angels beſtow on the abſurdities of mankind.

Blifil now deſired to be permitted to ſpeak a few words. 'As to uſing any violence on the young 'lady, I am ſure I ſhall never conſent to it. My 'conſcience will not permit me to uſe violence on 'any one, much leſs on a lady for whom, however 'cruel ſhe is to me, I ſhall always preſerve the pureſt 'and ſincereſt affection; but yet I have read, that 'women are ſeldom proof againſt perſeverance. Why 'may I not hope then by ſuch perſeverance at laſt 'to gain thoſe inclinations, in which for the future 'I ſhall, perhaps, have no rival; for as for this 'lord, Mr. Weſtern is ſo kind as to prefer me to him; 'and ſure, Sir, you will not deny but that a parent 'hath at leaſt a negative voice in theſe matters; nay, 'I have heard this very young lady herſelf ſay ſo 'more than once, and declare, that ſhe thought

'children

'children inexcuſable who married in direct oppo-
'ſition to the will of their parents. Beſides, though
'the other ladies of the family ſeem to favour the
'pretenſions of my lord, I do not find the lady her-
'ſelf is inclined to give him any countenance; alas!
'I am too well aſſured ſhe is not; I am too ſenſible
'that wickedeſt of men remains uppermoſt in her
'heart.'

'Ay, ay, ſo he does,' cries Weſtern.

'But ſurely,' ſays Blifil, 'when ſhe hears of this
'murder which he hath committed, if the law ſhould
'ſpare his life'——

'What's that?' cries Weſtern, 'murder! hath he
'committed a murder, and is there any hopes of
'ſeeing him hanged?—Tol de rol, tol lol de rol.'
Here he fell a ſinging and capering about the room.

'Child,' ſays Allworthy, 'this unhappy paſſion
'of your's diſtreſſes me beyond meaſure. I heartily
'pity you, and would do every fair thing to promote
'your ſucceſs.'

'I deſire no more,' cries Blifil, 'I am convinced
'my dear uncle hath a better opinion of me than
'to think that I myſelf would accept of more.'

'Lookee,' ſays Allworthy, 'you have my leave
'to write, to viſit, if ſhe will permit it——but I
'inſiſt on no thoughts of violence. I will have no
'confinement, nothing of that kind attempted.'

'Well, well,' cries the 'ſquire, 'nothing of that
'kind ſhall be attempted; we will try a little longer
'what fair means will effect; and if this fellow be
'but hanged out of the way—Tol lol de rol. I
'never heard better news in my life; I warrant every
'thing goes to my mind.—Do, pr'ythee, dear All-
'worthy, come and dine with me at the Hercules
'Pillars: I have beſpoke a ſhoulder of mutton
'roaſted, and a ſpare-rib of pork, and a fowl and
'egg-ſauce. There will be nobody but ourſelves,
'unleſs we have a mind to have the landlord; for
'I have ſent Parſon Supple down to Baſingſtoke
'after my tobacco-box, which I left at an inn there,
'and I would not loſe it for the world; for it is an
'old acquaintance of above twenty years ſtanding.

'I can

'I can tell you, landlord is a vaſt comical bitch, you 'will like un hugely.'

Mr. Allworthy at laſt agreed to this invitation, and ſoon after the 'ſquire went off, ſinging and capering at the hopes of ſeeing the ſpeedy tragical end of poor Jones.

When he was gone, Mr. Allworthy reſumed the aforeſaid ſubject with much gravity. He told his nephew, 'he wiſhed with all his heart he would endeavour to conquer a paſſion, in which I cannot,' ſays he, 'flatter you with any hopes of ſucceeding. 'It is certainly a vulgar error, that averſion in a 'woman may be conquered by perſeverance. Indifference may, perhaps, ſometimes yield to it; but 'the uſual triumphs gained by perſeverance in a 'lover, are over caprice, imprudence, affectation, and 'often an exorbitant degreee of levity, which excites 'women, not over-warm in their conſtitutions, to 'indulge their vanity by prolonging the time of 'courtſhip, even when they are well enough pleaſed 'with the object, and reſolve (if they ever reſolve at 'all) to make him a very pitiful amends in the end. 'But a fixed diſlike, as I am afraid this is, will rather 'gather ſtrength, than be conquered by time. Beſides, my dear, I have another apprehenſion which 'you muſt excuſe. I am afraid this paſſion which 'you have for this fine young creature, hath her 'beautiful perſon too much for its object, and is 'unworthy of the name of that love, which is the 'only foundation of matrimonial felicity. To admire, to like, and to long for the poſſeſſion of a 'beautiful woman, without any regard to her ſentiments towards us, is, I am afraid, too natural; but 'love, I believe, is the child of love only; at leaſt, 'I am pretty confident, that to love the creature 'who we are aſſured hates us, is not in human nature. Examine your heart, therefore, thoroughly, 'my good boy, and if, upon examination, you have 'but the leaſt ſuſpicion of this kind, I am ſure your 'own virtue and religion will impel you to drive 'ſo vicious a paſſion from your heart, and your good 'ſenſe will ſoon enable you to do it without pain.'

The

The reader may pretty well gueſs Blifil's anſwer; but if he ſhould be at a loſs, we are not, at preſent, at leiſure to ſatisfy him, as our hiſtory now haſtens on to matters of higher importance, and we can no longer bear to be abſent from Sophia.

CHAP. IV.

An extraordinary ſcene between Sophia and her Aunt.

THE lowing heifer and the bleating ewe, in herds and flocks, may ramble ſafe and unregarded through the paſtures. Theſe are, indeed, hereafter doomed to be the prey of man; yet many years are they ſuffered to enjoy their liberty undiſturbed. But if a plump doe be diſcovered to have eſcaped from the foreſt, and to repoſe herſelf in ſome field or grove, the whole pariſh is preſently alarmed, every man is ready to ſet his dogs after her; and if ſhe is preſerved from the reſt by the good 'ſquire, it is only that he may ſecure her for his own eating.

I have often conſidered a very fine young woman of fortune and faſhion, when firſt found ſtrayed from the pale of her nurſery, to be in pretty much the ſame ſituation with this doe. The town is immediately in an uproar, ſhe is hunted from park to play, from court to aſſembly, from aſſembly to her own chamber, and rarely eſcapes a ſingle ſeaſon from the jaws of ſome devourer or other: for if her friends protect her from ſome, it is only to deliver her over to one of their own chooſing, often more diſagreeable to her than any of the reſt: while whole herds or flocks of other women ſecurely, and ſcarce regarded, traverſe the park, the play, the opera, and the aſſembly; and though, for the moſt part at leaſt, they are at laſt devoured, yet for a long time do they wanton in liberty, without diſturbance or controul.

Of all theſe paragons, none ever taſted more of this perſecution than poor Sophia. Her ill ſtars were not contented with all that ſhe had ſuffered on account of Blifil; they now raiſed her another purſuer, who ſeemed likely to torment her no leſs than the other had done. For though her aunt was leſs violent,

ſhe

ſhe was no leſs aſſiduous in teizing her than her father had been before.

The ſervants were no ſooner departed after dinner, than Mrs. Weſtern, who had opened the matter to Sophia, informed her, 'That ſhe expected his lordſhip that very afternoon, and intended to take the firſt opportunity of leaving her alone with him.'—'If you do, Madam,' anſwered Sophia, with ſome ſpirit, 'I ſhall take the firſt opportunity of leaving him by himſelf.'—'How! Madam!' cries the aunt; 'is this the return you make me for my kindneſs, in relieving you from your confinement at your father's?'—'You know, Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'the cauſe of that confinement was a refuſal to comply with my father, in accepting a man I deteſted; and will my dear aunt, who hath relieved me from that diſtreſs, involve me in another equally bad?'—'And do you think then, Madam,' anſwered Mrs. Weſtern, 'that there is no difference between my lord Fellamar and Mr. Blifil?'—'Very little, in my opinion,' cries Sophia: 'and if I muſt be condemned to one, I would certainly have the merit of ſacrificing myſelf to my father's pleaſure.'—'Then my pleaſure, I find,' ſaid the aunt, 'hath very little weight with you; but that conſideration ſhall not move me. I act from nobler motives. The view of aggrandizing my family, of ennobling yourſelf, is what I proceed upon. Have you no ſenſe of ambition? Are there no charms in the thoughts of having a coronet on your coach?'—'None, upon my honour,' ſaid Sophia. 'A pincuſhion upon my coach would pleaſe me juſt as well.'—'Never mention honour,' cries the aunt, 'it becomes not the mouth of ſuch a wretch. I am ſorry, niece, you force me to uſe theſe words; but I cannot bear your groveling temper; you have none of the blood of the Weſterns in you. But however mean and baſe your own ideas are, you ſhall bring no imputation on mine. I will never ſuffer the world to ſay of me, that I encouraged you in refuſing one of the beſt matches in England; a match which, beſides its advantage in fortune, would do

'honour

'honour to almoſt any family, and hath indeed, in 'title, the advantage of our's.'—'Surely,' ſays Sophia, 'I am born deficient, and have not the ſenſes 'with which other people are bleſſed; there muſt be 'certainly ſome ſenſe which can reliſh the delights of 'found and ſhow, which I have not: for ſurely man-'kind would not labour ſo much, nor ſacrifice ſo 'much for the obtaining, nor would they be ſo elate 'and proud with poſſeſſing what appeared to them, 'as it doth to me, the moſt inſignificant of all trifles.'

'No, no, Miſs;' cries the aunt; 'you are born 'with as many ſenſes as other people; but I aſſure 'you you are not born with a ſufficient underſtand-'ing to make a fool of me, or to expoſe my conduct 'to the world. So I declare this to you upon my 'word, and you know, I believe, how fixed my re-'ſolutions are, unleſs you agree to ſee his lordſhip 'this afternoon, I will, with my own hands, deliver 'you to morrow morning to my brother, and will 'never henceforth interfere with you, nor ſee your 'face again.' Sophia ſtood a few moments ſilent after this ſpeech, which was uttered in a moſt angry and peremptory tone; and then burſting into tears, ſhe cry'd, 'Do with me, Madam, whatever you pleaſe; 'I am the moſt miſerable, undone wretch upon earth; 'if my dear aunt forſakes me, where ſhall I look for 'a protector?'—'My dear niece,' cries ſhe, 'you 'will have a very good protector in his lordſhip; a 'protector, whom nothing but a hankering after that 'vile fellow Jones can make you decline.'—'Indeed, 'Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'you wrong me. How can 'you imagine, after what you have ſhown me, if I 'had ever any ſuch thoughts, that I ſhould not baniſh 'them for ever. If it will ſatisfy you, I will receive 'the ſacrament upon it, never to ſee his face again.' —'But child, dear child,' ſaid the aunt, 'be rea-'ſonable: can you invent a ſingle objection?'—— 'I have already, I think, told you a ſufficient objec-'tion,' anſwered Sophia.——'What,' cries the aunt;' 'I remember none.'—'Sure, Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'I told you he had uſed me in the rudeſt and vileſt 'manner.'—'Indeed, child,' anſwered ſhe, 'I never

'heard

'heard you, or did not underſtand you:—But what do 'you mean by this rude and vile manner?'—'Indeed, 'Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'I am almoſt aſhamed to tell 'you. He caught me in his arms, pulled me down 'upon the ſettee, and thruſt is hand into my bo-'ſom, and kiſſed it with ſuch violence, that I have 'the mark upon my left breaſt at this moment'—— 'Indeed!' ſaid Mrs. Weſtern. 'Yes indeed, Ma-'dam,' anſwered Sophia; 'my father luckily came 'in at that inſtant, or heaven knows what rudeneſs 'he intended to have proceeded to.'—'I am aſtoniſh-'ed and confounded,' cries the aunt. 'No woman 'of the name of Weſtern hath been ever treated ſo, 'ſince we were a family. I would have torn the 'eyes of a prince out, if he had attempted ſuch 'freedoms with me. It is impoſſible: ſure, Sophia, 'you muſt invent this to raiſe my indignation againſt 'him.'—'I hope, Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'you have 'too good an opinion of me, to imagine me capable 'of telling an untruth. Upon my ſoul it is true.'— 'I ſhould have ſtabbed him to the heart had I been 'preſent,' returned the aunt. 'Yet ſurely he could 'have no diſhonourable deſign: it is impoſſible; he 'durſt not: beſides, his propoſals ſhow he had not; 'for they are not only honourable but generous. I 'don't know; the age allows too great freedoms. 'A diſtant ſalute is all I would have allowed before 'the ceremony. I have had lovers formerly, not ſo 'long ago neither; ſeveral lovers, though I never 'would conſent to marriage, and I never encouraged 'the leaſt freedom. It is a fooliſh cuſtom, and what 'I never would agree to. No man kiſſed more of 'me than my cheek. It is as much as one can bring 'one's ſelf to give lips up to a huſband; and, indeed, 'could I ever have been perſuaded to marry, I be-'lieve I ſhould not have ſoon been brought to endure 'ſo much,'—'You will pardon me, dear Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'if I make one obſervation you own 'you have had many lovers, and the world knows it, 'even if you ſhould deny it. You refuſed them all, 'and I am convinced one coronet at leaſt among 'them.'—'You ſay true, dear Sophy,' anſwered ſhe; 'I had

'I had once the offer of a title.'—'Why then,' ſaid Sophia, 'will you not ſuffer me to refuſe this once?' 'It is true, child,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have refuſed the 'offer of a title; but it was not ſo good an offer; 'that is, not ſo very, very good an offer.'——'Yes, 'Madam,' ſaid Sophia; 'but you have had, very 'great propoſals from men of vaſt fortunes. It was 'not the firſt, nor the ſecond, nor the third advan-'tageous match that offered itſelf?'—'I own it was 'not,' ſaid ſhe.—'Well, Madam,' continued Sophia, 'and why may not I expect to have a ſecond perhaps 'better than this? You are now but a young woman, 'and I am convinced would not promiſe to yield to 'the firſt lover of fortune, nay, or of title too. I 'am a very young woman, and ſure I need not de-'ſpair.'—'Well, my dear, dear Sophy,' cries the aunt, 'what would you have me ſay?'—'Why I only 'beg that I might not be left alone, at leaſt this even-'ing: grant me that, and I will ſubmit, if you think, 'after what is paſt, I ought to ſee him in your com-'pany.'—'Well, I will grant it,' cries the aunt. 'Sophy, you know I love you, and can deny you 'nothing. You know the eaſineſs of my nature; I 'have not always been ſo eaſy. I have been formerly 'thought cruel; by the men I mean. I was called 'the cruel Partheniſſa. I have broke many a win-'dow that has had verſes to the cruel Partheniſſa in 'it. Sophy, I was never ſo handſome as you, and 'yet I had ſomething of you formerly. I am a little 'altered. Kingdoms and ſtates, as Tully Cicero ſays 'in his epiſtles, undergo alterations, and ſo muſt the 'human form.' Thus run ſhe on for near half an hour upon herſelf, and her conqueſts and her cruelty, 'till the arrival of my lord, who, after a moſt tedious viſit, during which Mrs. Weſtern never once offered to leave the room, retired, not much more ſatisfied with the aunt than with the niece. For Sophia had brought her aunt into ſo excellent a temper, that ſhe conſented to almoſt every thing her niece ſaid; and agreed, that a little diſtant behaviour might not be improper to ſo forward a lover.

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Thus Sophia, by a little well directed flattery, for which ſurely none will blame her, obtained a little eaſe for herſelf, and, at leaſt, put off the evil day. And now we have ſeen our heroine in a better ſituation than ſhe hath been for a long time before, we will look a little after Mr. Jones, whom we left in the moſt deplorable ſituation that can well be imagined.

CHAP. V.

Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale viſit Jones in the priſon.

WHEN Mr. Allworthy and his nephew went to meet Mr. Weſtern, Mrs. Miller ſet forwards to her ſon-in-law's lodging, in order to acquaint him with the accident which had befallen his friend Jones; but he had known it long before from Partridge (for Jones, when he left Mrs. Miller, had been furniſhed with a room in the ſame houſe with Mr. Nightingale.) The good woman found her daughter under great affliction on account of Mr. Jones, whom having comforted as well as ſhe could, ſhe ſet forward to the Gate-houſe, where ſhe heard he was, and where Mr. Nightingale was arrived before her.

The firmneſs and conſtancy of a true friend is a circumſtance ſo extremely delightful to perſons in any kind of diſtreſs, that the diſtreſs itſelf, if it be only temporary, and admits of relief, is more than compenſated by bringing this comfort with it. Nor are inſtances of this kind ſo rare, as ſome ſuperficial and inaccurate obſervers have reported. To ſay the truth, want of compaſſion is not to be numbered among our general faults. The black ingredient which fouls our diſpoſition is envy. Hence our eye is ſeldom, I am afraid, turned upwards to thoſe who are manifeſtly greater, better, wiſer, or happier than ourſelves, without ſome degree of malignity; while we commonly look downwards on the mean and miſerable, with ſufficient benevolence and pity. In fact, I have remarked, that moſt of the defects which have diſcovered themſelves in the friendſhips within my ob-

ſervation, have ariſen from envy only; a helliſh vice; and yet one from which I have known very few abſolutely exempt. But enough of a ſubject which, if purſued, would lead me too far.

Whether it was that fortune was apprehenſive leſt Jones ſhould ſink under the weight of his adverſity, and that ſhe might thus loſe any future opportunity of tormenting him; or whether ſhe really abated ſomewhat of her ſeverity towards him, ſhe ſeemed a little to relax her perſecution, by ſending him the company of two ſuch faithful friends, and what is perhaps more rare, a faithful ſervant. For Partridge, though he had many imperfections, wanted not fidelity; and though fear would not ſuffer him to be hanged for his maſter, yet the world, I believe, could not have bribed him to deſert his cauſe.

While Jones was expreſſing great ſatisfaction in the preſence of his friends, Partridge brought an account, that Mr. Fitzpatrick was ſtill alive, though the ſurgeon declared that he had very little hopes. Upon which Jones fetching a deep ſigh; Nightingale ſaid to him; 'My dear Tom, why ſhould you afflict your-'ſelf ſo upon an accident, which, whatever be the 'conſequence, can be attended with no danger to 'you, and in which your conſcience cannot accuſe 'you of having been in the leaſt to blame. If the 'fellow ſhould die, what have you done more than 'taken away the life of a ruffian in your own de-'fenſe?' So will the coroner's inqueſt certainly find 'it; and then you will be eaſily admitted to bail; 'and though you muſt undergo the form of a trial, 'yet it is a trial which many men would ſtand for 'you for a ſhilling.'—'Come, come, Mr. Jones,' ſaid Mrs. Miller, 'chear yourſelf up. I knew you 'you could not be the aggreſſor, and ſo I told Mr. All-'worthy, and ſo he ſhall acknowledge too before I 'I have done with him.'

Jones gravely anſwered, 'That whatever might be 'his fate, he ſhould always lament the having ſhed 'the blood of one of his fellow-creatures, as one of 'the higheſt misfortunes which could have befallen 'him. But I have another misfortune of the ten-

'dereſt kind.—O! Mrs. Miller, I have loſt what I 'held moſt dear upon earth.'—'That muſt be a miſ-'treſs,' ſaid Mrs. Miller, 'but come, come; I know 'more than you imagine;' (for indeed Partridge had blabbed all) 'and I have heard more than you 'know. Matters go better, I promiſe you, than you 'think; and I would not give Blifil ſix-pence for all 'the chance which he hath of the lady.'

'Indeed, my dear friend, indeed,' anſwered Jones, 'you are an entire ſtranger to the cauſe of my grief. 'If you was acquainted with the ſtory, you would 'allow my caſe admitted of no comfort. I appre-'hend no danger from Blifil. I have undone my-'ſelf.'—'Don't deſpair,' replied Mrs. Miller; 'you 'know not what a woman can do: and if any thing 'be in my power, I promiſe you I will do it to ſerve 'you. It is my duty. My ſon, my dear Mr. Night-'ingale, who is ſo kind to tell me he hath obliga-'tions to you on the ſame account, knows it is my 'duty. Shall I go to the lady myſelf? I will ſay any 'thing to her you would have me ſay.'

'Thou beſt of women,' cries Jones taking her by the hand, 'talk not of obligations to me;—but, as 'you have been ſo kind to mention it, there is a fa-'vour which, perhaps, may be in your power. I ſee 'you are acquainted with the lady (how you came by 'your information I know not) who ſits indeed very 'near my heart. If you could contrive to deliver 'this (giving her a paper from his pocket) I ſhall for-'ever acknowledge your goodneſs.'

'Give it me,' ſaid Mrs. Miller. 'If I ſee it not 'in her own poſſeſſion before I ſleep, may my next 'ſleep be my laſt. Comfort yourſelf, my good young 'man; be wiſe enough to take warning from paſt 'follies, and I warrant all ſhall be well, and I ſhall 'yet ſee you happy with the moſt charming young 'lady in the world; for ſo I hear from every one 'ſhe is.'

'Believe me, Madam,' ſaid he, 'I do not ſpeak 'the common cant of one in my unhappy ſituation. 'Before this dreadful accident happened, I had re-

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'ſolved to quit a life of which I was become ſenſible,
'of the wickedneſs as well as folly. I do aſſure you
'notwithſtanding the diſturbances I have unfortu-
'nately occaſioned in your houſe, for which I heartily
'aſk your pardon, I am not an abandoned profligate.
'Though I have been hurried into vices, I do not
'approve a vicious character; nor will I ever, from
'this moment, deſerve it.'

Mrs. Miller expreſſed great ſatisfaction in theſe declarations, in the ſincerity of which ſhe averred ſhe had an entire faith; and now the remainder of the converſation paſſed in the joint attempts of that good woman, and Mr. Nightingale, to chear the dejected ſpirits of Mr. Jones, in which they ſo far ſucceeded, as to leave him much better comforted and ſatisfied than they found him; to which happy alteration nothing ſo much contributed as the kind undertaking of Mrs. Miller, to deliver his letter to Sophia, which he deſpaired of finding any means to accompliſh: for when Black George produced the laſt from Sophia, he informed Partridge, that ſhe had ſtrictly charged him, on pain of having it communicated to her father, not to bring her any anſwer. He was moreover not a little pleaſed, to find he had ſo warm an advocate to Mr. Allworthy himſelf in this good woman, who was in reality one of the worthieſt creatures in the world.

After about an hour's viſit from the lady (for Nightingale had been with him much longer) they both took their leave, promiſing to return to him ſoon; during which Mrs. Miller ſaid, ſhe hoped to bring him ſome good news from his miſtreſs, and Mr. Nightingale promiſed to enquire into the ſtate of Mr. Fitzpatrick's wound, and likewiſe to find out ſome of the perſons who were preſent at the rencounter.

The former of theſe went directly in queſt of Sophia, whither we likewiſe ſhall now attend her.

CHAP. VI.

In which Mrs. Miller pays a viſit to Sophia.

ACCESS to the young lady was by no means difficult: for as ſhe lived now on a perfect friendly footing with her aunt, ſhe was at full liberty to receive what viſitants ſhe pleaſed.

Sophia was dreſſing, when ſhe was acquainted that there was a gentlewoman below to wait on her. As ſhe was neither afraid, nor aſhamed, to ſee any of her own ſex, Mrs Miller was immediately admitted.

Curt'ſies and the uſual ceremonials between women who are ſtrangers to each other being paſſed, Sophia ſaid, 'I have not the pleaſure to know you, Madam.' 'No, Madam,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'and I muſt 'beg pardon for intruding upon you. But when you 'know what has induced me to give you this trouble, 'I hope'——'Pray, what is your buſineſs, Madam?' ſaid Sophia, with a little emotion. 'Madam, we 'are not alone,' replied Mrs. Miller, in a low voice. 'Go out, Betty,' ſaid Sophia.

When Betty was departed, Mrs. Miller ſaid, 'I 'was deſired, Madam, by a very unhappy young 'gentleman, to deliver you this letter.' Sophia changed colour when ſhe ſaw the direction, well knowing the hand, and after ſome heſitation, ſaid, —'I could not conceive, Madam, from your ap'pearance, that your buſineſs had been of ſuch a 'nature. Whomever you brought this letter from, 'I ſhall not open it. I ſhould be ſorry to entertain 'an unjuſt ſuſpicion of any one; but you are an ut'ter ſtranger to me.'

'If you will have patience, Madam,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'I will acquaint you who I am, and 'how I came by that letter.'—'I have no curioſity, 'Madam, to know any thing,' cries Sophia, 'but I 'muſt inſiſt on your delivering that letter back to the 'perſon who gave it you.'

Mrs. Miller then fell upon her knees, and, in the moſt paſſionate terms, implored her compaſſion; to which Sophia anſwered: 'Sure, Madam, it is ſur-

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'prizing you ſhould be ſo very ſtrongly intereſted in 'the behalf of this perſon. I would not think, Ma-'dam,'—'No Madam,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'you 'ſhall not think any thing but the truth.' I will tell 'you all, and you will not wonder that I am inte-'reſted. He is the beſt natured creature that ever 'was born.'—She then began and related the ſtory of Mr. Henderſon——After this ſhe cried, 'This, Ma-'dam, this is his goodneſs; but I have much more 'tender obligations to him. He hath preſerved my 'child.'—Here, after ſhedding ſome tears, ſhe re-lated every thing concerning that fact, ſuppreſſing only thoſe circumſtances which would have moſt re-flected on her daughter, and concluded with ſaying, 'Now, Madam, you ſhall judge whether I can ever 'do enough for ſo kind, ſo good, ſo generous a 'young man: and ſure he is the beſt and worthieſt 'of all human beings.'

The alterations in the countenance of Sophia had hitherto been chiefly to her diſadvantage, and had inclined her complexion to too great paleneſs; but ſhe now waxed redder, if poſſible, than vermilion, and cried, 'I know not what to ſay; certainly what 'ariſes from gratitude cannot be blamed——But 'what ſervice can my reading this letter do your 'friend, ſince I am reſolved never'—Mrs. Miller fell again to her entreaties, and begged to be forgiven, but ſhe could not, ſhe ſaid, carry it back. 'Well, 'Madam,' ſays Sophia, 'I cannot help it, if you 'will force it upon me.—Certainly you may leave it 'whether I will or no.' What Sophia meant, or whe-ther ſhe meant any thing, I will not preſume to de-termine: but Mrs. Miller actually underſtood this as a hint, and preſently laying the letter down on the table, took her leave, having firſt begged permiſſion to wait again on Sophia; which requeſt had neither aſſent nor denial.

The letter lay upon the table no longer than till Mrs. Miller was out of ſight; for then Sophia opened and read it.

This letter did very little ſervice to his cauſe; for it conſiſted of little more than confeſſions of his own

worthineſs, and bitter lamentations of deſpair, together with the moſt ſolemn proteſtations of his unalterable fidelity to Sophia, of which, he ſaid, he hoped to convince her, if he had evermore the honour of being admitted to her preſence; and that he could account for the letter to lady Bellaſton, in ſuch a manner, that though it would not entitle him to her forgiveneſs, he hoped at leaſt to obtain it from her mercy. And concluded with vowing, that nothing was ever leſs in his thoughts than to marry lady Bellaſton.

Though Sophia read the letter twice over with great attention, his meaning ſtill remained a riddle to her; nor could her invention ſuggeſt to her any means to excuſe Jones. She certainly remained very angry with him, though indeed lady Bellaſton took up ſo much of her reſentment, that her gentle mind had but little left to beſtow on any other perſon.

That lady was moſt unluckily to dine this very day with her aunt Weſtern, and in the afternoon, they were all three, by appointment, to go together to the opera, and thence to lady Thomas Hatchet's drum. Sophia would have gladly been excuſed from all, but ſhe would not diſoblige her aunt; and as to the arts of counterfeiting illneſs, ſhe was ſo entirely a ſtranger to them, that it never once entered into her head. When ſhe was dreſſed, therefore, down ſhe went, reſolved to encounter all the horrors of the day, and a moſt diſagreeable one it proved; for lady Bellaſton took every opportunity very civilly and ſlily to inſult her; to all which her dejection of ſpirits diſabled her from making any return; and indeed, to confeſs the truth, ſhe was at the very beſt but an indifferent miſtreſs of repartee.

Another misfortune which befel poor Sophia, was the company of lord Fellamar, whom ſhe met at the opera, and who attended her to the drum. And though both places are too public to admit of any particularities, and ſhe was further relieved by the muſick at the one place, and by the cards at the other, ſhe could not however enjoy herſelf in his company: for there is ſomething of delicacy in women, which will

will not ſuffer them to be even eaſy in the preſence of a man whom they know to have pretenſions to them, which they are diſinclined to favour.

Having in this chapter twice mentioned a drum, a word which our poſterity, it is hoped, will not underſtand in the ſenſe it is here applied, we ſhall, notwithſtanding our preſent haſte, ſtop a moment to deſcribe the entertainment here meant, and the rather as we can in a moment deſcribe it.

A drum, then, is an aſſembly of well dreſſed perſons of both ſexes, moſt of whom play at cards, and the reſt do nothing at all: while the miſtreſs of the houſe performs the part of the landlady at an inn, and like the landlady of an inn prides herſelf in the number of her gueſts, though ſhe doth not always, like her, get any thing by it.

No wonder then as ſo much ſpirits muſt be required to ſupport any vivacity in theſe ſcenes of dulneſs, that we hear perſons of faſhion eternally complaining of the want of them; a complaint confined entirely to upper life. How inſupportable muſt we imagine this round of impertinence to have been to Sophia, at this time; how difficult muſt ſhe have found it to force the appearance of gaiety into her looks, when her mind dictated nothing but the tendereſt ſorrow, and when every thought was charged with tormenting ideas.

Night, however, at laſt reſtored her to her pillow, where we will leave her to ſooth her melancholy at leaſt, though incapable we fear of reſt, and ſhall purſue our hiſtory, which ſomething whiſpers us is now arrived at the eve of ſome great event.

CHAP. VII.

A pathetick ſcene between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller.

MRS. Miller had a long diſcourſe with Mr. Allworthy at his return from dinner, in which ſhe acquainted him with Mr. Jones's having unfortunately loſt all which he was pleaſed to beſtow on him at their ſeparation; and with the diſtreſſes to which that loſs had ſubjected him; of all which ſhe had received

a full account from the faithful retailer Partridge. She then explained the obligations ſhe had to Jones; not that ſhe was entirely explicit with regard to her daughter: for though ſhe had the utmoſt confidence in Mr. Allworthy, and though there could be no hopes of keeping an affair ſecret, which was unhappily known to more than half a dozen; yet ſhe could not prevail with herſelf to mention thoſe circumſtances which reflected moſt on the chaſtity of poor Nancy; but ſmothered that part of her evidence as cautiouſly as if ſhe had been before a judge, and the girl was now on her trial for the murther of a baſtard.

Allworthy ſaid, there were few characters ſo abſolutely vicious as not to have the leaſt mixture of good in them. 'However (ſays he) I cannot deny but 'that you had ſome obligations to the fellow, bad as 'he is, and I ſhall therefore excuſe what hath paſt 'already, but muſt inſiſt you never mention his name 'to me more; for I promiſe you, it was upon the 'fulleſt and plaineſt evidence that I reſolved to take 'the meaſures I have taken.'—'Well, Sir (ſays ſhe) 'I make not the leaſt doubt, but time will ſhow all 'matters in their true and natural colours, and that 'you will be convinced this poor young man de'ſerves better of you than ſome other folks that ſhall 'be nameleſs.'

'Madam (cries Allworthy, a little ruffled) I will 'not hear any reflections on my nephew; and if you 'ever ſay a word more of that kind, I will depart 'from your houſe that inſtant. He is the worthieſt 'and beſt of men; and I once more repeat it to you, 'he hath carried his friendſhip to this man to a 'blameable length, by too long concealing facts of 'the blackeſt die. The ingratitude of the wretch 'to this good young man is what I moſt reſent: for, 'Madam, I have the greateſt reaſon to imagine he 'had laid a plot to ſupplant my nephew in my fa'vour, and to have diſinherited him.'

'I am ſure, Sir,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, a little frightened (for though Mr. Allworthy had the utmoſt ſweetneſs and benevolence in his ſmiles, he had great terrour in his frowns) 'I ſhall never ſpeak

'againſt

'against any gentleman you are pleased to think well 'of. I am sure, Sir, such behaviour would very little 'become me, especially when the gentleman is your 'nearest relation; but, Sir, you must not be angry 'with me, you must not indeed, for my good wishes 'to this poor wretch. Sure I may call him so now, 'though once you would have been angry with me, 'if I had spoke of him with the least disrespect. 'How often have I heard you call him your son? 'how often have you prattled to me of him, with all 'the fondness of a parent? Nay, Sir, I cannot for-'get the many tender expressions, the many good 'things you have told me of his beauty and his 'parts, and his virtues; of his good-nature and ge-'nerosity.—I am sure, Sir, I cannot forget them: 'for I find them all true. I have experienced them 'in my own cause. They have preserved my family. 'You must pardon my tears, Sir, indeed you must, 'when I consider the cruel reverse of fortune which 'this poor youth, to whom I am so much obliged; 'hath suffered: when I consider the loss of your fa-'vour, which I know he valued more than his life, 'I must, I must lament him. If you had a dagger 'in your hand, ready to plunge into my heart, I 'must lament the misery of one whom you have 'loved, and I shall ever love.'

Allworthy was pretty much moved with this speech, but it seemed not to be with anger: for after a short silence, taking Mrs. Miller by the hand, he said very affectionately to her—'Come, Madam, let us con-'sider a little about your daughter. I cannot blame 'you, for rejoicing in a match which promises to be 'advantageous to her; but you know this advantage, 'in a great measure, depends on the father's recon-'ciliation. I know Mr. Nightingale very well, and 'have formerly had concerns with him; I will make 'him a visit, and endeavour to serve you in this mat-'ter. I believe he is a worldly man; but as this is 'an only son, and the thing is now irretrievable, 'perhaps he may in time be brought to reason. I 'promise you I will do all I can for you.'

Many were the acknowledgements which the poor woman made to Allworthy for this kind and generous offer, nor could she refrain from taking this occasion again to express her gratitude towards Jones, 'to whom,' said she, 'I owe the opportunity of 'giving you, Sir, this present trouble.' Allworthy gently stopped her; but he was too good a man to be really offended with the effects of so noble a principle as now actuated Mrs. Miller; and indeed had not this new affair inflamed his former anger against Jones, it is possible he might have been a little softened towards him, by the report of an action which malice itself could not have derived from an evil motive.

Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller had been above an hour together, when their conversation was put an end to by the arrival of Blifil, and another person, which other person was no less than Mr. Dowling the attorney, who was now become a great favourite with Mr. Blifil, and whom Mr. Allworthy, at the desire of his nephew, had made his steward; and had likewise recommended him to Mr. Western, from whom the attorney received a promise of being promoted to the same office upon the first vacancy; and in the mean time, was employed in transacting some affairs which the 'squire then had in London, in relation to a mortgage.

This was the principal affair which then brought Mr. Dowling to town; therefore he took the same opportunity to charge himself with some money for Mr. Allworthy, and to make a report to him of some other business; in all which, as it was of much too dull a nature to find any place in this history, we will leave the uncle, nephew, and their lawyer concerned, and resort to other matters.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing various matters.

BEFORE we return to Mr. Jones, we will take one more view of Sophia.

Though that young lady had brought her aunt into great good humour by these soothing methods, which we

we have before related, she had not brought her in the least to abate of her zeal for the match with lord Fellamar. This zeal was now inflamed by lady Bellaston, who had told her the preceding evening, that she was well satisfied from the conduct of Sophia, and from her carriage to his lordship, that all delays would be dangerous, and that the only way to succeed, was to press the match forward with such rapidity, that the young lady should have no time to reflect, and be obliged to consent, while she scarce knew what she did. In which manner, she said, one half of the marriages among people of condition were brought about. A fact very probably true, and to which I suppose is owing the mutual tenderness which afterwards exists among so many happy couples.

A hint of the same kind was given by the same lady to lord Fellamar; and both these so readily embraced the advice, that the very next day was, at his lordship's request, appointed by Mrs. Western for a private interview between the young parties. This was communicated to Sophia by her aunt, and insisted upon in such high terms, that, after having urged every thing she could possibly invent against it, without the least effect, she at last agreed to give the highest instance of complaisance which any young lady can give, and consented to see his lordship.

As conversations of this kind afford no great entertainment, we shall be excused from reciting the whole that past at this interview; in which, after his lordship had made many declarations of the most pure and ardent passion, to the silent, blushing Sophia; she at last collected all the spirits she could raise, and with a trembling low voice said, 'My lord, you must 'be yourself conscious whether your former beha- 'viour to me hath been consistent with the professions 'you now make.'—'Is there,' answered he, 'no 'way by which I can atone for madness? what I 'did, I am afraid, must have too plainly convinced 'you, that the violence of love had deprived me of 'my senses.'—'Indeed, my lord,' said she, 'it is in 'your power to give me a proof of an affection which 'I much rather wish to encourage, and to which I

'should think myself more beholden.'—'Name it, 'Madam,' said my lord, very warmly.—'My lord,' says she, looking down upon her fan, 'I know you 'must be sensible how uneasy this pretended passion 'of your's hath made me.'——'Can you be so cruel 'to call it pretended?' says he. 'Yes, my lord,' answered Sophia, 'all professions of love to those 'whom we persecute, are most insulting pretences. 'This pursuit of your's is to me a most cruel perse-'cution; nay, it is taking a most ungenerous ad-'vantage of my unhappy situation.'—'Most lovely, 'most adorable charmer, do not accuse me,' cries he, 'of taking an ungenerous advantage, while I 'have no thoughts but what are directed to your ho-'nour and interest, and while I have no view, no 'hope, no ambition, but to throw myself, honour, 'fortune, every thing at your feet.'—'My lord,' says she, 'it is that fortune, and those honours, 'which give you the advantage of which I complain. 'These are the charms which have seduced my rela-'tions, but to me they are things indifferent. If 'your lordship will merit my gratitude, there is but 'one way.'——'Pardon me, divine creature,' said he, 'there can be none. All I can do for you is so 'much your due, and will give me so much pleasure, 'that there is no room for your gratitude.'——'In-'deed, my lord,' answered she, 'you may obtain 'my gratitude, my good opinion, every kind thought 'and wish which it is in my power to bestow; nay, 'you may obtain them with ease; for sure to a ge-'nerous mind it must be easy to grant my request. 'Let me beseech you then, to cease a pursuit, in 'which you can never have any success. For your 'own sake as well as mine, I entreat this favour: 'for sure you are too noble to have any pleasure in 'tormenting an unhappy creature. What can your 'lordship propose but uneasiness to yourself, by a 'perseverance, which, upon my honour, upon my 'soul, cannot, shall not prevail with me, whatever 'distresses you may drive me to.' Here my lord fetched a deep sigh, and then said—'Is it then,

'Madam,

'Madam, that I am so unhappy to be the ob-
'ject of your dislike and scorn; or will you
'pardon me if I suspect there is some other?'
——Here he hesitated, and Sophia answered with some spirit, 'My lord, I shall not be accountable
'to you for the reasons of my conduct. I am
'obliged to your lordship for the generous offer
'you have made; I own it is beyond either my
'deserts or expectations; yet I hope, my lord, you
'will not insist on my reasons, when I declare I
'cannot accept it.' Lord Fellamar returned much to this, which we do not perfectly understand, and perhaps it could not all be strictly reconciled either to sense or grammar; but he concluded his ranting speech with saying, 'That if she had pre-engaged
'herself to any gentleman, however unhappy it
'would make him, he should think himself bound
'in honour to desist.' Perhaps my lord laid too much emphasis on the word gentleman; for we cannot else well account for the indignation with which he inspired Sophia, who, in her answer, seemed greatly to resent some affront he had given her.

While she was speaking, with her voice more raised than usual, Mrs. Western came into the room, the fire glaring in her cheeks, and the flames bursting from her eyes. 'I am ashamed,' says she, 'my
'lord, of the reception which you have met with.
'I assure your lordship we are all sensible of the
'honour done us; and I must tell you, Miss Western,
'the family expect a different behaviour from you.'
Here my lord interfered on behalf of the young lady, but to no purpose; the aunt proceeded till Sophia pulled out her handkerchief, threw herself into a chair, and burst into a violent fit of tears.

The remainder of the conversation between Mrs. Western and his lordship, till the latter withdrew, consisted of bitter lamentations on his side, and on her's of the strongest assurances that her niece should and would consent to all he wished. 'Indeed, my
'lord,' says she, 'the girl hath had a foolish edu-
'cation, neither adapted to her fortune nor her fa-
mily. Her father, I'm sorry to say it, is to blame

for

'for every thing. The girl hath ſilly country 'notions of baſhfulneſs. Nothing elſe, my lord, 'upon my honour; I am convinced ſhe hath a good 'underſtanding at the bottom, and will be brought 'to reaſon.'

This laſt ſpeech was made in the abſence of Sophia; for ſhe had ſome time before left the room, with more appearance of paſſion than ſhe had ever ſhown on any occaſion; and now his lordſhip, after many expreſſions of thanks to Mrs. Weſtern, many ardent profeſſions of paſſion which nothing could conquer, and many aſſurances of perſeverance, which Mrs. Weſtern highly encouraged, took his leave for this time.

Before we relate what now paſſed between Mrs. Weſtern and Sophia, it may be proper to mention an unfortunate accident which had happened, and which had occaſioned the return of Mrs. Weſtern with ſo much fury, as we have ſeen.

The reader then muſt know, that the maid, who at preſent attended on Sophia, was recommended by lady Bellaſton, with whom ſhe had lived for ſome time in the capacity of a comb-bruſh; ſhe was a very ſenſible girl, and had received the ſtricteſt inſtructions to watch her young lady very carefully. Theſe inſtructions, we are ſorry to ſay, were communicated to her by Mrs. Honour, into whoſe favour lady Bellaſton had now ſo ingratiated herſelf, that the violent affection which the good waiting-woman had formerly borne to Sophia was entirely obliterated by that great attachment which ſhe had to her new miſtreſs.

Now when Mrs. Miller was departed, Betty (for that was the name of the girl) returning to her young lady, found her very attentively engaged in reading a long letter, and the viſible emotions which ſhe betrayed on that occaſion might have well accounted for ſome ſuſpicions which the girl entertained; but indeed they had yet a ſtronger foundation, for ſhe had overheard the whole ſcene which paſſed between Sophia and Mrs. Miller.

Mrs.

Mrs. Weſtern was acquainted with all this matter by Betty, who, after receiving many commendations, and ſome rewards for her fidelity, was ordered, that if the woman who brought the letter, came again, ſhe ſhould introduce her to Mrs. Weſtern herſelf.

Unluckily Mrs. Miller returned at the very time when Sophia was engaged with his lordſhip. Betty, according to order, ſent her directly to the aunt; who being miſtreſs of ſo many circumſtances relating to what had paſſed the day before, eaſily impoſed upon the poor woman to believe that Sophia had communicated the whole affair; and ſo pumped every thing out of her which ſhe knew, relating to the letter, and relating to Jones.

This poor creature might indeed be called ſimplicity itſelf. She was one of that order of mortals, who are apt to believe every thing which is ſaid to them: to whom nature hath neither indulged the offenſive nor defenſive weapons of deceit, and who are conſequently liable to be impoſed upon by any one, who will only be at the expence of a little falſehood for that purpoſe. Mrs. Weſtern having drained Mrs. Miller of all ſhe knew, which indeed was but little, but which was ſufficient to make the aunt ſuſpect a great deal, diſmiſſed her with aſſurances that Sophia would not ſee her, that ſhe would ſend no anſwer to the letter, nor ever receive another; nor did ſhe ſuffer her to depart without a handſome lecture on the merits of an office, to which ſhe could afford no better name than that of procureſs.——This diſcovery had greatly diſcompoſed her temper, when coming into the apartment next to that in which the lovers were, ſhe overheard Sophia very warmly proteſting againſt his lordſhip's addreſſes. At which the rage already kindled, burſt forth, and ſhe ruſhed in upon her niece in a moſt furious mauner, as we have already deſcribed, together with what paſt at that time till his lordſhip's departure.

No ſooner was lord Fellamar gone, than Mrs. Weſtern returned to Sophia, whom ſhe upbraided in the moſt bitter terms, for the ill uſe ſhe had made of the confidence repoſed in her; and for her treachery

chery in converſing with a man with whom ſhe had offered but the day before to bind herſelf in the moſt ſolemn oath, never more to have any converſation. Sophia proteſted ſhe had maintained no ſuch converſation. 'How, how! Miſs Weſtern,' ſaid the aunt, 'will you deny your receiving a letter from 'him yeſterday?'—'A letter, Madam!' anſwered Sophia ſomewhat ſurprized. 'It is not very well 'bred, Miſs,' replies the aunt, 'to repeat my words. 'I ſay a letter, and inſiſt upon your ſhowing it me 'immediately.'—'I ſcorn a lie, Madam,' ſaid Sophia; 'I did receive a letter, but it was without my deſire, 'and indeed I may ſay againſt my conſent.'—'Indeed, 'indeed, Miſs,' cries the aunt, 'you ought to be 'aſhamed of owning you had received it at all; but 'where is the letter? for I will ſee it.'

To this peremptory demand, Sophia pauſed ſome time before ſhe returned an anſwer; and at laſt only excuſed herſelf by declaring ſhe had not the letter in her pocket, which was indeed true; upon which her aunt loſing all manner of patience aſked her niece this ſhort queſtion, whether ſhe would reſolve to marry lord Fellamar or no? to which ſhe received the ſtrongeſt negative. Mrs. Weſtern then replied with an oath, or ſomething very like one, that ſhe would early the next morning deliver her back into her father's hand.

Sophia then began to reaſon with her aunt in the following manner: Why, Madam, muſt I of ne-'ceſſity be forced to marry at all? Conſider how 'cruel you would have thought it in your own caſe, 'and how much kinder your parents were in leav-'ing you to your liberty. What have I done to for-'feit this liberty? I will never marry contrary to 'my father's conſent, nor without aſking your's.— 'And when I aſk the conſent of either improperly, 'it will be then time enough to force ſome other 'marriage upon me.'—'Can I bear to hear this,' cries Mrs. Weſtern, 'from a girl who hath now a 'letter from a murderer in her pocket?'—'I have 'no ſuch letter I promiſe you,' anſwered Sophia; 'and if he be a murderer, he will ſoon be in no condition

'condition to give you any further diſturbance.
'How, Miſs Weſtern,' ſaid the aunt, 'have you
'the aſſurance to ſpeak of him in this manner, to
'own your affection for ſuch a villain to my face!'—
'Sure, Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'you put a very
'ſtrange conſtruction on my words.'—'Indeed,
'Miſs Weſtern,' cries the lady, 'I ſhall not bear
'this uſage; you have learnt of your father this
'manner of treating me; he hath taught you to
'give me the lie. He hath totally ruined you by
'his falſe ſyſtem of education; and pleaſe heaven
'he ſhall have the comfort of its fruits: for once
'more I declare to you, that to-morrow morning I
'will carry you back. I will withdraw all my forces
'from the field, and remain henceforth, like the
'wiſe king of Pruſſia, in a ſtate of perfect neutrality.
'You are both too wiſe to be regulated by my
'meaſures; ſo prepare yourſelf; for to-morrow morn-
'ing you ſhall evacuate this houſe.'

Sophia remonſtrated all ſhe could; but her aunt was deaf to all ſhe ſaid. In this reſolution therefore we muſt at preſent leave her, as there ſeems to be no hopes of bringing her to change it.

CHAP. IX.

What happened to Mr. Jones in the priſon.

MR. Jones paſſed above twenty-four melancholy hours by himſelf, unleſs when relieved by the company of Partridge, before Mr. Nightingale returned; not that this worthy young man had deſerted or forgot his friend; for, indeed, he had been much the greateſt part of the time employed in his ſervice.

He had heard upon enquiry that the only perſons who had ſeen the beginning of the unfortunate rencounter were a crew belonging to a man of war, which then lay at Deptford. To Deptford therefore he went in ſearch of this crew, where he was informed that the men he ſought after, were all gone aſhore. He then traced them from place to place, till at laſt he found two of them drinking together, with

with a third perſon, at a hedge-tavern, near Alderſgate.

Nightingale deſired to ſpeak with Jones by himſelf (for Partridge was in the room when he came in.) As ſoon as they were alone, Nightingale taking Jones by the hand, cried, 'Come, my brave friend, 'be not too much dejected at what I am going to 'tell you——I am ſorry I am the meſſenger of bad 'news; but I think it my duty to tell you.'—'I 'gueſs already what that bad news is,' cries Jones. 'The poor gentleman then is dead!'——'I hope 'not,' anſwered Nightingale. 'He was alive this 'morning; though I will not flatter you; I fear, 'from the accounts I could get, that his wound is 'mortal. But if the affair be exactly as you told it, 'your own remorſe would be all you have reaſon to 'apprehend, let what would happen; but forgive 'me, my dear Tom, if I entreat you to make the 'worſt of your ſtory to your friends. If you diſguiſe 'any thing to us, you will only be an enemy to 'yourſelf.'

'What reaſon, my dear Jack, have I ever given 'you,' ſaid Jones, 'to ſtab me with ſo cruel a ſuſ'picion?'—'Have patience,' cries Nightingale, 'and 'I will tell you all. After the moſt diligent enquiry 'I could make, I at laſt met with two of the fellows 'who were preſent at this unhappy accident, and I 'am ſorry to ſay, they do not relate the ſtory ſo 'much in your favour as you yourſelf have told it.'—'Why what do they ſay?' cries Jones,—'Indeed 'what I am ſorry to repeat, as I am afraid of the 'conſequence of it to you. They ſay that they were 'at too great a diſtance to overhear any words that 'paſſed between you; but they both agree that the 'firſt blow was given by you.'—'Then upon my 'ſoul,' anſwered Jones, 'they injure me. He not 'only ſtruck me firſt, but ſtruck me without the leaſt 'provocation. What ſhould induce thoſe villains to 'accuſe me falſely?'—'Nay, that I cannot gueſs,' ſaid Nightingale, 'and if you yourſelf, and I who am ſo 'heartily your friend, cannot conceive a reaſon why 'they ſhould belie you, what reaſon will an indiffe-

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'rent court of juſtice be able to aſſign, why they 'ſhould not believe them? I repeated the queſtion 'to them ſeveral times, and ſo did another gentle-'man who was preſent, who, I believe, is a ſea-'faring man, and who really acted a very friendly 'part by you; for he begged them often to con-'ſider, that there was the life of a man in the caſe; 'and aſked them over and over if they were certain; 'to which they both anſwered, that they were, and 'would abide by their evidence upon oath. For 'heaven's ſake, my dear friend, recollect yourſelf; 'for if this ſhould appear to be the fact, it will be 'your buſineſs to think in time of making the beſt 'of your intereſt. I would not ſhock you; but 'you know, I believe, the ſeverity of the law, what-'ever verbal provocations may have been given you.'

'Alas! my friend,' cries Jones, 'what intereſt hath 'ſuch a wretch as I? Beſides, do you think I would 'even wiſh to live with the reputation of a mur-'derer? If I had any friends (as alas! I have none) 'could I have the confidence to ſolicit them to ſpeak 'in the behalf of a man condemned for the blackeſt 'crime in human nature? Believe me I have no 'ſuch hope; but I have ſome reliance on a throne 'ſtill greatly ſuperior; which will, I am certain, 'afford me all the protection I merit.'

He then concluded with many ſolemn and vehe-ment proteſtations of the truth of what he had at firſt aſſerted.

The faith of Nightingale was now again ſtag-gered, and began to incline to credit his friend, when Mrs. Miller appeared, and made a ſorrowful report of the ſucceſs of her embaſſy; which when Jones had heard, he cried out moſt heroically, 'Well, 'my friend, I am now indifferent as to what ſhall 'happen, at leaſt with regard to my life; and if it 'be the will of heaven that I ſhall make an atone-'ment with that for the blood I have ſpilt, I hope 'the Divine Goodneſs will one day ſuffer my honour 'to be cleared, and that the words of a dying man, 'at leaſt, will be believed, ſo far as to juſtify his 'character.'

A very mournful ſcene now paſſed between the priſoner and his friends, at which, as few readers would have been pleaſed to be preſent, ſo few, I believe, will deſire to hear it particularly related. We will, therefore, paſs on to the entrance of the turnkey; who acquainted Jones that there was a lady without who deſired to ſpeak with him, when he was at leiſure.

Jones declared his ſurpriſe at this meſſage. He ſaid, he knew no lady in the world whom he could poſſibly expect to ſee there. However, as he ſaw no reaſon to decline ſeeing any perſon, Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale preſently took their leave, and he gave orders to have the lady admitted.

If Jones was ſurpriſed at the news of a viſit from a lady, how greatly was he aſtoniſhed when he diſcovered this lady to be no other than Mrs. Waters! In this aſtoniſhment then we ſhall leave him a while, in order to cure the ſurpriſe of the reader, who will likewiſe, probably, not a little wonder at the arrival of this lady.

Who this Mrs. Waters was the reader pretty well knows; what ſhe was, he muſt be perfectly ſatisfied. He will therefore be pleaſed to remember, that this lady departed from Upton in the ſame coach with Mr. Fitzpatrick and the other Iriſh gentleman, and in their company travelled to Bath.

Now there was a certain office in the gift of Mr. Fitzpatrick at that time vacant, namely, that of a wife; for the lady who had lately filled that office had reſigned, or at leaſt deſerted her duty. Mr. Fitzpatrick having therefore thoroughly examined Mrs. Waters on the road, found her extremely fit for the place, which, on her arrival at Bath, he preſently conferred upon her, and ſhe, without any ſcruple, accepted. As huſband and wife this gentleman and lady continued together, all the time they ſtayed at Bath, and as huſband and wife they arrived together in town.

Whether Mr. Fitzpatrick was ſo wiſe a man as not to part with one good thing till he had ſecured another, which he had at preſent only a proſpect of regaining;

regaining; or whether Mrs. Waters had ſo well diſcharged her office, that he intended ſtill to retain her as principal, and to make his wife (as is often the caſe) only her deputy, I will not ſay; but certain it is he never mentioned his wife to her, ever communicated to her the letter given him by Mrs. Weſtern, nor never once hinted his purpoſe of repoſſeſſing his wife; much leſs did he ever mention the name of Jones. For though he intended to fight with him wherever he met him, he did not imitate thoſe prudent perſons who think a wife, a mother, a ſiſter, or ſometimes a whole family, the ſafeſt ſeconds on theſe occaſions. The firſt account therefore which ſhe had of all this was delivered to her from his lips, after he was brought home from the tavern, where his wound had been dreſſed.

As Mr. Fitzpatrick, however, had not the cleareſt way of telling a ſtory at any time, and was now, perhaps, a little more confuſed than uſual, it was ſome time before ſhe diſcovered that the gentleman who had given him this wound was the very ſame perſon from whom her heart had received a wound, which though not of a mortal kind, was yet ſo deep, that it had left a conſiderable ſcar behind it. But no ſooner was ſhe acquainted that Mr. Jones himſelf was the man who had been committed to the Gate-houſe for this ſuppoſed murder, than ſhe took the firſt opportunity of committing Mr. Fitzpatrick to the care of his nurſe, and haſtened away to viſit the conqueror.

She now entered the room with an air of gaiety, which received an immediate check from the melancholy aſpect of poor Jones, who ſtarted and bleſſed himſelf when he ſaw her. Upon which ſhe ſaid, 'Nay, I do not wonder at your ſurpriſe; I believe 'you did not expect to ſee me; for few gentlemen 'are troubled here with viſits from any lady, unleſs 'a wife. You ſee the power you have over me, Mr. 'Jones. Indeed, I little thought when we parted 'at Upton, that our next meeting would have been 'in ſuch a place.'—'Indeed, Madam,' ſays Jones, 'I muſt look upon this viſit as kind; few will follow

'the

'the miſerable, eſpecially to ſuch diſmal habitations.' 'I proteſt, Mr. Jones,' ſays ſhe, 'I can hardly perſuade myſelf you are the ſame agreeable fellow I 'ſaw at Upton. Why, your face is more miſerable 'than any dungeon in the univerſe. What can be 'the matter with you?'—'I thought, Madam (ſaid 'Jones) as you knew of my being here, you knew 'the unhappy reaſon.'—'Pugh (ſays ſhe) you have 'pinked a man in a duel, that's all.' Jones expreſſed ſome indignation at this levity, and ſpoke with the utmoſt contrition for what had happened. To which ſhe anſwered, 'Well then, Sir, if you take it ſo 'much to heart, I will relieve you; the gentleman 'is not dead; and, I am pretty confident, is in no 'danger of dying. The ſurgeon indeed who firſt 'dreſſed him was a young fellow, and ſeemed deſirous 'of repreſenting his caſe to be as bad as poſſible, 'that he might have the more honour from curing 'him; but the king's ſurgeon hath ſeen him ſince, 'and ſays, unleſs from a fever, of which there are 'at preſent no ſymptoms, he apprehends not the leaſt 'danger of life.' Jones ſhowed great ſatisfaction in his countenance at this report; upon which ſhe affirmed the truth of it, adding, 'By the moſt 'extraordinary accident in the world I lodge at the 'ſame houſe, and have ſeen the gentleman; and I 'promiſe you he doth you juſtice, and ſays, What'ever be the conſequence, that he was entirely the 'aggreſſor, and that you was not in the leaſt to 'blame.'

Jones expreſſed the utmoſt ſatisfaction at the account which Mrs. Waters brought him. He then informed her of many things which ſhe well knew before, as who Mr. Fitzpatrick was, the occaſion of his reſentment, &c. He likewiſe told her ſeveral facts of which ſhe was ignorant, as the adventure of the muff, and other particulars, concealing only the name of Sophia. He then lamented the follies and vices of which he had been guilty; every one of which, he ſaid, had been attended with ſuch ill conſequences, that he ſhould be unpardonable if he did not take warning, and quit thoſe vicious courſes for the

the future. He laſtly concluded with aſſuring her of his reſolution to ſin no more, leſt a worſe thing ſhould happen to him.

Mrs. Waters with great pleaſantry ridiculed all this, as the effects of low ſpirits and confinement. She repeated ſome witticiſms about the devil when he was ſick, and told him, 'She doubted not but 'ſhortly to ſee him at liberty, and as lively a fellow 'as ever; and then (ſays ſhe) I don't queſtion but 'your conſcience will be ſafely delivered of all theſe 'qualms that it is now ſo ſick in breeding.'

Many more things of this kind ſhe uttered, ſome of which it would do her no great honour, in the opinion of ſome readers, to remember; nor are we quite certain but that the anſwers made by Jones would be treated with ridicule by others. We ſhall therefore ſuppreſs the reſt of this converſation, and only obſerve, that it ended at laſt with perfect innocence, and much more to the ſatisfaction of Jones than of the lady: for the former was greatly tranſported with the news ſhe had brought him; but the latter was not altogether ſo pleaſed with the penitential behaviour of a man whom ſhe had at her firſt interview conceived a very different opinion of from what ſhe now entertained of him.

Thus the melancholy occaſioned by the report of Mr. Nightingale was pretty well effaced; but the dejection into which Mrs. Miller had thrown him ſtill continued. The account ſhe gave, ſo well tallied with the words of Sophia herſelf in her letter, that he made not the leaſt doubt but that ſhe had diſcloſed his letter to her aunt, and had taken a fixed reſolution to abandon him. The torments this thought gave him, were to be equalled only by a piece of news which fortune yet had in ſtore for him, and which we ſhall communicate in the ſecond chapter of the enſuing book.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVIII.

Containing about six days.

CHAP. I.

A farewell to the reader.

WE are now, reader, arrived at the last stage of our long journey. As we have therefore travelled together through so many pages, let us behave to one another like fellow-travellers in a stage-coach, who have passed several days in the company of each other; and who, notwithstanding any bickerings or little animosities which may have occurred on the road, generally make all up at last, and mount for the last time, into their vehicle with chearfulness and good-humour; since after this one stage, it may possibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.

As I have here taken up this simile, give me leave to carry it a little farther. I intend then in this last book to imitate the good company I have mentioned in their last journey. Now, it is well known, that all jokes and railery are at this time laid aside; whatever characters any of the passengers have for the jest-sake personated on the road are now thrown off, and the conversation is usually plain and serious.

In the ſame manner, if I have now and then, in the courſe of this work, indulged any pleaſantry for thy entertainment, I ſhall here lay it down. The variety of matter, indeed, which I ſhall be obliged to cram into this book, will afford no room for any of thoſe ludicrous obſervations which I have elſewhere made, and which may ſometimes, perhaps, have prevented thee from taking a nap when it was beginning to ſteal upon thee. In this laſt book thou wilt find nothing (or at moſt very little) of that nature. All will be plain narrative only; and, indeed, when thou haſt peruſed the many great events which this book will produce, thou wilt think the number of pages contained in it, ſcarce ſufficient to tell the ſtory.

And now, my friend, I take this opportunity (as I ſhall have no other) of heartily wiſhing thee well. If I have been an entertaining companion to thee, I promiſe thee it is what I have deſired. If in any thing I have offended, it was really without any intention. Some things perhaps here ſaid may have hit thee or thy friends; but I do moſt ſolemnly declare they were not pointed at thee or them. I queſtion not but thou haſt been told, among other ſtories of me, that thou waſt to travel with a very ſcurrilous fellow: but whoever told thee ſo, did me an injury. No man deteſts and deſpiſes ſcurrility more than myſelf; nor hath any man more reaſon; for none hath ever been treated with more: and what is a very ſevere fate, I have had ſome of the abuſive writings of thoſe very men fathered upon me, who in other of their works have abuſed me themſelves with the utmoſt virulence.

All theſe works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead long before this page ſhall offer itſelf to thy peruſal: for however ſhort the period may be of my own performances, they will moſt probably outlive their own infirm Author, and the weakly productions of his abuſive cotemporaries.

CHAP. II.

Containing a very tragical incident.

WHILE Jones was employed in thoſe unpleaſant meditations, with which we left him tormenting himſelf, Partridge came ſtumbling into the room with his face paler than aſhes, his eyes fixed in his head, his hair ſtanding an end, and every limb trembling. In ſhort, he looked as he would have done had he ſeen a ſpectre, or had he indeed been a ſpectre himſelf.

Jones, who was little ſubject to fear, could not avoid being ſomewhat ſhocked at this ſudden appearance. He did indeed himſelf change colour, and his voice a little faultered, while he aſked him what was the matter.

'I hope, Sir (ſaid Partridge) you will not be 'angry with me. Indeed I did not liſten, but I was 'obliged to ſtay in the outward room. I am ſure I 'wiſh I had been a hundred miles off, rather than 'have heard what I have heard.'—'Why what is 'the matter? ſaid Jones. 'The matter, Sir? O 'good heaven!' anſwered Partridge 'was that wo'man who is juſt gone out, the woman who was with 'you at Upton?—'She was, Partridge,' cries Jones. 'And did you really, Sir, go to bed with that wo'man?' ſaid he trembling—'I am afraid what paſt 'between us is no ſecret' ſaid Jones.—'Nay, but 'pray, Sir, for heaven's ſake, Sir, anſwer me,' cries Partridge. 'You know I did,' cries Jones.—— 'Why then the Lord have mercy upon your ſoul, 'and forgive you, cries Partridge; but as ſure as 'I ſtand here alive, you have been a-bed with your 'own mother!'

Upon theſe words, Jones became in a moment a greater picture of horror than Partridge himſelf. He was indeed, for ſome time, ſtruck dumb with amazement, and both ſtood ſtaring wildly at each other. At laſt his words found way, and in an interrupted voice he ſaid.——'How! How! What's this you 'tell me?'—'Nay, Sir (cries Partridge) I have not

'breath

'breath enough to tell you now——but what I have 'ſaid is moſt certainly true.——That woman who 'now went out is your own mother. How unlucky 'was it for you, Sir, that I did not happen to ſee 'her at that time, to have prevented it! Sure the 'devil himſelf muſt have contrived to bring about 'this wickedneſs.'

'Sure (cries Jones) fortune will never have done 'with me, till ſhe hath driven me to diſtraction. But 'why do I blame fortune? I am myſelf the cauſe of 'all my miſery. All the dreadful miſchiefs which 'have befallen me, are the conſequences only of 'my own folly and vice. What thou haſt told me, 'Partridge, hath almoſt deprived me of my ſenſes. 'And was Mrs. Waters then—But why do I aſk? 'For thou muſt certainly know her——If thou haſt 'any affection for me; nay, if thou haſt any pity, 'let me beſeech thee to fetch this miſerable woman 'back again to me. O good heavens! Inceſt—with 'a mother! To what am I reſerved?' He then fell into the moſt violent and frantick agonies of grief and deſpair, in which Partridge declared he would not leave him: but at laſt having vented the firſt torrent of paſſion, he came a little to himſelf; and then having acquainted Partridge that he would find this wretched woman in the ſame houſe where the wounded gentleman was lodged, he diſpatched him in queſt of her.

If the reader will pleaſe to refreſh his memory, by turning to the ſcene at Upton in the ninth book, he will be apt to admire the many ſtrange accidents which unfortunately prevented any interview between Partridge and Mrs. Waters, when ſhe ſpent a whole day there with Mr. Jones. Inſtances of this kind we may frequently obſerve in life, where the greateſt events are produced by a nice train of little circumſtances; and more than one example of this may be diſcovered by the accurate eye in this our hiſtory.

After a fruitleſs ſearch of two or three hours, Partridge returned back to his maſter without having ſeen Mrs. Waters. Jones, who was in a ſtate of deſparation at this delay, was almoſt raving mad when

he brought him this account. He was not long however in this condition, before he received the following letter:

'SIR,

'SINCE I left you, I have seen a gentleman 'from whom I have learnt something concerning you, which greatly surprises and affects me; but 'as I have not at present leisure to communicate a 'matter of such high importance, you must suspend 'your curiosity till our next meeting, which shall be 'the first moment I am able to see you. O Mr. 'Jones, little did I think, when I passed that happy 'day at Upton, the reflexion upon which is like to 'embitter all my future life, who it was to whom I 'owed such perfect happiness. Believe me to be 'ever sincerely your unfortunate

'J. WATERS.

'*P. S.* I would have you comfort yourself as much 'as possible; for Mr. Fitzpatrick is in no manner of 'danger; so that whatever other grievous crimes you 'may have to repent of, the guilt of blood is not 'among the number.'

Jones having received the letter, let it drop (for he was unable to hold it, and indeed had scarce the use of any one of his faculties.) Partridge took it up, and having received consent by silence, read it likewise; nor had it upon him a less sensible effect. The pencil, and not the pen, should describe the horrors which appeared in both their countenances. While they both remained speechless, the turnkey entered the room, and without taking any notice of what sufficiently discovered itself in the faces of them both, acquainted Jones that a man without desired to speak with him. This person was presently introduced, and was no other than Black George.

As sights of horrour were not so usual to George as they were to the turnkey, he instantly saw the great disorder which appeared in the face of Jones. This he imputed to the accident that had happened, which

was

was reported in the very worſt light in Mr. Weſtern's family; he concluded, therefore, that the gentleman was dead, and that Mr. Jones was in a fair way of coming to a ſhameful end. A thought which gave him much uneaſineſs; for George was of a compaſſionate diſpoſition, and notwithſtanding a ſmall breach of friendſhip, which he had been over-tempted to commit, was, in the main, not inſenſible of the obligations he had formerly received from Mr. Jones.

The poor fellow therefore ſcarce refrained from a tear at the preſent ſight. He told Jones he was heartily ſorry for his misfortune, and begged him to conſider, if he could be of any manner of ſervice. 'Perhaps, Sir,' ſaid he, 'you may want a little 'matter of money upon this occaſion; if you do, 'Sir, what little I have is heartily at your ſervice.'

Jones ſhook him very heartily by the hand, and gave him many thanks for the kind offer he had made; but anſwered, 'He had not the leaſt want of 'that kind.' Upon which George began to preſs his ſervices more eagerly than before. Jones again thanked him, with aſſurances that he wanted nothing which was in the power of any man living to give. 'Come, come, my good maſter (anſwered George) 'do not take the matter ſo much to heart. Things 'may end better than you imagine; to be ſure you 'ant the firſt gentleman that ever killed a man, and 'yet come off.'—'You are wide of the matter, 'George (ſaid Partridge) the gentleman is not 'dead, nor like to die. Don't diſturb my maſter, 'at preſent, for he is troubled about a matter in 'which it is not in your power to do him any good'— 'You don't know what I may be able to do, Mr. 'Partridge (anſwered George;) if his concern is 'about my young lady, I have ſome news to tell my 'maſter.——'What do you ſay, Mr. George?' cried Jones: 'Hath any thing lately happened in 'which my Sophia is concerned? My Sophia! How 'dares ſuch a wretch as I mention her ſo prophanely.' ——'I hope ſhe will be your's yet,' anſwered George. ——'Why, yes, Sir, I have ſomething to tell you 'about her. Madam Weſtern hath juſt brought

'Madam Sophia home, and there hath been a ter-
'rible to do. I could not poſſibly learn the very
'right of it; but my maſter he hath been in a vaſt
'big paſſion, and ſo was Madam Weſtern, and I
'heard her ſay, as ſhe went out of doors into her
'chair, that ſhe would never ſet her foot in maſter's
'houſe again. I dont know what's the matter, not
'I, but every thing was very quiet when I came
'out; but Robin, who waited at ſupper, ſaid he had
'never ſeen the 'ſquire for a long while in ſuch good
'humour with young Madam; that he kiſſed her
'ſeveral times and ſwore ſhe ſhould be her own
'miſtreſs, and he would never think of confining her
'any more. I thought this news would pleaſe you,
'and ſo I ſlipped out, though it was ſo late, to in-
'form you of it.' Mr. Jones aſſured George that it did greatly pleaſe him; for though he ſhould never more preſume to lift his eyes towards that incomparable creature, nothing could ſo much relieve his miſery as the ſatisfaction he ſhould always have in hearing of her welfare.

The reſt of the converſation which paſſed at the viſit is not important enough to be here related. The reader will therefore forgive us this abrupt breaking off, and be pleaſed to hear how this great good-will of the 'ſquire towards his daughter was brought about.

Mrs. Weſtern, on her firſt arrival at her brother's lodging, began to ſet forth the great honours and advantages which would accrue to the family by the match with Lord Fellamar, which her niece had abſolutely refuſed; in which refuſal, when the 'ſquire took the part of his daughter, ſhe fell immediately into the moſt violent paſſion, and ſo irritated and provoked the 'ſquire, that neither his patience nor his prudence could bear it any longer; upon which there enſued between them both ſo warm a bout at altercation, that perhaps the regions of Billingſgate never equalled it. In the heat of this ſcolding Mrs Weſtern departed, and had conſequently no leiſure to acquaint her brother with the letter which Sophia received, which might have poſſibly produced ill effects but to

ſay

ſay truth, I believe it never once occurred to her memory at this time.

When Mrs. Weſtern was gone, Sophia, who had been hitherto ſilent, as well indeed from neceſſity as inclination, began to return the compliment which her father had made her, in taking her part againſt her aunt, by taking his likewiſe againſt the lady. This was the firſt time of her ſo doing, and it was in the higheſt degree acceptable to the 'ſquire. Again he remembered that Mr. Allworthy had inſiſted on an entire relinquiſhment of all violent means; and indeed, as he made no doubt but that Jones would be hanged, he did not in the leaſt queſtion ſucceeding with his daughter by fair means; he now, therefore, once more gave a looſe to his natural fondneſs for her, which had ſuch an effect on the dutiful, grateful, tender, and affectionate heart of Sophia, that had her honour given to Jones, and ſomething elſe perhaps in which he was concerned, been removed, I much doubt whether ſhe would not have ſacrificed herſelf to a man ſhe did not like, to have obliged her father. She promiſed him ſhe would make it the whole buſineſs of her life to oblige him, and would never marry any man againſt his conſent; which brought the old man ſo near to his higheſt happineſs, that he was reſolved to take the other ſup, and went to bed completely drunk.

CHAP. III.

Allworthy viſits old Nightingale; with a ſtrange diſcovery that he made on that occaſion.

THE morning after theſe things had happened, Mr. Allworthy went, according to his promiſe, to viſit old Nightingale, with whom his authority was ſo great, that after having ſat with him three hours, he at laſt prevailed with him to conſent to ſee his ſon.

Here an accident happened of a very extraordinary kind; one indeed of thoſe ſtrange chances, whence very good and grave men have concluded that Providence often interpoſes in the diſcovery of the moſt ſecret villainy, in order to caution men from quitting

the paths of honesty, however, warily they tread in those of vice.

Mr. Allworthy, at his entrance into Mr. Nightingale's, saw Black George; he took no notice of him, nor did Black George imagine he had perceived him.

However, when their conversation on the principal point was over, Allworthy asked Nightingale whether he knew one George Seagrim, and upon what business he came to his house. 'Yes,' answered Nightingale, 'I know him very well, and a most extraordinary fellow he is, who, in these days, hath been able to hoard up 500l. from renting a very small estate of 30l. a year.'—'And is this the story which he hath told you?' cries Allworthy. 'Nay it is true, I promise you,' said Nightingale, 'for I have the money now in my own hands in five Bank bills, which I am to lay out either in a mortgage, or in some purchase in the North of England.' The Bank bills were no sooner produced at Allworthy's desire, than he blessed himself at the strangeness of the discovery. He presently told Nightingale, that these bank bills were formerly his, and then acquainted him with the whole affair. As there are no men who complain more of the frauds of business than highwaymen, gamesters, and other thieves of that kind; so there are none who so bitterly exclaim against the frauds of gamesters, &c. as usurers, brokers, and other thieves of this kind: whether it be that the one way of cheating is a discountenance or reflexion upon the other, or that money, which is the common mistress of all cheats, makes them regard each other in the light of rivals; but Nightingale no sooner heard the story, than he exclaimed against the fellow in terms much severer than the justice and honesty of Allworthy had bestowed on him.

Allworthy desired Nightingale to retain both the money and the secret till he should hear further from him; and if he should in the mean time see the fellow, that he would not take the least notice to him of the discovery which he had made. He then returned to his lodgings, where he found Mrs. Miller

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in a very dejected condition, on account of the information she had received from her son-in-law. Mr. Allworthy, with great chearfulness, told her that he had much good news to communicate; and with little further preface, acquainted her, that he had brought Mr. Nightingale to consent to see his son, and did not the least doubt to effect a perfect reconciliation between them; though he found the father more soured by another accident of the same kind, which had happened in his family. He then mentioned the running away of the uncle's daughter, which he had been told by the old gentleman, and which Mrs. Miller, and her son-in-law, did not yet know.

The reader may suppose Mrs. Miller received this account with great thankfulness, and no less pleasure; but so uncommon was her friendship to Jones, that I am not certain whether the uneasiness she suffered for his sake, did not over-balance her satisfaction at hearing a piece of news tending so much to the happiness of her own family; nor whether even this very news, as it reminded her of the obligation she had to Jones, did not hurt as well as please her; when her grateful heart said to her, 'While my own 'family is happy, how miserable is the poor creature, 'to whose generosity we owe the beginning of all 'this happiness!'

Allworthy having left her a little while to chew the cud (if I may use that expression) on these first tidings, told her, he had still something more to impart, which he believed would give her pleasure. 'I think,' said he, 'I have discovered a pretty considerable 'treasure belonging to the young gentleman, your 'friend; but perhaps, indeed, his present situation 'may be such that it will be of no service to him.' The latter part of the speech gave Mrs. Miller to understand who was meant, and she answered with a sigh, 'I hope not, Sir.'—'I hope so too,' cries Allworthy, 'with all my heart; but my nephew told 'me this morning, he had heard a very bad account 'of the affair.'——'Good heaven! Sir,' said she—'Well, I must not speak, and yet it is certainly very

'hard to be obliged to hold one's tongue when one 'hears'——'Madam (ſaid Allworthy) you may 'ſay whatever you pleaſe, you know me too well to 'think I have a prejudice againſt any one; and as for 'that young man, I aſſure you I ſhould be heartily 'pleaſed to find he could acquit himſelf of every 'thing, and particularly of this ſad affair. You can 'teſtify the affection I have formerly borne him. 'The world, I know, cenſured me for loving him 'ſo much. I did not withdraw that affection from 'him without thinking I had the juſteſt cauſe. Be-'lieve me, Mrs. Miller, I ſhould be glad to find 'I have been miſtaken.' Mrs. Miller was going eagerly to reply, when a ſervant acquainted her, that a gentleman without deſired to ſpeak with her immediately. Allworthy then enquired for his nephew, and was told, that he had been for ſome time in his room with the gentleman who uſed to come to him, and whom Mr. Allworthy gueſſing rightly to be Mr. Dowling, he deſired preſently to ſpeak with him.

When Dowling attended, Allworthy put the caſe of the Bank notes to him, without mentioning any name, and aſked in what manner ſuch a perſon might be puniſhed. To which Dowling anſwered, he thought he might be indicted on the Black Act; but ſaid, as it was a matter of ſome nicety, it would be proper to go to counſel. He ſaid he was to attend counſel preſently upon an affair of Mr. Weſtern's, and if Mr. Allworthy pleaſed, he would lay the caſe before them. This was agreed to; and then Mrs. Miller opening the door, cried, 'I aſk pardon, 'I did not know you had company!' but Allworthy deſired her to come in, ſaying, he had finiſhed his buſineſs. Upon which Mr. Dowling withdrew, and Mrs. Miller introduced Mr. Nightingale the younger, to return thanks for the great kindneſs done him by Allworthy; but ſhe had ſcarce patience to let the young gentleman finiſh his ſpeech before ſhe interrupted him, ſaying, 'O Sir, Mr. Nightingale brings 'great news about poor Mr. Jones; he hath been to 'ſee the wounded gentleman, who is out of all 'danger

'danger of death, and what is more, declares he fell 'upon poor Mr. Jones himſelf, and beat him. I am 'ſure, Sir, you would not have Mr. Jones be a 'coward. If I was a man myſelf, I am ſure if any 'man was to ſtrike me, I ſhould draw my ſword. 'Do pray, my dear, tell Mr. Allworthy, tell him 'all yourſelf.' Nightingale then confirmed what Mrs. Miller had ſaid; and concluded with many handſome things of Jones, who was, he ſaid, one of the beſt-natured fellows in the world, and not in the leaſt inclined to be quarrelſome. Here Nightingale was going to ceaſe, when Mrs. Miller again begged him to relate all the many dutiful expreſſions he had heard him make uſe of towards Mr. Allworthy. 'To 'ſay the utmoſt good of Mr. Allworthy (cries Night- 'ingale) is doing no more than ſtrict juſtice, and can 'have no merit in it; but indeed I muſt ſay, no 'man can be more ſenſible of the obligations he hath 'to ſo good a man than is poor Jones. Indeed, Sir, 'I am convinced the weight of your diſpleaſure is 'the heavieſt burthen he lies under. He hath often 'lamented it to me, and hath as often proteſted in 'the moſt ſolemn manner he hath never been inten- 'tionally guilty of any offence towards you; nay, 'he hath ſworn he would rather die a thouſand deaths 'than he would have his conſcience upbraid him 'with one diſreſpectful, ungrateful, or undutiful 'thought towards you. But I aſk pardon, Sir, I am 'afraid I preſume to intermeddle too far in ſo tender 'a point.'—'You have ſpoke no more than what a 'chriſtian ought,' cries Mrs. Miller. 'Indeed 'Mr. Nightingale (anſwered Allworthy) I applaud 'your generous friendſhip, and I wiſh he may merit 'it of you. I confeſs I am glad to hear the report 'you bring from this unfortunate gentleman; and if 'that matter ſhould turn out to be as you repreſent 'it (and indeed I doubt nothing of what you ſay) I 'may perhaps, in time, be brought to think better 'than lately I have of this young man: for this good 'gentlewoman here, nay all who know me, can wit- 'neſs that I loved him as dearly as if he had been my 'own ſon. Indeed I have conſidered him as a child

'sent by fortune to my care. I ſtill remember the 'innocent, the helpleſs ſituation in which I found 'him. I feel the tender preſſure of his little hands 'at this moment.——He was my darling, indeed he 'was.' At which words he ceaſed, and the tears ſtood in his eyes.

As the anſwer which Mrs. Miller made may lead us into freſh matters, we will here ſtop to account for the viſible alteration in Mr. Allworthy's mind, and the abatement of his anger to Jones. Revolutions of this kind, it is true, do frequently occur in hiſtories and dramatic writings, for no other reaſon than becauſe the hiſtory or play draws to a concluſion, and are juſtified by authority of Authors; yet though we inſiſt upon as much authority as any Author whatever, we ſhall uſe this power very ſparingly, and never but when we are driven to it by neceſſity, which we do not at preſent foreſee will happen in this work.

This alteration then in the mind of Mr. Allworthy was occaſioned by a letter he had juſt received from Mr. Square, and which we ſhall give the reader in the beginning of the next chapter.

CHAP. IV.

Containing two letters in very different ſtiles.

"My worthy friend,

"I Informed you in my laſt that I was forbidden "the uſe of the waters, as they were found by "experience rather to increaſe than leſſen the ſymptoms of my diſtemper. I muſt now acquaint you "with a piece of news, which, I believe, will afflict "my friends more than it hath afflicted me.—Dr. "Harrington and Dr. Brewſter have informed me, "that there is no hopes of my recovery.

"I have ſomewhere read, that the great uſe of "philoſophy is to learn to die. I will not therefore ſo far diſgrace mine, as to ſhow any ſurpriſe "at receiving a leſſon which I muſt be thought to "have ſo long ſtudied. Yet, to ſay the truth, one

"page

" page of the Goſpel, teaches this leſſon better than " all the volumes of antient or modern philoſophers. " The aſſurance it gives us of another life is a much " ſtronger ſupport to a good mind, than all the con- " ſolations that are drawn from the neceſſity of na- " ture, the emptineſs or ſatiety of our enjoyments " here, or any other topick of thoſe declamations " which are ſometimes capable of arming our minds " with a ſtubborn patience in bearing the thoughts of " death; but never of raiſing them to a real con- " tempt of it, and much leſs of making us think " it is a real good. I would not here be underſtood " to thrown the horrid cenſure of atheiſm, or even " the abſolute denial of immortality, on all who are " called philoſophers. Many of that ſect, as well " ancient as modern, have, from the light of reaſon, " diſcovered ſome hopes of a future ſtate; but, in " reality, that light was ſo faint and glimmering, " and the hopes were ſo uncertain and precarious, " that it may be juſtly doubted on which ſide their " belief turned. Plato himſelf concludes his Phæ- " don with declaring, that his beſt arguments amount " only to raiſe a probability; and Cicero himſelf " ſeems rather to profeſs an inclination to believe, " than an actual belief in the doctrines of immor- " tality. As to myſelf, to be very ſincere with you, " I never was much in earneſt in this faith, till I was " in earneſt a chriſtian.

" You will perhaps wonder at the latter expreſſion; " but I aſſure you it hath not been till very lately, " that I could, with truth, call myſelf ſo. The " pride of philoſophy had intoxicated my reaſon, " and the ſublimeſt of all wiſdom appeared to me, " as it did to the Greeks of old, to be fooliſhneſs. " God hath, however, been ſo gracious to ſhow me " my error in time, and to bring me into the way of " truth, before I ſunk into utter darkneſs for ever.

" I find myſelf beginning to grow weak, I ſhall, " therefore, haſten to the main purpoſe of this let- " ter.

" When I reflect on the actions of my paſt life, " I know of nothing which ſits heavier upon my " conſcience,

" conſcience, than the injuſtice I have been guilty
" of to that poor wretch your adopted ſon. I have
" indeed not only connived at the villainy of others,
" but been myſelf active in injuſtice towards him.
" Believe me, my dear friend, when I tell you on
" the word of a dying man, he hath been baſely in-
" jured. As to the principal fact, upon the miſre-
" preſentation of which you diſcarded him I ſolemnly
" aſſure you he is innocent. When you lay upon
" your ſuppoſed death-bed, he was the only perſon
" in the houſe who teſtified any real concern; and
" what happened afterwards aroſe from the wildneſs
" of his joy on your recovery; and, I am ſorry to
" ſay it, from the baſeneſs of another perſon (but it
" is my deſire to juſtify the innocent, and to accuſe
" none.) Believe me, my friend, this young man
" hath the nobleſt generoſity of heart, the moſt
" perfect capacity for friendſhip, the higheſt inte-
" grity, and indeed every virtue which can enoble a
" man. He hath ſome faults, but among them is
" not to be numbered the leaſt want of duty or gra-
" titude towards you. On the contrary, I am ſatis-
" fied, when you diſmiſſed him from your houſe, his
" heart bled for you more than for himſelf.

" Worldly motives were the wicked and baſe rea-
" ſons of my concealing this from you ſo long: to
" reveal it now, I can have no inducement but the
" deſire of ſerving the cauſe of truth, of doing right
" to the innocent, and of making all the amends
" in my power for a paſt offence. I hope this decla-
" ration, therefore, will have the effect deſired, and
" will reſtore this deſerving young man to your fa-
" vour; the hearing of which, while I am yet alive,
" will afford the utmoſt conſolation to,

" SIR,

" Your moſt obliged,

" Obedient humble ſervant,

" THOMAS SQUARE."

The

The reader will, after this, ſcarce wonder at the revolution ſo viſibly appearing in Mr. Allworthy, notwithſtanding he received from Thwackum, by the ſame poſt, another letter of a very different kind, which we ſhall here add, as it may poſſibly be the laſt time we ſhall have occaſion to mention the name of that gentleman.

'SIR,

'I am not all ſurpriſed at hearing from your 'worthy nephew a freſh inſtance of the villainy of 'Mr. Square the atheiſt's young pupil. I ſhall not 'wonder at any murthers he may commit; and I 'heartily pray that your own blood may not ſeal up 'his final commitment to the place of wailing and 'gnaſhing of teeth.

'Though you cannot want ſufficient calls to re-'pentance for the many unwarrantable weakneſſes 'exemplified in your behaviour to this wretch, ſo 'much to the prejudice of your own lawful family, 'and of your character; I ſay, though theſe may 'ſufficiently be ſuppoſed to prick and goad your 'conſcience at this ſeaſon; I ſhould yet be wanting to 'my duty, if I ſpared to give you ſome admonition 'in order to bring you to a due ſenſe of your errors. 'I therefore pray you ſeriouſly to conſider the judge-'ment which is likely to over-take this wicked vil-'lain; and let it ſerve at leaſt as a warning to you, 'that you may not for the future deſpiſe the advice 'of one who is ſo indefatigable in his prayers for 'your welfare.

'Had not my hand been with-held from due 'correction, I had ſcourged much of this diabolical 'ſpirit out of a boy, of whom from his infancy I 'diſcovered the devil had taken ſuch entire poſſeſſion; 'but reflexions of this kind now come too late.

'I am ſorry you have given away the living of 'Weſterton ſo haſtily. I ſhould have applied on 'that occaſion earlier, had I thought you would 'not have acquainted me previous to the diſpoſi-'tion.———Your objection to pluralities is being 'righteous over-much. If there were any crime in

'the practice, ſo many godly men would not agree 'to it.' If the vicar of Aldergrove ſhould die (as 'we hear he is in a declining way) I hope you will 'think of me, ſince I am certain you muſt be con- 'vinced of my moſt ſincere attachment to your 'higheſt welfare. A welfare to which all worldly 'conſiderations are as trifling as the ſmall tithes men- 'tioned in ſcripture are, when compared to the 'weighty matters of the law.

'I am, SIR,

'Your faithful humble ſervant,

'ROGER THWACKUM.'

This was the firſt time Thwackum ever wrote in this authoritative ſtile to Allworthy, and of this he had afterwards ſufficient reaſon to repent, as in the caſe of thoſe who miſtake the higheſt degree of goodneſs for the loweſt degree of weakneſs. Allworthy had indeed never liked this man. He knew him to be proud and ill-natured; he alſo knew that his divinity itſelf was tinctured with his temper, and ſuch as in many reſpects he himſelf did by no means approve: but he was at the ſame time an excellent ſcholar, and moſt indefatigable in teaching the two lads. Add to this the ſtrict ſeverity of his life and manners, an unimpeached honeſty, and a moſt devout attachment to religion. So that upon the whole, though Allworthy did not eſteem nor love the man, yet he could never bring himſelf to part with a tutor to the boys, who was, both by learning and induſtry, extremely well qualified for his office; and he hoped that as they were bred up in his own houſe, and under his own eye, he ſhould be able to correct whatever was wrong in Thwackum's inſtructions.

CHAP. V.

In which the hiſtory is continued.

MR. Allworthy in his laſt ſpeech, had recollected ſome tender ideas concerning Jones, which had brought tears into the good man's eyes.

This

This Mrs. Miller obſerving, ſaid, 'Yes, yes, Sir, 'your goodneſs to this poor young man is known, 'notwithſtanding all your care to conceal it; but 'there is not a ſingle ſyllable of truth in what thoſe 'villains ſaid. Mr. Nightingale hath now diſcovered 'the whole matter. It ſeems theſe fellows were em-'ployed by a lord, who is a rival of poor Mr. Jones, 'to have preſſed him on board a ſhip.——I 'aſſure them I don't know who they will preſs next. 'Mr. Nightingale here hath ſeen the officer himſelf, 'who is a very pretty gentleman; and hath told 'him all, and is very ſorry for what he undertook, 'which he would never have done, had he known 'Mr. Jones to have been a gentleman; but he was 'told that he was a common ſtrolling vagabond.'

Allworthy ſtared at all this, and declared he was a ſtranger to every word ſhe ſaid. 'Yes, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I believe you are.——It is a very different 'ſtory, I believe, from what thoſe fellows told the 'lawyer.'

'What lawyer, Madam? what is it you mean?' ſaid Allworthy. 'Nay, nay,' ſaid ſhe, 'this is ſo 'like you to deny your own goodneſs; but Mr. 'Nightingale here ſaw him.'—'Saw whom, Madam?' anſwered he. 'Why your lawyer, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that you ſo kindly ſent to enquire into the affair.' 'I am ſtill in the dark, upon my honour,' ſaid Allworthy. 'Why then do you tell him, my dear Sir,' cried ſhe. 'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid Nightingale, 'I did 'ſee that very lawyer, who went from you when I 'came into the room, at an alehouſe in Alderſgate, 'in company with two of the fellows who were em-'ployed by lord Fellamar to preſs Mr. Jones, and 'who were by that means preſent at the unhappy 'rencounter between him and Mr. Fitzpatrick.'—'I 'own, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. Miller, 'when I ſaw this gen-'tleman come into the room to you, I told Mr. 'Nightingale that I apprehended you had ſent him 'thither to enquire into the affair.' Allworthy ſhowed marks of aſtoniſhment in his countenance at this news, and was indeed for two or three minutes ſtruck dumb by it. At laſt, addreſſing himſelf to Mr.

Mr. Nightingale, he ſaid, 'I muſt confeſs myſelf, 'Sir, more ſurprized at what you tell me, than I 'have ever been before at any thing in my whole 'life. Are you certain this was the gentleman?'— 'I am moſt certain' anſwered Nightingale.—At 'Alderſgate?' cries Allworthy. And was you in 'company with this lawyer and the two fellows?'— 'I was Sir (ſaid the other) very near half an 'hour.'——'Well, Sir (ſaid Allworthy) and in 'what manner did the lawyer behave? did you hear 'all that paſſed between him and the fellows?'—'No, 'Sir (anſwered Nightingale) they had been to-'gether before I came.—In my preſence the lawyer 'ſaid little; but after I had ſeveral times examined 'the fellows, who perſiſted in a ſtory directly con-'trary to what I had heard from Mr. Jones, and which 'I find by Mr. Fitzpatrick was a rank falſehood; 'the lawyer then deſired the fellows to ſay nothing 'but what was the truth, and ſeemed to ſpeak ſo 'much in favour of Mr. Jones, that when I ſaw 'the ſame perſon with you, I concluded your good-'neſs had prompted you to ſend him thither.'— 'And did you not ſend him thither?' ſays Mrs. Mil-ler—'Indeed I did not' anſwered Allworthy; 'nor 'did I know he had gone on ſuch an errand 'till this 'moment.'—'I ſee it all!' ſaid Mrs. Miller; 'upon 'my ſoul, I ſee it all! No wonder they have been 'cloſetted ſo cloſe lately. Son Nightingale, let me 'beg you run for theſe fellows immediately—find 'them out if they are above ground. I will go my-'ſelf.'—'Dear Madam (ſaid Allworthy) be pa-'tient, and do me the favour to ſend a ſervant up 'ſtairs to call Mr. Dowling hither, if he be in the 'houſe; or, if not, Mr. Bliſil.' Mrs. Miller went out muttering ſomething to herſelf, and preſently re-turned with an anſwer. 'That Mr. Dowling was 'gone; but that the t'other, as ſhe called him, was 'coming.'

Allworthy was of a cooler diſpoſition than the good woman whoſe ſpirits were all up in arms in the cauſe of her friend. He was not, however, without ſome ſuſpicions which were near a-kin to her's. When Bliſil came

came into the room, he aſked him with a very ſerious countenance, and with a leſs friendly look than he had ever before given him, 'Whether he knew 'any thing of Mr. Dowling's having ſeen any of the 'perſons who were preſent at the duel between Jones 'and another gentleman?'

There is nothing ſo dangerous as a queſtion which comes by ſurpriſe on a man, whoſe buſineſs it is to conceal truth, or to defend falſehood. For which reaſon thoſe worthy perſonages, whoſe noble office it is to ſave the lives of their fellow-creatures at the Old-Bailey, take the utmoſt care, by frequent previous examination, to divine every queſtion which may be aſked their clients on the day of trial, that they may be ſupplied with proper and ready anſwers, which the moſt fertile invention cannot ſupply in an inſtant. Beſides, the ſudden and violent impulſe on the blood occaſioned by theſe ſurpriſes cauſes frequently ſuch an alteration in the countenance, that the man is obliged to give evidence againſt himſelf. And ſuch indeed were the alterations which the countenance of Blifil underwent from this ſudden queſtion, that we can ſcarce blame the eagerneſs of Mrs. Miller, who immediately cryed out, 'Guilty, upon my 'honour! guilty, upon my ſoul!'

Mr. Allworthy ſharply rebuked her for this impetuoſity; and then turning to Blifil, who ſeemed ſinking into the earth, he ſaid, 'Why do you heſitate, 'Sir, at giving me an anſwer? You certainly muſt 'have employed him; for he would not of his own 'accord, I believe, have undertaken ſuch an errand, 'and eſpecially without acquainting me.'

Blifil then anſwered, 'I own, Sir, I have been 'guilty of an offence, yet may I hope your par'don?——'My pardon' (ſaid Allworthy very an'grily.—'Nay, Sir (anſwered Blifil) I knew you 'would be offended; yet ſurely my dear uncle will 'forgive the effects of the moſt amiable of human 'weakneſſes. Compaſſion for thoſe who do not de'ſerve it, I own is a crime; and yet it is a crime 'from which you yourſelf are not entirely free. I 'know I have been guilty of it in more than one inſtance

'inſtance to this very perſon; and I will own I did 'ſend Mr. Dowling, not on a vain and fruitleſs en-'quiry, but to diſcover the witneſſes, and to en-'deavour to ſoften their evidence. This, Sir, is 'the truth; which, though I intended to conceal 'from you, I will not deny.'

'I confeſs,' ſaid Nightingale, 'this is the light 'in which it appeared to me from the gentleman's 'behaviour.'

'Now, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I believe you 'will once in your life own you have entertained a 'wrong ſuſpicion, and are not ſo angry with my 'nephew as you was.'

Mrs. Miller was ſilent; for though ſhe could not ſo haſtily be pleaſed with Blifil, whom ſhe looked upon to have been the ruin of Jones, yet in this particular inſtance he had impoſed upon her as well as upon the reſt; ſo entirely had the devil ſtood his friend. And, indeed, I look upon the vulgar obſervation, "That the Devil often deſerts his friends, and leaves "them in the lurch," to be a great abuſe on that gentleman's character. Perhaps he may ſometimes deſert thoſe who are only his cap acquaintance; or who, at moſt, are but half his; but he generally ſtands by thoſe who are thoroughly his ſervants, and helps them off in all extremities, 'till their bargain expires.

As a conquered rebellion ſtrengthens a government, or as health is more perfectly eſtabliſhed by recovery from ſome diſeaſes; ſo anger, when removed, often gives new life to affection. This was the caſe of Mr. Allworthy; for Blifil having wiped off the greater ſuſpicion, the leſſer, which had been raiſed by Square's letter, ſunk of courſe, and was forgotten; and Thwackum, with whom he was greatly offended, bore alone all the reflections which Square had caſt on the enemies of Jones.

As for that young man, the reſentment of Mr. Allworthy began more and more to abate towards him. He told Blifil, 'He did not only forgive the extra-'ordinary efforts of his good-nature, but would give 'him the pleaſure of following his example.' Then turning to Mrs. Miller, with a ſmile which would have become

become an angel, he cry'd, 'What ſay you, Madam; 'ſhall we take a hackney-coach, and all of us to-'gether pay a viſit to your friend? I promiſe you 'it is not the firſt viſit I have made in a priſon.'

Every reader, I believe, will be able to anſwer for the worthy woman; but they muſt have a great deal of good-nature, and be well acquainted with friendſhip, who can feel what ſhe felt on this occaſion. Few, I hope, are capable of feeling what now paſt in the mind of Blifil; but thoſe who are, will acknowledge, that it was impoſſible for him to raiſe any objection to this viſit. Fortune, however, or the gentleman lately mentioned above, ſtood his friend, and prevented his undergoing ſo great a ſhock; for at the very inſtant that the coach was ſent for, Partridge arrived, and having called Mrs. Miller from the company, acquainted her with the dreadful accident lately come to light; and hearing Mr. Allworthy's intention, begged her to find ſome means of ſtopping him; 'For,' ſays he, 'the matter muſt at all ha-'zards be kept a ſecret from him; and if he ſhould 'now go, he will find Mr. Jones and his mother, 'who arrived juſt as I left him, lamenting over one 'another the horrid crime they have ignorantly com-'mitted.'

The poor woman, who was almoſt deprived of her ſenſes at this dreadful news, was never leſs capable of invention than at preſent. However, as women are much readier at this than men, ſhe bethought herſelf of an excuſe, and returning to Allworthy, ſaid, 'I 'am ſure, Sir, you will be ſurprized at hearing any 'objection from me to the kind propoſal you juſt 'now made; and yet I am afraid of the conſequence 'of it, if carried immediately into execution. You 'muſt imagine, Sir, that all the calamities which 'have lately befallen this poor young fellow, muſt 'have thrown him into the loweſt dejection of ſpirits: 'and now, Sir, ſhould we all on a ſudden fling him 'into ſuch a violent fit of joy, as I know your pre-'ſence will occaſion, it may, I am afraid, produce 'ſome fatal miſchief, eſpecially as his ſervant, who is 'without, tells me he is very far from being well.'

'Is

'Is his ſervant without?' cries Allworthy; 'pray 'call him hither. I will aſk him ſome queſtions con-'cerning his maſter.'

Partridge was at firſt afraid to appear before Mr. Allworthy; but was at length perſuaded, after Mrs. Miller, who had often heard his whole ſtory from his own mouth, had promiſed to introduce him.

Allworthy recollected Partridge the moment he came into the room, though many years had paſſed ſince he had ſeen him. Mrs. Miller therefore might have ſpared here a formal oration, in which indeed ſhe was ſomething prolix: for the reader, I believe, may have obſerved already that the good woman, among other things, had a tongue always ready for the ſervice of her friends.

'And are you,' ſaid Allworthy to Partridge, 'the 'ſervant of Mr. Jones?'—'I can't ſay, Sir,' anſwered he, 'that I am regularly a ſervant, but I live with 'him, an't pleaſe your honour, at preſent. *Non ſum 'qualis eram*, as your honour very well knows.'

Mr. Allworthy then aſked him many queſtions concerning Jones, as to his health, and other matters; to all which Partridge anſwered, without having the leaſt regard to what was, but conſidered only what he would have things appear; for a ſtrict adherence to truth was not among the articles of this honeſt fellow's morality, or his religion.

During this dialogue Mr. Nightingale took his leave, and preſently after Mrs. Miller left the room, when Allworthy likewiſe diſpatched Blifil; for he imagined that Partridge, when alone with him, would be more explicit than before company. They were no ſooner left in private together, than Allworthy began as in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

In which the hiſtory is further continued.

'SURE, friend,' ſaid the good man, 'you are 'the ſtrangeſt of all human beings. Not only to 'have ſuffered as you have formerly, for obſtinately 'perſiſting in a falſehood; but to perſiſt in it thus to 'the

'the laſt, and to paſs thus upon the world for the ſer-
'vant of your own ſon? What intereſt can you have
'in all this? What can be your motive?'

'I ſee Sir,' ſaid Partridge, falling down upon his knees, 'that your honour is prepoſſeſſed againſt me,
'and reſolved not to believe any thing I ſay, and
'therefore what ſignifies my proteſtations; but yet
'there is one above who knows that I am not the
'father of this young man.'

'How!' ſaid Allworthy, 'will you yet deny what
'you was formerly convicted of upon ſuch unan-
'ſwerable, ſuch manifeſt evidence? Nay, what a
'confirmation is your being now found with this very
'man of all which twenty years ago appeared againſt
'you. I thought you had left the country; nay, I
'thought you had long ſince been dead.——In what
'manner did you know any thing of this young man?
'Where did you meet with him, unleſs you had kept
'ſome correſpondence together? Do not deny this;
'for I promiſe you it will greatly raiſe your ſon in
'my opinion, to find that he hath ſuch a ſenſe of
'filial duty, as privately to ſupport his father for ſo
'many years.'

'If your honour will have patience to hear me,' ſaid Partridge, 'I will tell you all.'—Being bid go on, he proceeded thus: 'When your honour con-
'ceived that diſpleaſure againſt me, it ended in my
'ruin ſoon after; for I loſt my little ſchool; and the
'miniſter, thinking I ſuppoſe it would be agreeable
'to your honour, turned me out from the office of
'clerk; ſo that I had nothing to truſt to but the
'barber's ſhop, which, in a country place like that,
'is a poor livelihood; and when my wife died (for
''till that time I received a penſion of 12l. a year
'from an unknown hand, which indeed I believe
'was your honour's own, for nobody that ever I
'heard of doth theſe things beſides); but as I was
'ſaying, when ſhe died, this penſion forſook me; ſo
'that now, as I owed two or three ſmall debts, which
'began to be troubleſome to me, particularly one* which

* This is a fact which I knew happened to a poor clergyman in Dorſetſhire, by the villainy of an attorney, who not contented with

'which an attorney brought up by law-charges from '15s. to near 30l. and as I found all my usual 'means of living had forsook me, I packed up my 'little as all well as I could, and went off.

'The first place I came to was Salisbury, where I 'got into the service of a gentleman belonging to 'the law, and one of the best gentlemen that ever I 'knew; for he was not only good to me, but I know 'a thousand good and charitable acts which he did 'while I staid with him; and I have known him of-'ten refuse business because it was paltry and op-'pressive.'—'You need not be so particular,' said Allworthy; 'I know this gentleman, and a very 'worthy man he is, and an honour to his profes-'sion.'—'Well, Sir,' continued Partridge, 'from 'hence I removed to Lymington, where I was above 'three years in the service of another lawyer, who 'was likewise a very good sort of a man, and to be 'sure one of the merriest gentlemen in England. 'Well, Sir, at the end of three years I set up a 'little school, and was likely to do well again, had 'it not been for a most unlucky accident. Here I 'kept a pig; and one day, as ill fortune would have 'it, this pig broke out, and did a trespass, I think 'they call it, in a garden belonging to one of my 'neighbours, who was a proud, revengeful man, 'and employed a lawyer, one—one—I can't think 'of his name; but he sent for a writ against me, and 'had me to Size. When I came there, Lord have 'mercy upon me—to hear what the counsellors said. 'There was one that told my lord a parcel of the 'confoundedst lies about me; he said, that I used to 'drive my hogs into other folks gardens, and a great 'deal more: and at last he said, "He hoped I had at 'last brought my hogs to a fair market." 'To be sure 'one would have thought that instead of being 'owner

with the exorbitant costs to which the poor man was put by a single action, brought afterwards another action on the judgement, as it was called. A method frequently used to oppress the poor, and bring money into the pockets of attorneys, to the great scandal of the law, of the nation, of christianity, and even of human nature itself.

'owner only of one poor little pig, I had been the 'greateſt hog-merchant in England. Well'—'Pray,' ſaid Allworthy, 'do not be ſo particular. I have 'heard nothing of your ſon yet.'—'O it was a great 'many years,' anſwered Partridge, 'before I ſaw 'my ſon, as you are pleaſed to call him.—I went 'over to Ireland after this, and taught ſchool at Cork, '(for that one ſuit ruined me again, and I lay ſeven 'years in Wincheſter goal.')—'Well,' ſaid All-'worthy, 'paſs that over till your return to England.' —'Then, Sir,' ſaid he 'it was about half a year 'ago that I landed at Briſtol, where I ſtaid ſome time, 'and not finding it do there, and hearing of a place 'between that and Glouceſter, where the barber was 'juſt dead, I went thither, and there I had been 'about two months, when Mr. Jones came thither.' He then gave Allworthy a very particular account of their firſt meeting, and of every thing, as well as he could remember, which had happened from that day to this; frequently interlarding his ſtory with panegyrics on Jones, and not forgetting to inſinuate the great love and reſpect which he had for Allworthy. He concluded with ſaying, 'Now, Sir, I have told your 'honour the whole truth.' And then repeated a moſt ſolemn proteſtation, 'That he was no more the 'father of Jones than of the pope of Rome;' and imprecated the moſt bitter curſes on his head, if he did not ſpeak truth.

'What am I think of this matter?' cries Allworthy. 'For what purpoſe ſhould you ſo ſtrongly 'deny a fact, which I think it would be rather your 'intereſt to own?'—'Nay, Sir, anſwered Partridge, (for he could hold no longer) 'if your honour will 'not believe me, you are like ſoon to have ſatis-'faction enough. I wiſh you had miſtaken the 'mother of this young man, as well as you have 'his father.'——And now, being aſked what he meant, with all the ſymptoms of horrour, both in his voice and countenance, he told Allworthy the whole ſtory, which he had a little before expreſſed ſuch deſire to Mrs. Miller to conceal from him.

Allworthy was almoſt as much ſhocked at this diſcovery as Partridge himſelf had been while he related it. 'Good heavens!' ſays he, 'in what miſerable 'diſtreſſes do vice and imprudence involve men! 'How much beyond our deſigns are the effects of 'wickedneſs ſometimes carried!' He had ſcarce uttered theſe words, when Mrs. Waters came haſtily and abruptly into the room. Partridge no ſooner ſaw her, than he cried, 'Here, Sir, is the very wo-'man herſelf. This is the unfortunate mother of 'Mr. Jones; I am ſure ſhe will acquit me before 'your honour.— Pray Madam'—

Mrs. Waters, without paying any regard to what Partridge ſaid, and almoſt without taking any notice of him, advanced to Mr. Allworthy. 'I believe, 'Sir, it is ſo long ſince I had the honour of ſeeing 'you, that you do not recollect me.'——'Indeed,' anſwered Allworthy, 'you are ſo very much altered 'on many accounts, that had not this man already 'acquainted me who you are, I ſhould not have 'immediately called you to my remembrance. Have 'you, Madam, any particular buſineſs which brings 'you to me?'—Allworthy ſpoke this with great reſerve; for the reader may eaſily believe he was not well pleaſed with the conduct of this lady; neither with what he had formerly heard, nor with what Partridge had now delivered.

Mrs. Waters anſwered——'Indeed, Sir, I have 'very particular buſineſs with you: and it is ſuch 'as I can impart only to yourſelf.——I muſt deſire 'therefore the favour of a word with you alone; 'for I aſſure you what I have to tell you is of the 'utmoſt importance.'

Partridge was then ordered to withdraw, but before he went, he begged the lady to ſatisfy Mr. Allworthy that he was perfectly innocent. To which ſhe anſwered,—'You need be under no apprehenſion, 'Sir, I ſhall ſatisfy Mr. Allworthy very perfectly of 'that matter.'

Then Partridge withdrew, and that paſſed between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Waters which is written in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Continuation of the hiſtory.

MRS. Waters remaining a few moments ſilent, Mr. Allworthy could not refrain from ſaying, 'I am ſorry, Madam, to perceive by what I have ſince 'heard, that you have made ſo very ill a uſe'——'Mr. Allworthy,' ſays ſhe, interrupting him, 'I know 'I have faults, but ingratitude to you is not one of 'them. I never can nor ſhall forget your goodneſs, 'which I own I have very little deſerved; but be 'pleaſed to wave all upbraiding me at preſent, as I 'have ſo important an affair to communicate to you 'concerning this young man, to whom you have 'given my maiden name of Jones.'

'Have I then,' ſaid Allworthy, 'ignorantly puniſh-'ed an innocent man, in the perſon of him who hath 'juſt left us? Was he not the father of the child?'—'Indeed he was not,' ſaid Mrs. Waters. 'You 'may be pleaſed to remember, Sir, I formerly told 'you, you ſhould one day know; and I acknowledge 'myſelf to have been guilty of a cruel neglect, in 'not having diſcovered it to you before. Indeed I 'little knew how neceſſary it was.'—'Well, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'be pleaſed to proceed.'—'You 'muſt remember, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'a young fellow, 'whoſe name was Summer.'—'Very well,' cries Allworthy, 'he was the ſon of a clergyman of great 'learning and virtue, for whom I had the higheſt 'friendſhip.'—'So it appeared, Sir, anſwered ſhe; 'for I believe you bred the young man up, and 'maintained him at the Univerſity; where, I think, 'he had finiſhed his ſtudies when he came to reſide 'at your houſe; a finer man, I muſt ſay, the ſun 'never ſhone upon; for, beſides the handſomeſt per-'ſon I ever ſaw, he was ſo genteel, and had ſo much 'wit and good breeding.'—'Poor gentleman,' ſaid Allworthy, 'he was indeed untimely ſnatched away; 'and little did I think he had any ſins of this kind 'to anſwer for; for I plainly perceive you are going 'to tell me he was the father of your child.'

'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'he was not.'—'How?' ſaid Allworthy, 'to what then tends all this preface?' 'To a ſtory, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'which I am concerned 'falls to my lot to unfold to you.—O, Sir, prepare to 'hear ſomething which will ſurpriſe you, will grieve 'you.'—'Speak,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I am conſcious of 'no crime, and cannot be afraid to hear.'—'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that Mr. Summer, the ſon of your 'friend, educated at your expence, who, after living 'a year in the houſe as if he had been your own ſon, 'died there of the ſmall-pox, was tenderly lamented 'by you, and buried as if he had been your own; 'that Summer, Sir, was the father of this child.'—'How!' ſaid Allworthy, 'you contradict yourſelf.'—'That I do not,' anſwered ſhe, 'he was indeed 'the father of this child, but not by me.'—'Take 'care, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy; 'do not, to ſhun 'the imputation of any crime, be guilty of falſehood. 'Remember there is one from whom you can conceal 'nothing, and before whoſe tribunal falſehood will 'only aggravate your guilt.'—'Indeed, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I am not his mother; nor would I now think my-'ſelf ſo for the world.'—'I know your reaſon,' ſaid Allworthy, 'and ſhall rejoice as much as you to 'find it otherwiſe; yet you muſt remember, you 'yourſelf confeſſed it before me.'—'So far what I 'confeſſed,' ſaid ſhe, 'was true, that theſe hands con-'veyed the infant to your bed; conveyed it thither 'at the command of its mother; at her commands 'I afterwards owned it, and thought myſelf, by her 'generoſity, nobly rewarded, both for my ſecrecy 'and my ſhame.'—'Who could this woman be?' ſaid Allworthy. 'Indeed I tremble to name her,' anſwered Mrs. Waters. 'By all this preparation I 'am to gueſs that ſhe was a relation of mine,' cried he. 'Indeed ſhe was a near one.' At which words Allworthy ſtarted, and ſhe continued—'You had a 'ſiſter, Sir,'—'A ſiſter!' repeated he looking aghaſt. ——'As there is truth in heaven,' cries ſhe, 'your 'ſiſter was the mother of that child you found be-'tween your ſheets.'—'Can it be poſſible?' cries he, 'good heavens!'—'Have patience, Sir,' ſaid Mrs.

Mrs. Waters, 'and I will unfold to you the whole 'ſtory. Juſt after your departure for London, Miſs 'Bridget came one day to the houſe of my mother. 'She was pleaſed to ſay ſhe had heard an extraordi-'nary character of me, for my learning and ſuperior 'underſtanding to all the young women there, ſo 'ſhe was pleaſed to ſay. She then bid me come to 'her to the great houſe; where when I attended, 'ſhe employed me to read to her. She expreſſed 'great ſatisfaction in my reading, ſhowed great kind-'neſs to me, and made me many preſents. At 'laſt ſhe began to catechiſe me on the ſubject of 'ſecrecy, to which I gave her ſuch ſatisfactory an-'ſwers, that, at laſt, having locked the door of her 'room, ſhe took me into her cloſet, and then lock-'ing that door likewiſe, ſhe ſaid, ſhe ſhould convince 'me of the vaſt reliance ſhe had on my integrity, by 'communicating a ſecret in which her honour, and 'conſequently her life was concerned. She then 'ſtopped, and after a ſilence of a few minutes, during 'which ſhe often wiped her eyes, ſhe enquired of 'me, if I thought my mother might ſafely be con-'fided in. I anſwered, I would ſtake my life on her 'fidelity. She then imparted to me the great ſecret 'which laboured in her breaſt, and which, I believe, 'was delivered with more pains than ſhe afterwards 'ſuffered in child-birth. It was then contrived, 'that my mother and myſelf only ſhould attend at 'the time, and that Mrs. Wilkins ſhould be ſent out 'of the way, as ſhe accordingly was, to the very 'fartheſt part of Dorſetſhire, to enquire the character 'of a ſervant; for the lady had turned away her 'own maid near three months before; during all 'which time I officiated about her perſon upon trial, 'as ſhe ſaid, though, as ſhe afterwards declared, 'I was not ſufficiently handy for the place. This, 'and many other ſuch things which ſhe uſed to ſay 'of me, were all thrown out to prevent any ſuſpicion 'which Wilkins might hereafter have, when I was 'to own the child; for ſhe thought it could never be 'believed ſhe would venture to hurt a young woman 'with whom ſhe had entruſted ſuch a ſecret. You

'may be assured, Sir, I was well paid for all these 'affronts, which, together with being informed of 'the occasion of them, very well contented me. 'Indeed the lady had a greater suspicion of Mrs. 'Wilkins than of any other person; not that she 'had the least aversion to the gentlewoman, but she 'thought her incapable of keeping a secret, especi-'ally from you, Sir: for I have often heard Miss 'Bridget say, that if Mrs. Wilkins had committed 'a murder, she believed she would acquaint you 'with it. At last the expected day came, and Mrs. 'Wilkins, who had been kept a week in readiness, 'and put off from time to time, upon some pre-'tence or other, that she might not return too soon, 'was despatched. Then the child was born, in the 'presence only of myself and my mother, and was 'by my mother conveyed to her own house, where 'it was privately kept by her till the evening of 'your return, when I, by the command of Miss 'Bridget, conveyed it into the bed where you found 'it. And all suspicions were afterwards laid asleep 'by the artful conduct of your sister, in pretending 'ill-will to the boy, and that any regard she showed 'him was out of mere complaisance to you.'

Mrs. Waters then made many protestations of the truth of this story, and concluded by saying, 'Thus, Sir, you have at last discovered your ne-'phew; for so I am sure you will hereafter think 'him, and I question not but he will be both an 'honour and a comfort to you under that appella-'tion.'

'I need not, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'express 'my astonishment at what you have told me; and 'yet surely you would not; and could not, have put 'together so many circumstances to evidence an un-'truth. I confess, I recollect some passages relating 'to that Summer, which formerly gave me a con-'ceit, that my sister had some liking to him. I 'mentioned it to her; for I had such a regard to 'the young man, as well on his own account, as 'on his father's, that I should willingly have con-'sented to a match between them; but she expressed

'the

'the higheſt diſdain of my unkind ſuſpicion, as ſhe 'called it; ſo that I never ſpoke more on the ſubject. 'Good heavens! Well! the Lord diſpoſeth all things. '——Yet ſure it was a moſt unjuſtifiable conduct in 'my ſiſter to carry this ſecret with her out of the 'world.'—'I promiſe you, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. Waters, 'ſhe always profeſſed a contrary intention, and fre-'quently told me, ſhe intended one day to commu-'nicate it to you. She ſaid indeed, ſhe was highly 'rejoiced that her plot had ſucceeded ſo well, and 'that you had of your own accord taken ſuch a fancy 'to the child, that it was yet unneceſſary to make 'any expreſs declaration. Oh! Sir, had that lady 'lived to have ſeen this poor young man turned like 'a vagabond from your houſe; nay, Sir, could ſhe 'have lived to hear that you yourſelf had employed 'a lawyer to proſecute him for a murder of which 'he was not guilty——Forgive me, Mr. Allworthy, 'I muſt ſay it was unkind.——Indeed you have been 'abuſed—he never deſerved it of you.'—'Indeed, 'Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I have been abuſed by 'the perſon, whoever he was, that told you ſo.' 'Nay, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I would not be miſtaken; I 'did not preſume to ſay you were guilty of any 'wrong. The gentleman who came to me, propoſed no 'ſuch matter: he only ſaid, taking me for Mr. Fitz-'patrick's wife, that if Mr. Jones had murdered my 'huſband, I ſhould be aſſiſted with any money I 'wanted to carry on the proſecution, by a very 'worthy gentleman, who, he ſaid, was well apprized 'what a villain I had to deal with. It was by this 'man I found out who Mr. Jones was; and this 'man, whoſe name is Dowling, Mr. Jones tells me, 'is your ſteward. I diſcovered his name by a very 'odd accident; for he himſelf refuſed to tell it 'me; but Partridge, who met him at my lodgings 'the ſecond time he came, knew him formerly at 'Saliſbury.'

'And did this Mr. Dowling,' ſays Allworthy, with great aſtoniſhment in his countenance, 'tell you 'that I would aſſiſt in the proſecution?'——'No, 'Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I will not charge him wrong-

'fully. He ſaid I ſhould be aſſiſted, but he mentioned no name.——Yet, you muſt pardon me, Sir, 'if from circumſtances I thought it could be no 'other.'——'Indeed, Madam,' ſays Allworthy, 'from circumſtances I am too well convinced it was 'another.——Good heaven! by what wonderful 'means is the blackeſt and deepeſt villainy ſometimes 'diſcovered!——Shall I beg you, Madam, to ſtay 'till the perſon you have mentioned comes; for I 'expect him every minute; nay he may be, perhaps, 'already in the houſe.'

Allworthy then ſtepped to the door, in order to call a ſervant, when in came, not Mr. Dowling, but the gentleman who will be ſeen in the next chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

Further continuation.

THE gentleman who now arrived was no other than Mr. Weſtern. He no ſooner ſaw Allworthy, than without conſidering in the leaſt the preſence of Mrs. Waters, he began to vociferate in the following manner. 'Fine doings at my houſe! 'A rare kettle of fiſh I have diſcovered at laſt; who 'the devil would be plagued with a daughter?'—'What's the matter, neighbour?' ſaid Allworthy. 'Matter enough,' anſwered Weſtern. 'When I 'thought ſhe was a juſt coming to; nay, when ſhe 'had in a manner promiſed me to do as I would ha 'her, and when I was a hope to have had nothing 'more to do than to have ſent for the lawyer, 'and finiſhed all—What do you think I have found 'out? that the little b—— hath been playing tricks 'with me all the while, and carrying on a correſpon-'dence with that baſtard of your's. Siſter Weſtern, 'whom I have quarrelled with upon her account, 'ſent me word o't, and I ordered her pockets to be 'ſearched when ſhe was aſleep, and here I have got 'un ſigned with the ſon of a whore's own name. I 'have not had patience to read half o't, for 'tis 'longer than one of parſon Supple's ſermons; but I 'find plainly it is all about love; and indeed what

'ſhould

'ſhould it be elſe? I have packed her up in chamber
'again, and to-morrow morning down ſhe goes into
'the country, unleſs ſhe conſents to be married di-
'rectly, and there ſhe ſhall live in a garret upon
'bread and water all her days; and the ſooner ſuch
'a b—— breaks her heart the better, though d—n
'her, that I believe is too tough. She will live long
'enough to plague me.'—'Mr. Weſtern,' anſwered
Allworthy, 'you know I have always proteſted
'againſt force, and you yourſelf conſented that none
'ſhould be uſed.'—'Ay,' cries he, 'that was only
'upon condition that ſhe would conſent without.
'What the devil and doctor Fauſtus! ſhan't I do
'what I will with my own daughter, eſpecially when
'I deſire nothing but her own good?'—'Well, neigh-
'bour,' anſwered Allworthy, 'if you will give me
'leave, I will undertake once to argue with the
'young lady.'—'Will you,' ſaid Weſtern, 'why
'that is kind now and neighbourly, and mayhap you
'will do more than I have been able to do with her;
'for I promiſe you ſhe hath a very good opinion of
'you.'—'Well, Sir,' ſaid Allworthy, 'if you will
'go home, and releaſe the young lady from her cap-
'tivity, I will wait upon her within this half hour.'
——'But ſuppoſe,' ſaid Weſtern, 'ſhe ſhould run
'away with un in the mean time? For lawyer Dow-
'ling tells me, there is no hopes of hanging the fel-
'low at laſt; for that the man is alive, and like to
'do well, and that he thinks Jones will be out of
'priſon again preſently.'——'How,' ſaid All-
worthy, 'what did you employ him then to enquire,
'or to do any thing in that mattter?'—'Not I,' an-
ſwered Weſtern, 'he mentioned it to me juſt now
'of his own accord.'——'Juſt now!' cries Allwor-
thy, 'why, where did you ſee him then? I want
'much to ſee Mr. Dowling.'—'Why you may ſee
'un an you will preſently at my lodgings; for there
'is to be a meeting of lawyers there this morning,
'about a mortgage. —Icod! I ſhall loſe two or three
'thouſand pounds, I believe, by that honeſt gentle-
'man, Mr. Nightingale.'—'Well, Sir,' ſaid All-
worthy, 'I will be with you within the half hour.'

'And do for once,' cries the 'ſquire, 'take a fool's 'advice; and never think of dealing with her by 'gentle methods, take my word for it, thoſe will 'never do. I have tried um long enough. She 'muſt be frightened into it, there is no other way. Tell her I'm her father; and of the horrid ſin of 'diſobedience, and of the dreadful puniſhment of it 'in t'other world, and then tell her about being 'locked up in a garret all her life in this, and being 'kept only on bread and water.'—'I will do all I 'can,' ſaid Allworthy; 'for, I promiſe you, there 'is nothing I wiſh for more than an alliance with 'this amiable creature.'—'Nay, the girl is well 'enough, for matter o'that,' cries the 'ſquire; 'a man 'may go farther and meet with worſe meat; that I 'may declare o' her, thof ſhe be my own daugh-'ter. And if ſhe will be but obedient to me, there 'is n'arrow a father within a hundred miles o'the 'place, that loves a daughter better than I do: but 'I ſee you are buſy with the lady here, ſo I will go 'huome and expect you, and ſo your humble ſer-'vant.'

As ſoon as Mr. Weſtern was gone, Mrs. Waters ſaid, 'I ſee, Sir, the 'ſquire hath not the leaſt re-'membrance of my face. I believe, Mr. Allworthy, 'you would not have known me neither. I am very 'conſiderably altered ſince that day when you ſo 'kindly gave me that advice, which I had been 'happy had I followed.———'Indeed, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'it gave me great concern when I 'firſt heard the contrary.'—'Indeed, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I was ruined by a very deep ſcheme of villainy, 'which if you knew, though I pretend not to think 'it would juſtify me in your opinion, it would at 'leaſt mitigate my offence, and induce you to pity 'me; you are not now at leiſure to hear my whole 'ſtory; but this I aſſure you, I was betrayed by the 'moſt ſolemn promiſes of marriage; nay, in the 'eye of heaven I was married to him; for after 'much reading on the ſubject, I am convinced that 'particular ceremonies are only requiſite to give a 'legal ſanction to marriage, and have only a worldly

'uſe

'uſe in giving a woman the privileges of a wife; 'but that ſhe who lives conſtant to one man, after a 'ſolemn private affiance, whatever the world may 'call her, hath little to charge on her own con-'ſcience.'—'I am ſorry, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'you made ſo ill an uſe of your learning. Indeed 'it would have been well that you had been poſ-'ſeſſed of much more, or had remained in a ſtate of 'ignorance. And yet, Madam, I am afraid you 'have more than this ſin to anſwer for.'—'During 'his life,' anſwered ſhe, 'which was above a dozen 'years, I moſt ſolemnly aſſure you I had not. And 'conſider, Sir, on my behalf, what is in the power 'of a woman ſtripped of her reputation, and left deſ-'titute; whether the good-natured world will ſuffer 'ſuch a ſtray ſheep to return to the road of virtue, 'even if ſhe was ever ſo deſirous. I proteſt then I 'would have choſen it had it been in my power; but 'neceſſity drove me into the arms of captain Waters, 'with whom, though ſtill unmarried, I lived as a 'wife for many years, and went by his name. I 'parted with this gentleman at Worceſter, on his 'march againſt the rebels, and it was then I acciden-'tally met with Mr. Jones, who reſcued me from the 'hands of a villain. Indeed he is the worthieſt of 'men. No young gentleman of his age is, I be-'lieve, freer from vice, and few have the twentieth 'part of his virtues; nay, whatever vices he hath 'had, I am firmly perſuaded he hath now taken a 'reſolution to abandon them.'—'I hope he hath,' cries Allworthy, 'and I hope he will preſerve that 'reſolution. I muſt ſay I have ſtill the ſame hopes 'with regard to yourſelf. The world, I do agree, 'are apt to be too unmerciful on theſe occaſions; yet 'time and perſeverance will get the better of this 'their diſinclination, as I may call it, to pity; for 'though they are not, like heaven, ready to receive 'a penitent ſinner; yet a continued repentance will 'at length obtain mercy even with the world. This 'you may be aſſured of, Mrs. Waters, that when-'ever I find you are ſincere in ſuch good intentions,

'you ſhall want no aſſiſtance in my power to make 'them effectual.'

Mrs. Waters fell now upon her knees before him, and, in a flood of tears, made him many moſt paſſionate acknowledgements of his goodneſs, which, as ſhe truly ſaid, ſavoured more of the divine than human nature.

Allworthy raiſed her up, and ſpoke in the moſt tender manner, making uſe of every expreſſion which his invention could ſuggeſt to comfort her, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Dowling, who, upon his firſt entrance, ſeeing Mrs. Waters, ſtarted, and appeared in ſome confuſion; from which he ſoon recovered himſelf as well as he could, and then ſaid, he was in the utmoſt haſte to attend counſel at Mr. Weſtern's lodgings; but, however, thought it his duty to call and acquaint him with the opinion of counſel, upon the caſe which he had before told him, which was, that the converſion of the monies in that caſe could not be queſtioned in a criminal cauſe, but that an action of trover might be brought, and if it appeared to the jury to be the monies of plaintiff, that plaintiff would recover a verdict for the value.

Allworthy, without making any anſwer to this, bolted the door, and then advancing with a ſtern look to Dowling, he ſaid, 'Whatever be your haſte, Sir, 'I muſt firſt receive an anſwer to ſome queſtions. 'Do you know this lady?——'That lady, Sir?' anſwered Dowling, with great heſitation. Allworthy then, with the moſt ſolemn voice, ſaid, 'Look you, 'Mr. Dowling, as you value my favour, or your 'continuance a moment longer in my ſervice, do not 'heſitate nor prevaricate; but anſwer faithfully and 'truly to every queſtion I aſk.—Do you know this 'lady?'——'Yes, Sir,' ſaid Dowling, 'I have ſeen 'the lady.'—'Where, Sir,?'—'At her own lodgings.' ——'Upon what buſineſs did you go thither, Sir; 'and who ſent you?'—'I went, Sir, to enquire, Sir, 'about Mr. Jones.'—'And who ſent you to enquire 'about him?'—'Who, Sir? why, Sir, Mr. Blifil ſent 'me.'—'And what did you ſay to the lady concern-'ing that matter?'—'Nay, Sir, it is impoſſible to re-

'collect

'collect every word.'—'Will you please, Madam, to 'assist the gentleman's memory?'—'He told me, Sir,' said Mrs. Waters, "that if Mr. Jones had murthered "my husband, I should be assisted by any money I "wanted to carry on the prosecution, by a very "worthy gentleman, who was well apprised what a "villain I had to deal with."—'These, I can safely 'swear, were the very words he spoke.'——'Were 'these the words, Sir?' said Allworthy. 'I cannot 'charge my memory exactly,' cries Dowling, 'but I 'believe I did speak to that purpose.'——'And did 'Mr. Blifil order you to say so?'—'I am sure, Sir, 'I should not have gone on my own accord, nor 'have willingly exceeded my authority in matters of 'this kind. If I said so, I must have so understood 'Mr. Blifil's instructions.'—'Look you, Mr. Dow-'ling,' said Allworthy, 'I promise you before this 'lady, that whatever you have done in this affair by 'Mr. Blifil's order I will forgive, provided you 'now tell me strictly the truth: for I believe what 'you say, that you would not have acted of your 'own accord, and without authority, in this matter. '——Mr. Blifil then likewise sent you to examine 'the two fellows at Aldersgate?'——'He did, Sir.' 'Well, and what instructions did he then give you? 'Recollect as well as you can, and tell me, as near 'as possible, the very words he used.'——'Why, 'Sir, Mr. Blifil sent me to find out the persons who 'were eye-witnesses of this fight. He said, he feared 'they might be tampered with by Mr. Jones, or 'some of his friends. He said, blood required 'blood; and that not only all who concealed a mur-'therer, but those who omitted any thing in their 'power to bring him to justice, were sharers in his 'guilt. He said, he found you was very desirous of 'having the villain brought to justice, though it was 'not proper you should appear in it.'——'He did 'so?' said Allworthy.——'Yes, Sir,' cries Dowling, 'I should not, I am sure, have proceeded such 'lengths for the sake of any other person living but 'your worship.'——'What lengths, Sir?' said All-worthy.——'Nay, Sir,' cries Dowling, I would not

'have

'have your worſhip think I would, on any account, 'be guilty of ſubornation of perjury; but there are 'two ways of delivering evidence. I told them, there-'fore, that if any offers ſhould be made them on 'the other ſide, they ſhould refuſe them, and that 'they might be aſſured they ſhould loſe nothing by 'being honeſt men, and telling the truth. I ſaid, we 'were told, that Mr. Jones had aſſaulted the gentle-'man firſt, and that if that was the truth, they ſhould 'declare it; and I did give them ſome hints that 'they ſhould be no loſers.'——'I think you went 'lengths indeed,' cries Allworthy.——'Nay, Sir,' anſwered Dowling, 'I am ſure I did not deſire them 'to tell an untruth;—nor ſhould I have ſaid what 'I did, unleſs it had been to oblige you.'—— 'You would not have thought, I believe,' ſays Allworthy, 'to have obliged me, had you known that 'this Mr. Jones was my own nephew.'——'I am 'ſure, Sir,' anſwered he, 'it did not become me to 'take any notice of what I thought you deſired to 'conceal.'——'How!' cries Allworthy, 'and did 'you know it then?'——'Nay, Sir,' anſwered Dowling, 'if your worſhip bids me ſpeak the truth, 'I am ſure I ſhall do it.—Indeed, Sir, I did know 'it; for they were almoſt the laſt words which Ma-'dam Blifil ever ſpoke, which ſhe mentioned to me 'as I ſtood alone by her bed-ſide, when ſhe delivered 'me the letter I brought your worſhip from her.' —'What letter?' cries Allworthy.—'The letter, 'Sir,' anſwered Dowling, which I brought from 'Saliſbury, and which I delivered into the hands of 'Mr. Blifil.'—'O heavens!' cries Allworthy. 'Well, 'and what were the words? What did my ſiſter ſay 'to you?'—'She took me by the hand,' anſwered he, 'and as ſhe delivered me the letter, ſaid "I "ſcarce know what I have written. Tell my bro-"ther Mr. Jones is his nephew—He is my ſon.—Bleſs "him," ſays ſhe, and then fell backward, as if 'dying away. I preſently called in the people, and 'ſhe never ſpoke more to me, and died within a 'few minutes afterwards.'—Allworthy ſtood a minute ſilent, lifting up his eyes, and then turning to Dowling,

ling, ſaid,——'How came you, Sir, not to deliver 'me this meſſage?'—'Your worſhip,' anſwered he, 'muſt remember that you was at that time ill in bed; 'and being in a violent hurry, as indeed I always 'am, I delivered the letter and meſſage to Mr. Bli-'fil, who told me he would carry them both to you, 'which he hath ſince told me he did, and that your 'worſhip, partly out of friendſhip to Mr. Jones, and 'partly out of regard to your ſiſter, would never 'have it mentioned; and did intend to conceal it 'from the world; and therefore, Sir, if you had 'not mentioned it to me firſt, I am certain I ſhould 'never have thought it belonged to me to ſay any 'thing of the matter, either to your worſhip, or any 'other perſon.'

We have remarked ſomewhere already, that it is poſſible for a man to convey a lie in the words of truth; this was the caſe at preſent: for Blifil had, in fact, told Dowling what he now related; but had not impoſed upon him, nor indeed had imagined that he was able ſo to do. In reality, the promiſes which Blifil had made to Dowling were the motives which had induced him to ſecrecy; and as he very plainly ſaw Blifil would not be able to keep them, he thought proper now to make this confeſſion, which the promiſes of forgiveneſs, joined to the threats, the voice, the looks of Allworthy, and the diſcoveries he had made before, extorted from him, who was beſides taken unawares, and had no time to conſider of evaſions.

Allworthy appeared well ſatisfied with this relation, and having enjoined on Dowling ſtrict ſilence as to what had paſſed, conducted that gentleman himſelf to the door, leſt he ſhould ſee Blifil, who was returned to his chamber, where he exulted in the thoughts of his laſt deceit on his uncle, and little ſuſpected what had ſince paſſed below ſtairs.

As Allworthy was returning to his room, he met Mrs. Miller in the entry, who, with a face all pale, and full of terrour, ſaid to him, 'O! Sir, I find this 'wicked woman hath been with you, and you know 'all; yet do not on this account abandon the poor

'young man. Conſider, Sir, he was ignorant it was 'his own mother; and the diſcovery itſelf will moſt 'probably break his heart without your unkindneſs.'

'Madam,' ſays Allworthy, 'I am under ſuch an 'aſtoniſhment at what I have heard, that I am 'really unable to ſatisfy you; but come with me into 'my room. Indeed, Mrs. Miller, I have made 'ſurpriſing diſcoveries, and you ſhall ſoon know 'them.'

The poor woman followed him trembling; and now Allworthy going up to Mrs. Waters, took her by the hand, and then turning to Mrs. Miller, ſaid, 'What 'reward ſhall I beſtow upon this gentlewoman for 'the ſervices ſhe hath done me?——O! Mrs. Miller, 'you have a thouſand times heard me call the young 'man, to whom you are ſo faithful a friend, my 'ſon. Little did I then think he was indeed related 'to me at all.—You friend, Madam, is my nephew; 'he is the brother of that wicked viper which I have 'ſo long nouriſhed in my boſom.—She will herſelf 'tell you the whole ſtory, and how the youth came 'to paſs for her ſon. Indeed, Mrs. Miller, I am 'convinced that he hath been wronged, and that I 'have been abuſed; abuſed by one whom you too 'juſtly ſuſpected of being a villain. He is, in truth, 'the worſt of villains.'

The joy that Mrs. Miller now felt bereft her of the power of ſpeech, and might perhaps have deprived her of her ſenſes, if not of life, had not a friendly ſhower of tears come ſeaſonably to her relief. At length recovering ſo far of her tranſport as to be able to ſpeak, ſhe cried: 'And is my dear Mr. 'Jones then your nephew, Sir? and not the ſon 'of this lady? And are your eyes open to him at 'laſt? And ſhall I live to ſee him as happy as he de-'ſerves?'—'He certainly is my nephew,' ſays Allworthy, 'and I hope all the reſt.'—'And is this 'dear good woman, the perſon,' cries ſhe, 'to 'whom all this diſcovery is owing!'—'She is in-'deed, ſays Allworthy.—'Why then,' cried Mrs. Miller upon her knees, 'may heaven ſhower down its 'choiceſt bleſſings upon her head, and for this one

'good

'good action forgive her all her ſins, be they never ſo
'many.'

Mrs. Waters then informed them, that ſhe believed Jones would very ſhortly be releaſed; for that the ſurgeon was gone, in company with a nobleman, to the juſtice who committed him, in order to certify that Mr. Fitzpatrick was out of all manner of danger, and to procure the priſoner his liberty.

Allworthy ſaid, he ſhould be glad to find his nephew there at his return home; but that he was then obliged to go on ſome buſineſs of conſequence. He then called to a ſervant to fetch him a chair, and preſently left the two ladies together.

Mr. Blifil, hearing the chair ordered, came down ſtairs to attend upon his uncle, for he never was deficient in ſuch acts of duty. He aſked his uncle if he was going out? which is a civil way of aſking a man whither he is going: to which the other making no anſwer, he again deſired to know when he would be pleaſed to return?—Allworthy made no anſwer to this neither, till he was juſt getting into his chair, and then turning about, he ſaid.—'Harkee,
'Sir, do you find out, before my return, the letter
'which your mother ſent me on her death-bed.' Allworthy then departed, and left Blifil in a ſituation to be envied only by a man who is juſt going to be hanged.

CHAP. IX.

A further continuation.

ALLWORTHY took an opportunity, whilſt he was in the chair, of reading the letter from Jones to Sophia, which Weſtern delivered him; and there were ſome expreſſions in it concerning himſelf, which drew tears from his eyes. At length he arrived at Mr. Weſtern's, and was introduced to Sophia.

When the firſt ceremonies were paſſed, and the gentleman and lady had taken their chairs, a ſilence of ſome minutes enſued; during which the latter, who had been prepared for the viſit by her father, ſat playing with her fan, and had every mark of confuſion

fuſion both in her countenance and behaviour. At length Allworthy, who was himſelf a little diſconcerted, began thus: 'I am afraid, Miſs Weſtern, 'my family hath been the occaſion of giving you 'ſome uneaſineſs; to which, I fear, I have innocently become more inſtrumental than I intended. Be 'aſſured, Madam, had I at firſt known how diſagreeable the propoſals had been, I ſhould not have ſuffered 'you to have been ſo long perſecuted. I hope, 'therefore, you will not think the deſign of this 'viſit is to trouble you with any further ſolicitations 'of that kind; but entirely to relieve you from 'them.'

'Sir,' ſaid Sophia, with a little modeſt heſitation, 'this behaviour is moſt kind and generous, and 'ſuch as I could expect only from Mr. Allworthy: 'but as you have been ſo kind to mention this 'matter, you will pardon me for ſaying it hath indeed given me great uneaſineſs, and hath been the 'occaſion of my ſuffering much cruel treatment from 'a father, who was, till that unhappy affair, the 'tendereſt and fondeſt of all parents. I am convinced, Sir, you are too good and generous to 'reſent my refuſal of your nephew. Our inclinations are not in our own power; and whatever 'may be his merit, I cannot force them in his favour.'—'I aſſure you, moſt amiable young lady,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I am capable of no ſuch reſentment, had the perſon been my own ſon, and had 'I entertained the higheſt eſteem for him. For you 'ſay truly, Madam, we cannot force our inclinations, much leſs can they be directed by another.' 'Oh! Sir,' anſwered Sophia, 'every word you ſpeak 'proves you to deſerve that good, that great, that 'benevolent character the whole world allows you. 'I aſſure you, Sir, nothing leſs than the certain proſpect of future miſery could have made me reſiſt the 'commands of my father.'—'I ſincerely believe you, 'Madam,' replied Allworthy, 'and I heartily con'gratulate you on your prudent foreſight, ſince by ſo 'juſtifiable a reſiſtance you have avoided miſery indeed.'—'You ſpeak now, Mr. Allworthy,' cries

'ſhe

ſhe, 'with a delicacy which few men are capable of 'feeling; but, ſurely in my opinion, to lead our lives 'with one to whom we are indifferent, muſt be a 'ſtate of wretchedneſs——Perhaps that wretchedneſs 'would be even increaſed by a ſenſe of the merits 'of the object to whom we cannot give our affec-'tions. If I had married Mr. Blifil.'—'Pardon my 'interrupting you, Madam,' anſwered Allworthy, 'but I cannot bear the ſuppoſition.—Believe me, 'Miſs Weſtern, I rejoice, from my heart I rejoice 'in your eſcape.——I have diſcovered the wretch, 'for whom you have ſuffered all this cruel violence 'from your father, to be a villain.'—'How, Sir!' cries Sophia,—'you muſt believe this ſurpriſes me.' ——'It hath ſurpriſed me, Madam,' anſwered Allworthy, 'and ſo it will the world—But I have ac-'quainted you with the real truth.'—'Nothing but 'truth,' ſays Sophia, 'can, I am convinced, come 'from the lips of Mr. Allworthy.—Yet, Sir, ſuch 'ſudden, ſuch unexpected news——Diſcovered, you 'ſay——may villainy ever be ſo.'——'You will 'ſoon enough hear the ſtory,' cries Allworthy;—— 'at preſent let us not mention ſo deteſted a name— 'I have another matter of a very ſerious nature to 'propoſe.—O! Miſs Weſtern, I know your vaſt 'worth, nor can I ſo eaſily part with the ambition of 'being allied to it.—I have a near relation, Madam, 'a young man, whoſe character is, I am convinced, 'the very oppoſite to that of this wretch, and whoſe 'fortune I will make equal to what his was to have 'been.—Could I, Madam, hope you would admit a 'viſit from him?' Sophia, after a minute's ſilence, anſwered, 'I will deal with the utmoſt ſincerity 'with Mr. Allworthy. His character and the ob-'ligation I have juſt received from him, demand it. 'I have determined at preſent to liſten to no ſuch 'propoſal from any perſon: My only deſire is to 'be reſtored to the affection of my father, and to 'be again the miſtreſs of his family. This, Sir, I 'hope to owe to your good offices. Let me beſeech 'you, let me conjure you, by all the goodneſs which 'I, and all who know you, have experienced, do

'not

'not the very moment when you have releaſed me 'from one perſecution, do not engage me in another, 'as miſerable and as fruitleſs.'—'Indeed, Miſs Weſ-'tern,' replied Allworthy, 'I am capable of no 'ſuch conduct; and, if this be your reſolution, he 'muſt ſubmit to the diſappointment, whatever tor-'ments he may ſuffer under it.'—'I muſt ſmile now, 'Mr. Allworthy,' anſwered Sophia, 'when you 'mention the torments of a man whom I do not 'know, and who can conſequently have ſo little 'acquaintance with me.'—'Pardon me, dear young 'lady,' cries Allworthy, 'I begin now to be afraid 'he hath had too much acquaintance for the repoſe 'of his future days; ſince, if ever man was capable 'of a ſincere, violent, and noble paſſion, ſuch, I am 'convinced, is my unhappy nephew's for Miſs Weſ-'tern.'—'A nephew of your's! Mr. Allworthy,' anſwered Sophia. 'It is ſurely ſtrange, I never 'heard of him before.'—'Indeed! Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'it is only the circumſtance of his being 'my nephew to which you are a ſtranger, and 'which, till this day, was a ſecret to me.—Mr. Jones, 'who has long loved you, he! he is my nephew.' 'Mr. Jones your nephew, Sir?' cries Sophia. 'Can 'it be poſſible?'—'He is indeed, Madam,' anſwered Allworthy: 'he is my own ſiſter's ſon——as ſuch I 'ſhall always own him; nor am I aſhamed of own-'ing him. I am much more aſhamed of my paſt 'behaviour to him; but I was as ignorant of his 'merit as of his birth. Indeed, Miſs Weſtern, I 'have uſed him cruelly——Indeed I have.'——Here the good man wiped his eyes, and after a ſhort pauſe proceeded—'I never ſhall be able to reward him for 'his ſufferings without your aſſiſtance.——Believe 'me, moſt amiable young lady, I muſt have a great 'eſteem of that offering which I make to your worth. 'I know he hath been guilty of faults; but there 'is great goodneſs of heart at the bottom. Believe 'me, Madam, there is.'—Here he ſtopped, ſeeming to expect an anſwer, which he preſently received from Sophia, after ſhe had a little recovered herſelf from the hurry of ſpirits into which ſo ſtrange and

ſudden

ſudden information had thrown her: 'I ſincerely 'wiſh you joy, Sir, of a diſcovery in which you 'ſeem to have ſuch ſatisfaction. I doubt not but 'you will have all the comfort you can promiſe your-'ſelf from it. The young gentleman hath certainly a 'thouſand good qualities, which makes it impoſſible 'he ſhould not behave well to ſuch an uncle.'—'I 'hope, madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'he hath thoſe 'good qualities, which muſt make him a good huſ-'band. He muſt, I am ſure, be of all men the 'moſt abandoned, if a lady of your merit ſhould 'condeſcend'—'You muſt pardon me, Mr. Allwor-'thy,' anſwered Sophia; 'I cannot liſten to a pro-'poſal of this kind. Mr. Jones, I am convinced, 'hath much merit; but I ſhall never receive Mr. 'Jones as one who is to be my huſband—Upon my 'honour I never will.'—'Pardon me, madam,' cries Allworthy, 'if I am a little ſurpriſed, after what 'I have heard from Mr. Weſtern——I hope the un-'happy young man hath done nothing to forfeit your 'good opinion, if he had ever the honour to enjoy 'it. Perhaps he may have been miſrepreſented to 'you, as he was to me. The ſame villainy may 'have injured him every where.—He is no murder-'er, I aſſure you, as he hath been called.'—'Mr. 'Allworthy,' anſwered Sophia, 'I have told you 'my reſolution. I wonder not at what my father hath 'told you; but whatever his apprehenſions or fears 'have been, if I know my heart, I have given no 'occaſion for them; ſince it hath always been a fixed 'principle with me, never to have married without 'his conſent. This is, I think, the duty of a child 'to a parent; and this, I hope, nothing could ever 'have prevailed with me to ſwerve from. I do not, 'indeed, conceive that the authority of any parent 'can oblige us to marry in direct oppoſition to 'our inclinations. To avoid a force of this kind, 'which I had reaſon to ſuſpect, I left my father's 'houſe, and ſought protection elſewhere. This is 'the truth of my ſtory; and if the world, or my 'father, carry my intentions any farther, my own 'conſcience will acquit me.'——'I hear you, Miſs

'Weſtern,' cries Allworthy, 'with admiration. I 'admire the juſtneſs of your ſentiments; but ſurely 'there is more in this. I am cautious of offending 'you, young lady; but am I to look on all which 'I have hitherto heard or ſeen as a dream only? 'And have you ſuffered ſo much cruelty from your 'father on the account of a man to whom you have 'been always abſolutely indifferent?'—'I beg, Mr. 'Allworthy,' anſwered Sophia, 'you will not inſiſt 'on my reaſons—Yes, I have ſuffered, indeed: I 'will not, Mr. Allworthy, conceal—I will be very 'ſincere with you—I own I had a great opinion of 'Mr. Jones—I believe—I know I have ſuffered for 'my opinion—I have been treated cruelly by my 'aunt, as well as by father; but that is now 'paſt—I beg I may not be further preſſed; for, what-'ever hath been, my reſolution is now fixed. Your 'nephew, Sir, hath many virtues—he hath great 'virtues, Mr. Allworthy. I queſtion not but he will 'do you honour in the world, and make you hap-'py.'——'I wiſh I could make him ſo, Madam,' replied Allworthy; 'but that I am convinced is only 'in your power. It is that conviction which hath 'made me ſo earneſt a ſollicitor in his favour.'—'You 'are deceived—indeed, Sir, you are deceived,' ſaid Sophia. 'I hope not by him'——'It is ſufficient to 'have deceived me. Mr. Allworthy, I muſt inſiſt on 'being preſſed no further on this ſubject.—I ſhould 'be ſorry—Nay, I will not injure him in your fa-'vour. I wiſh Mr. Jones very well. I ſincerely wiſh 'him well; and I repeat again to you, whatever 'demerit he may have to me, I am certain he hath 'many good qualities. I do not diſown my former 'thoughts; but nothing can ever recal them. At 'preſent there is not a man upon earth whom I would 'more reſolutely reject than Mr. Jones; nor would 'the addreſſes of Mr. Bliſil himſelf be leſs agreeable 'to me.'

Weſtern had been long impatient for the event of this conference, and was juſt now arrived at the door to liſten, when having heard the laſt ſenti-ments of his daughter's heart, he loſt all temper, and

and burſting the door open in a rage, cried out—— ‘ It is a lye. It is a d—mn'd lye. It is all owing to ‘ that d—mn'd raſcal Jones; and if ſhe could get at ‘ un, ſhe'd ha un any hour of the day.’—— Here Allworthy interpoſed, and addreſſing himſelf to the 'ſquire with ſome anger in his look, he ſaid—‘ Mr. ‘ Weſtern, you have not kept your word with me. ‘ You promiſed to abſtain from all violence.’—— ‘ Why ſo I did,’ cries Weſtern, ‘ as long as it was ‘ poſſible; but to hear a wench telling ſuch con- ‘ founded lies.—Zounds! doth ſhe think if ſhe can ‘ make vools of other volk, ſhe can make one of ‘ me?—No, no! I know her better than thee doſt.’ ‘ I am ſorry to tell you, Sir,’ anſwered Allworthy, ‘ it doth not appear by your behaviour to this young ‘ lady, that you know her at all. I aſk pardon for ‘ what I ſay; but I think our intimacy, your own ‘ deſires, and the occaſion, juſtify me. She is your ‘ daughter, Mr. Weſtern, and I think ſhe doth ho- ‘ nour to your name. If I was capable of envy, I ‘ ſhould ſooner envy you on this account, than any ‘ other man whatever.’—‘ Od rabbit it,’ cries the 'ſquire, ‘ I wiſh ſhe was thine with all my heart— ‘ wouldſt ſoon be glad to be rid of the trouble o' ‘ her.’——‘ Indeed, my good friend,’ anſwered Allworthy, ‘ you yourſelf are the cauſe of all the ‘ trouble you complain of. Place that confidence in ‘ the young lady which ſhe ſo well deſerves, and I ‘ am certain you will be the happieſt father on ‘ earth.’—‘ I confidence in her!’ cries the 'ſquire. ‘ 'Sblood! what confidence can I place in her, ‘ when ſhe won't do as I wou'd ha her? Let her gi ‘ but her conſent to marry as I would ha her, and ‘ I'll place as much confidence in her as wouldſt ha ‘ me.’—‘ You have no right, neighbour,’ anſwered Allworthy, ‘ to inſiſt on any ſuch conſent. A nega- ‘ tive voice your daughter allows you, and God and ‘ nature have thought proper to allow you no more.’ ‘ A negative voice!’ cries the 'ſquire—‘ Ay! ay! ‘ I'll ſhow you what a negative voice I ha—Go along, ‘ go into your chamber; go you ſtubborn’—‘ Indeed, ‘ Mr. Weſtern,’ ſaid Allworthy—‘ Indeed, you uſe

‘ her

'destroys me. I cannot bear the transports which 'flow so fast upon me. To be again restored to 'your presence—to your favour; to be once more 'thus kindly received by my great—my noble—my 'generous benefactor.'—'Indeed, child,' cries Allworthy, 'I have used you cruelly.' He then explained to him all the treachery of Blifil, and again repeated expressions of the utmost concern, for having been induced by that treachery to use him so ill. 'O talk not so,' answered Jones; 'indeed, Sir, you 'have used me nobly. The wisest man might be 'deceived as you were, and, under such a deception, 'the best must have acted just as you did. Your 'goodness displayed itself in the midst of your anger, just as it then seemed. I owe every thing to 'that goodness of which I have been most unworthy. Do not put me on self-accusation, by carrying your generous sentiments too far. Alas, Sir, I 'have not been punished more than I have deserved; 'and it shall be the whole business of my future life 'to deserve that happiness you now bestow on me; 'for believe me, my dear uncle, my punishment 'hath not been thrown away upon me: though I 'have been a great, I am not a hardened sinner: I 'thank heaven I have had time to reflect on my past 'life, where, though I cannot charge myself with 'any gross villainy, yet I can discern follies and vices 'more than enough to repent and to be ashamed of; 'follies which have been attended with dreadful consequences to myself, and have brought me to the 'brink of destruction.'—'I am rejoiced, my dear 'child,' answered Allworthy, 'to hear you talk 'thus sensibly; for as I am convinced hypocrisy '(good heaven, how have I been imposed upon by it 'in others!) was never among your faults; so I 'can readily believe all you say. You now see, 'Tom, to what dangers imprudence alone may 'subject virtue (for virtue, I am now convinced, 'you love in a great degree.) Prudence is, indeed, 'the duty which we owe to ourselves; and if we 'will be so much our own enemies as to neglect it, 'we are not to wonder if the world is deficient in

'discharging

'discharging their duty to us; for when a man lays 'the foundation of his own ruin, others will, I am 'afraid, be too apt to build upon it. You say, 'however, you have seen your errors, and will re-'form them. I firmly believe you, my dear child; 'and therefore, from this moment, you shall never 'more be reminded of them by me. Remember them 'only yourself so far, as for the future to teach you 'the better to avoid them; but still remember, for 'your comfort, that there is this great difference 'between those faults which candour may construe 'into imprudence, and those which can be deduced 'from villainy only. The former, perhaps, are 'even more apt to subject a man to ruin; but if 'he reform, his character will, at length, be totally 'retrieved; the world, though not immediately, 'will in time be reconciled to him; and he may 'reflect, not without some mixture of pleasure, on 'the dangers he hath escaped; but villainy, my 'boy, when once discovered, is irretrievable; the 'stains which this leaves behind, no time will wash 'away. The censures of mankind will pursue the 'wretch, their scorn will abash him in public; 'and if shame drives him into retirement, he will go 'to it with all those terrours with which a weary child, 'who is afraid of hobgoblins, retreats from com-'pany to go to bed alone. Here his murthered con-'science will haunt him. Repose, like a false friend, 'will fly from him. Wherever he turns his eyes, 'horror presents itself; if he looks backwards, un-'available repentance treads on his heels; if forward, 'incurable despair stares him in the face; till, like 'a condemned prisoner, confined in a dungeon, he 'detests his present condition, and yet dreads the 'consequence of that hour which is to relieve him 'from it. Comfort yourself, I say, my child, that 'this is not your case; and rejoice with thankful-'ness to him who hath suffered you to see your er-'rors before they have brought on you that destruc-'tion, to which a persistance in even those errors 'must have led you. You have deserted them; 'and the prospect now before you is such, that hap-

'pineſs ſeems in your own power.'—At theſe words Jones fetched a deep ſigh; upon which when Allworthy remonſtrated, he ſaid, 'Sir, I will conceal 'nothing from you; I fear there is one conſequence 'of my vices I ſhall never be able to retrieve. O my 'dear uncle, I have loſt a treaſure.'——'You need 'ſay no more,' anſwered Allworthy;—'I will be ex-'plicit with you; I know what you lament; I have 'ſeen the young lady, and have diſcourſed with her 'concerning you. This I muſt inſiſt on, as an 'earneſt of your ſincerity in all you have ſaid, and 'of the ſtedfaſtneſs of your reſolution, that you 'obey me in one inſtance. To abide entirely by the 'determination of the young lady, whether it ſhall 'be in your favour, or no. She hath already ſuffered 'enough from ſolicitations which I hate to think of; 'ſhe ſhall owe no further conſtraint to my family: 'I know her father will be as ready to torment her 'now on your account, as he hath formerly been on 'another's; but I am determined ſhe ſhall ſuffer no 'more confinement, no more violence, no more un-'eaſy hours.'—'O my dear uncle,' anſwered Jones, 'lay, I beſeech you, ſome command on me, in which 'I ſhall have ſome merit in obedience. Believe me, 'Sir, the only inſtance in which I could diſobey 'you, would be to give an uneaſy moment to my 'Sophia. No, Sir, if I am ſo miſerable to have in-'curred her diſpleaſure beyond all hope of forgive-'neſs, that alone, with the dreadful reflection of 'cauſing her miſery, will be ſufficient to overpower 'me. To call Sophia mine is the greateſt, and now 'the only additional bleſſing which heaven can beſtow; 'but it is a bleſſing which I muſt owe to her alone.' 'I will not flatter you child,' cries Allworthy; 'I fear 'your caſe is deſperate; I never ſaw ſtronger marks 'of an unalterable reſolution in any perſon, than ap-'peared in her vehement declarations againſt receiving 'your addreſſes; for which, perhaps, you can ac-'count better than myſelf.'—'O, Sir! I can account 'too well,' anſwered Jones; 'I have ſinned againſt 'her beyond all hope of pardon; and guilty as I 'am, my guilt unfortunately appears to her in ten

'times

'times blacker than the real colours. O my dear 'uncle, I find my follies are irretrievable; and all 'your goodneſs cannot ſave me from perdition.'

A ſervant now acquainted them, that Mr. Weſtern was below ſtairs; for his eagerneſs to ſee Jones could not wait till the afternoon. Upon which Jones, whoſe eyes were full of tears, begged his uncle to entertain Weſtern a few minutes, till he a little recovered himſelf: to which the good man conſented, and having ordered Mr. Weſtern to be ſhown into a parlour, went down to him.

Mrs. Miller no ſooner heard that Jones was alone, (for ſhe had not yet ſeen him ſince his releaſe from priſon) than ſhe came eagerly into the room, and advancing towards Jones, wiſhed him heartily joy of his new found uncle, and his happy reconciliation; adding, "I wiſh I could give you joy on another ac- "count, my dear child; but any thing ſo inexorable "I never ſaw."

Jones, with ſome appearance of ſurpriſe, aſked her what ſhe meant, 'Why then,' ſays ſhe, 'I 'have been with your young lady, and have explain- 'ed all matters to her, as they were told me by my 'ſon Nightingale. She can have no longer any 'doubt about the letter, that I am certain; for 'I told her my ſon Nightingale was ready to take his 'oath, if ſhe pleaſed, that it was all his own inven- 'tion, and the letter of his inditing. I told her the 'very reaſon of ſending the letter ought to recom- 'mend you to her the more, as it was all upon her 'account, and a plain proof that you was reſolved 'to quit your profligacy for the future; that you 'had never been guilty of a ſingle inſtance of infi- 'delity to her ſince your ſeeing her in town; I am 'afraid I went too far there: but heaven forgive me; 'I hope your future behaviour will be my juſtifica- 'tion. I am ſure I have ſaid all I can: but all to 'no purpoſe. She remains inflexible. She ſays, ſhe 'had forgiven many faults on account of youth; 'but expreſſed ſuch deteſtation of the character of a 'libertine, that ſhe abſolutely ſilenced me. I often 'attempted to excuſe you; but the juſtneſs of her

'accuſation flew in my face. Upon my honour, ſhe 'is a lovely woman, and one of the ſweeteſt and 'moſt ſenſible creatures I ever ſaw. I could have 'almoſt kiſſed her for one expreſſion ſhe made uſe of. 'It was a ſentiment worthy of Seneca, or of a biſhop.' "I once fancied, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "I had diſ-"covered great goodneſs of heart in Mr. Jones; and "for that I own I had a ſincere eſteem; but an entire "profligacy of manners will corrupt the beſt heart "in the world; and all which a good-natured liber-"tine can expect, is, that we ſhould mix ſome grains "of pity with our contempt and abhorrence."—'She 'is an angelic creature, that is the truth on't.'—'O 'Mrs. Miller,' anſwered Jones, 'can I bear to think 'I have loſt ſuch an angel!'—'Loſt! no,' cries Mrs. Miller; 'I hope you have not loſt her yet. Reſolve 'to leave ſuch vicious courſes, and you may yet have 'hopes: nay, if ſhe ſhould remain inexorable, there 'is another young lady, a ſweet pretty young lady, 'and a ſwinging fortune, who is abſolutely dying for 'love of you. I heard of it this very morning, and 'I told it to Miſs Weſtern; nay, I went a little be-'yond the truth again; for I told her you had 'refuſed her; but indeed I knew you would refuſe 'her.——And here I muſt give you a little com-'fort: when I mentioned the young lady's name, 'who is no other than the pretty widow Hunt, I 'thought ſhe turned pale; but when I ſaid you had 'refuſed her, I will be ſworn her face was all over 'ſcarlet in an inſtant; and theſe were her very words, "I will not deny but that I believe he has ſome af-"fection for me."

Here the converſation was interrupted by the arrival of Weſtern, who could no longer be kept out of the room even by the authority of Allworthy himſelf; though this, as we have often ſeen, had a wonderful power over him.

Weſtern immediately went up to Jones, crying out, 'My old friend Tom, I am glad to ſee thee 'with all my heart. All paſt muſt be forgotten. I 'could not intend any affront to thee, becauſe, as 'Allworthy here knows, nay, doſt know it thyſelf,

'I took

'I took thee for another perſon; and where a body 'means no harm, what ſignifies a haſty word or two? 'One chriſtian muſt forget and forgive another.'— 'I hope, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'I ſhall never forget the 'many obligations I have had to you; but as for any 'offence towards me, I declare I am an utter ſtranger.' ——'A't,' ſays Weſtern, 'then give me thy fiſt; 'a't as hearty an honeſt cock as any in the kingdom. 'Come along with me; I'll carry thee to thy miſtreſs 'this moment.' Here Allworthy interpoſed; and the 'ſquire being unable to prevail either with the uncle or nephew, was, after ſome litigation, obliged to conſent to delay introducing Jones to Sophia till the afternoon; at which time Allworthy, as well in compaſſion to Jones, as in compliance with the eager deſires of Weſtern, was prevailed upon to promiſe to attend at the tea-table.

The converſation which now enſued was pleaſant enough; and with which, had it happened earlier in our hiſtory, we would have entertained our reader; but as we have now leiſure only to attend to what is very material, it ſhall ſuffice to ſay, that matters being entirely adjuſted as to the afternoon-viſit, Mr. Weſtern again returned home.

CHAP. XI.

The hiſtory draws nearer to a concluſion.

WHEN Mr. Weſtern was departed, Jones began to inform Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller, that his liberty had been procured by two noble lords, who, together with two ſurgeons, and a friend of Mr. Nightingale's, had attended the magiſtrate by whom he had been committed, and by whom, on the ſurgeon's oath, that the wounded perſon was out of all manner of danger from his wound, he was diſcharged.

One only of theſe lords, he ſaid, he had ever ſeen before, and that no more than once; but the other had greatly ſurpriſed him, by aſking his pardon for an offence he had been guilty of towards him, occaſioned, he ſaid, entirely by his ignorance who he was.

Now the reality of the caſe, with which Jones was not acquainted till afterwards, was this:—The lieutenant whom lord Fellamar had employed, according to the advice of lady Bellaſton, to preſs Jones, as a vagabond, into the ſea-ſervice, when he came to report to his lordſhip the event which we have before ſeen, ſpoke very favourably of the behaviour of Mr. Jones on all accounts, and ſtrongly aſſured that lord, that he muſt have miſtaken the perſon; for that Jones was certainly a gentleman: inſomuch that his lordſhip, who was ſtrictly a man of honour, and would by no means have been guilty of an action which the world in general would have condemned, began to be much concerned for the advice which he had taken.

Within a day or two after this, lord Fellemar happened to dine with the Iriſh peer, who, in a converſation upon the duel, acquainted his company with the character of Fitzpatrick; to which indeed he did not do ſtrict juſtice, eſpecially in what related to his lady. He ſaid, ſhe was the moſt innocent, and moſt injured woman alive, and that from compaſſion alone he had undertaken her cauſe. He then declared an intention of going the next morning to Fitzpatrick's lodgings, in order to prevail with him, if poſſible, to conſent to a ſeparation from his wife, who, the peer ſaid, was in apprehenſions for her life, if ſhe ſhould ever return to be under the power of her huſband. Lord Fellamar agreed to go with him, that he might ſatisfy himſelf more concerning Jones, and the circumſtances of the duel; for he was by no means eaſy concerning the part he had acted. The moment his lordſhip gave a hint of his readineſs to aſſiſt in the delivery of the lady, it was eagerly embraced by the other nobleman, who depended much on the authority of lord Fellamar, as he thought it would greatly contribute to awe Fitzpatrick into a compliance; and perhaps he was in the right: for the poor Iriſhman no ſooner ſaw theſe noble peers had undertaken the cauſe of his wife, than he ſubmitted, and articles of ſeparation were ſoon drawn up and ſigned between the parties.

Fitzpatrick

Fitzpatrick had been ſo well ſatisfied by Mrs. Waters concerning the innocence of his wife with Jones at Upton, or perhaps from ſome other reaſons, was now become ſo indifferent to that matter that he ſpoke highly in favour of Jones to lord Fellamar, took all the blame upon himſelf, and ſaid the other had behaved very much like a gentleman, and a man of honour; and upon that lord's further enquiry concerning Mr. Jones, Fitzpatrick told him he was nephew to a gentleman of very great faſhion and fortune, which was the account he had juſt received from Mrs. Waters, after her interview with Dowling.

Lord Fellamar now thought it behoved him to do every thing in his power to make ſatisfaction to a gentleman whom he had ſo groſsly injured, and without any conſideration of rivalſhip (for he had now given over all thoughts of Sophia) determined to procure Mr. Jones's liberty, being ſatisfied as well from Fitzpatrick as his ſurgeon that the wound was not mortal. He therefore prevailed with the Iriſh peer to accompany him to the place where Jones was confined, to whom he behaved as we have already related.

When Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he immediately carried Jones into his room, and then acquainted him with the whole matter, as well what he had heard from Mrs. Waters, as what he had diſcovered from Mr. Dowling.

Jones expreſſed great aſtoniſhment, and no leſs concern at this account; but without making any comment or obſervation upon it. And now a meſſage was brought from Mr. Bliſil, deſiring to know if his uncle was at leiſure, that he might wait upon him. Allworthy ſtarted and turned pale, and then in a more paſſionate tone than I believe he had ever uſed before, bid the ſervant tell Bliſil, he knew him not. 'Conſider, dear Sir,'—cries Jones, in a trembling voice.—'I have conſidered,' anſwered Allworthy, 'and you yourſelf ſhall carry my meſſage to the villain——No one can carry him the ſentence of 'his own ruin ſo properly, as the man whoſe ruin

'he hath ſo villainouſly contrived.——'Pardon me, 'dear Sir,' ſaid Jones; 'a moment's reflection will, 'I am ſure, convince you of the contrary. What 'might perhaps be but juſtice from another tongue, 'would from mine be inſult? and to whom?—My 'own brother, and your nephew.——Nor did he 'uſe me ſo barbarouſly.——Indeed that would have 'been more inexcuſable than any thing he hath done. 'Fortune may tempt men of no very bad diſpoſitions 'to injuſtice; but inſults proceed only from black 'and rancorous minds, and have no temptation to 'excuſe them.——Let me beſeech you, Sir, to do 'nothing by him in the preſent height of your anger. 'Conſider, my dear uncle, I was not myſelf con-'demned unheard.'—Allworthy ſtood ſilent a moment, and then embracing Jones, he ſaid with tears guſhing from his eyes, 'O my child! to what good-'neſs have I been ſo long blind!'

Mrs. Miller entering the room at that moment, after a gentle rap, which was not perceived, and ſeeing Jones in the arms of his uncle, the poor woman, in an agony of joy, fell upon her knees, and burſt forth into the moſt ecſtatic thankſgiving to heaven, for what had happened.——Then running to Jones, ſhe embraced him eagerly, crying, 'My 'deareſt friend, I wiſh you joy a thouſand and a 'thouſand times of this bleſſed day;' and next Mr. Allworthy himſelf received the ſame congratulations. To which he anſwered, 'Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Miller, 'I am beyond expreſſion happy.' Some few more raptures having paſſed on all ſides, Mrs. Miller deſired them both to walk down to dinner in the parlour, where ſhe ſaid there were a very happy ſet of people aſſembled; being indeed no other than Mr. Nightingale and his bride, and his couſin Harris with her bridegroom.

Allworthy excuſed himſelf from dining with the company, ſaying he had ordered ſome little thing for him and his nephew in his own apartment; for that they had much private buſineſs to diſcourſe of, but would not refuſe promiſing the good woman, that both

both he and Jones would make part of her ſociety at ſupper.

Mrs. Miller then aſked what was to be done with Blifil; 'for indeed,' ſays ſhe, 'I cannot be eaſy while 'ſuch a villain is in my houſe.'—Allworthy anſwered, 'He was as uneaſy as herſelf on the ſame account.' 'O!' cries ſhe, 'if that be the caſe, leave the matter 'to me; I'll ſoon ſhow him the outſide of my doors, 'I warrant you. Here are two or three luſty fellows 'below ſtairs.'—'There will be no need of any vio-'lence,' cries Allworthy; 'if you will carry him a 'meſſage from me, he will, I am convinced, depart 'of his own accord.'—'Will I?' ſaid Mrs. Miller, 'I never did any thing in my life with a better will.' Here Jones interfered, and ſaid, 'He had conſidered 'the matter better, and would, if Mr. Allworthy 'pleaſed, be himſelf the meſſenger. I know,' ſays he, 'already enough of your pleaſure, Sir, and I beg 'leave to acquaint him with it by my own words. 'Let me beſeech you, Sir,' added he, 'to reflect on 'the dreadful conſequences of driving him to violent 'and ſudden deſpair. How unfit, alas! is this poor 'man to die in his preſent ſituation.' This ſuggeſtion had not the leaſt effect on Mrs. Miller. She left the room, crying, 'You are too good, Mr. Jones, infi-'nitely too good to live in this world.' But it made a deeper impreſſion on Allworthy. 'My good child,' ſaid he, 'I am equally aſtoniſhed at the goodneſs of 'your heart, and the quickneſs of your underſtand-'ing. Heaven indeed forbid that this wretch ſhould 'be deprived of any means or time for repentance. 'That would be a ſhocking conſideration indeed. 'Go to him, therefore, and uſe your own diſcretion; 'yet do not flatter him with any hopes of my for-'giveneſs; for I ſhall never forgive villainy further 'than my religion obliges me, and that extends not 'either to our bounty or our converſation.'

Jones went up to Blifil's room, whom he found in a ſituation which moved his pity, though it would have raiſed a leſs amiable paſſion in many beholders. He caſt himſelf on his bed, where he lay abandoning himſelf to deſpair, and drowned in tears; not in ſuch

tears as flow from contrition, and wash away guilt from minds which have been seduced or surprized into it unawares, against the bent of their natural dispositions, as will sometimes happen from human frailty, even to the good; no, these tears were such as the frighted thief sheds in his cart, and are indeed the effects of that concern which the most savage natures are seldom deficient in feeling for themselves.

It would be unpleasant and tedious to paint this scene in full length. Let it suffice to say, that the behaviour of Jones was kind to excess. He omitted nothing which his invention could supply, to raise and comfort the drooping spirits of Blifil, before he communicated to him the resolution of his uncle, that he must quit the house that evening. He offered to furnish him with any money he wanted, assured him of his hearty forgiveness of all he had done against him, that he would endeavour to live with him hereafter as a brother, and would leave nothing unattempted to effectuate a reconciliation with his uncle.

Blifil was at first sullen and silent, balancing in his mind whether he should yet deny all: but finding at last the evidence too strong against him, he betook himself at last to confession. He then asked pardon of his brother in the most vehement manner, prostrated himself on the ground, and kissed his feet: in short, he was now as remarkably mean, as he had been before remarkably wicked.

Jones could not so far check his disdain, but that it a little discovered itself in his countenance at this extreme servility. He raised his brother the moment he could from the ground, and advised him to bear his afflictions more like a man; repeating at the same time his promises, that he would do all in his power to lessen them: for which Blifil making many professions of his unworthiness, poured forth a profusion of thanks: and then he having declared he would immediately depart to another lodging, Jones returned to his uncle.

Among other matters, Allworthy now acquainted Jones with the discovery which he made concerning the 500l. Bank-notes. 'I have,' said he, 'already

'consulted

'consulted a lawyer, who tells me, to my great astonish-
'ment, that there is no punishment for a fraud of
'this kind. Indeed, when I consider the black ingra-
'titude of this fellow toward you, I think a highway-
'man, compared to him, is an innocent person.'

'Good heaven!' says Jones, 'is it possible?—
'I am shocked beyond measure at this news. I
'thought there was not an honester fellow in the
'world.——The temptation of such a sum was too
'great for him to withstand; for smaller matters have
'come safe to me through his hand. Indeed, my
'dear uncle, you must suffer me to call it weakness
'rather than ingratitude; for I am convinced the
'poor fellow loves me, and hath done me some
'kindnesses, which I can never forget; nay, I believe
'he hath repented of this very act: for it is not
'above a day or two ago, when my affairs seemed in
'a most desperate situation, that he visited me in
'my confinement, and offered me any money I
'wanted. Consider, Sir, what a temptation to a man
'who hath tasted such bitter distress, it must be to
'have a sum in his possession, which must put him
'and his family beyond any future possibility of
'suffering the like.'

'Child,' cries Allworthy, 'you carry this forgiv-
'ing temper too far. Such mistaken mercy is not
'only weakness, but borders on injustice, and is very
'pernicious to society, as it encourages vice. The
'dishonesty of this fellow I might perhaps have par-
'doned, but never his ingratitude. And give me
'leave to say, when we suffer any temptation to atone
'for dishonesty itself, we are as candid and merciful
'as we ought to be; and so far I confess I have
'gone; for I have often pitied the fate of a high-
'wayman, when I have been on the grand jury; and
'have more than once applied to the judge on the
'behalf of such as have had any mitigating circum-
'stances in their case; but when dishonesty is attended
'with any blacker crime, such as cruelty, murther,
'ingratitude, or the like, compassion and forgiveness
'then become faults. I am convinced the fellow is

'a villain, and he ſhall be puniſhed; at leaſt as far 'as I can puniſh him.'

This was ſpoke with ſo ſtern a voice, that Jones did not think proper to make any reply: beſides the hour appointed by Mr. Weſtern now drew ſo near, that he had barely time left to dreſs himſelf. Here therefore ended the preſent dialogue, and Jones retired to another room, where Partridge attended, according to order, with his clothes.

Partridge had ſcarce ſeen his maſter ſince the happy diſcovery. The poor fellow was unable either to contain or expreſs his tranſports. He behaved like one frantic, and made almoſt as many miſtakes while he was dreſſing Jones, as I have ſeen made by Harlequin in dreſſing himſelf on the ſtage.

His memory, however, was not in the leaſt deficient. He recollected now many omens and preſages of this happy event, ſome of which he had remarked at the time, but many more he now remembered; nor did he omit the dreams he had dreamt the evening before his meeting with Jones; and concluded with ſaying, 'I always told your honour ſomething 'boded in my mind, that you would one time or 'other have it in your power to make my fortune.' Jones aſſured him, that this boding ſhould as certainly be verified with regard to him, as all the other omens had been to himſelf; which did not a little add to all the raptures which the poor fellow had already conceived on account of his maſter.

CHAP. XII.

Approaching ſtill nearer to the end.

JONES being now completely dreſſed, attended his uncle to Mr. Weſtern's. He was indeed one of the fineſt figures ever beheld, and his perſon alone would have charmed the greater part of womankind; but we hope it hath already appeared in this hiſtory, that nature, when ſhe formed him, did not totally rely, as ſhe ſometimes doth, on this merit only, to recommend her work.

Sophia,

Sophia, who, angry as she was, was likewise set forth to the best advantage, for which I leave my female readers to account, appeared so extremely beautiful that even Allworthy, when he saw her, could not forbear whispering Western, that he believed she was the finest creature in the world. To which Western answered, in a whisper overheard by all present, 'So much the better for Tom;——for 'd——n me if he shan't ha the tousling her.' Sophia was all over scarlet at these words, while Tom's countenance was altogether as pale, and he was almost ready to sink from his chair.

The tea-table was scarce removed, before Western lugged Allworthy out of the room, telling him, he had business of consequence to impart, and must speak to him that instant in private before he forgot it.

The lovers were now alone, and it will, I question not, appear strange to many readers, that those who had so much to say to one another when danger and difficulty attended their conversation; and who seemed so eager to rush into each other's arms, when so many bars lay in their way, now that with safety they were at liberty to say or do whatever they pleased, should both remain for some time silent and motionless; insomuch that a stranger of moderate sagacity might have well concluded, they were mutually indifferent; but so it was, however strange it may seem; both sat with their eyes cast downwards on the ground, and for some minutes continued in perfect silence.

Mr. Jones, during this interval, attempted once or twice to speak, but was absolutely incapable, muttering only, or rather sighing out, some broken words; when Sophia at length, partly out of pity to him, and partly to turn the discourse from the subject which she knew well enough he was endeavouring to open, said;——

'Sure, Sir, you are the most fortunate man in the 'world in this discovery.'—'And can you really, 'Madam, think me so fortunate,' said Jones, sighing, 'while I have incurred your displeasure?'——'Nay, 'Sir,' says she, 'as to that, you best know whether 'you have deserved it.'—'Indeed, Madam,' answered

'he,

he, 'you yourſelf are as well appriſed of all my 'demerits. Mrs. Miller has acquainted you with 'the whole truth. O! my Sophia, am I never to 'hope for forgiveneſs?'——'I think, Mr. Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'I may almoſt depend on your own juſtice, 'and leave it to yourſelf to paſs ſentence on your 'own conduct.'——'Alas! Madam,' anſwered he, 'it is mercy, and not juſtice, which I implore at your 'hands: Juſtice I know muſt condemn me.—— 'Yet not for the letter I ſent to lady Bellaſton. Of 'that I moſt ſolemnly declare, you have had a true 'account.' He then inſiſted much on the ſecurity given him by Nightingale, of a fair pretence of breaking off, if, contrary to their expectations, her ladyſhip ſhould have accepted his offer; but confeſſed, that he had been guilty of a great indiſcretion, to put ſuch a letter as that into her power, 'which,' ſaid he, 'I 'have dearly paid for, in the effect it has upon you,' 'I do not, I cannot,' ſaid ſhe, 'believe otherwiſe of 'that letter than you would have me. My conduct, 'I think, ſhows you clearly I do not believe there 'is much in that. And yet, Mr. Jones, have I not 'enough to reſent? After what paſſed at Upton, ſo 'ſoon to engage in a new amour with another wo-'man, while I fancied, and you pretended, your 'heart was bleeding for me!——Indeed you have 'acted ſtrangely. Can I believe the paſſion you 'have profeſſed to me to be ſincere? Or, if I can, 'what happineſs can I aſſure myſelf of with a man 'capable of ſo much inconſtancy?'—'O! my Sophia,' cries he, 'do not doubt the ſincerity of the pureſt 'paſſion that ever inflamed a human breaſt. Think, 'moſt adorable creature, of my unhappy ſituation, 'of my deſpair.——Could I, my Sophia, have 'flattered myſelf with the moſt diſtant hopes of 'being ever permitted to throw myſelf at your feet, 'in the manner I do now, it would not have been in 'the power of any other woman to have inſpired a 'thought which the ſevereſt chaſtity could have con-'demned. Inconſtancy to you! O Sophia! if you 'can have goodneſs enough to pardon what is paſſed, 'do not let any cruel future apprehenſions ſhut your

mercy

'mercy againſt me.——No repentance was ever 'more ſincere.' O! let it reconcile me to my heaven 'in this dear boſom.'—'Sincere repentance, Mr. 'Jones,' anſwered ſhe, 'will obtain the pardon of a 'ſinner, but it is from one who is a perfect judge of 'that ſincerity. A human mind may be impoſed on; 'nor is there any infallible method to prevent it. You 'muſt expect, however, that if I can be prevailed on 'by your repentance to pardon you, I will at leaſt 'inſiſt on the ſtrongeſt proof of its ſincerity.'—— 'Name any proof in my power,' anſwered Jones eagerly. 'Time,' replied ſhe; 'Time, alone Mr. 'Jones, can convince me that you are a true penitent, 'and have reſolved to abandon theſe vicious courſes, 'which I ſhould deteſt you for, if I imagined you 'capable of perſevering in them.'—'Do not imagine 'it,' cries Jones. 'On my knees I intreat, I implore 'your confidence, a confidence which it ſhall be the 'buſineſs of my life to deſerve.'—'Let it then,' ſaid ſhe, 'be the buſineſs of ſome part of your life to 'ſhow me you deſerve it. I think I have been explicit 'enough in aſſuring you, that when I ſee you merit 'my confidence, you will obtain it. After what is 'paſſed, Sir, can you expect I ſhould take you upon 'your word?'

He replied, 'Don't believe me upon my word; I 'have a better ſecurity, a pledge for my conſtancy, 'which it is impoſſible to ſee and to doubt.'—'What 'is that?' ſaid Sophia, a little ſurpriſed. 'I will 'ſhow you, my charming angel," cried Jones, ſeizing her hand, and carrying her to the glaſs. 'There, 'behold it there in that lovely figure, in that face, 'that ſhape, thoſe eyes, that mind which ſhines 'through thoſe eyes; can the man who ſhall be in 'poſſeſſion of theſe be inconſtant? Impoſſible! my 'Sophia: they would fix a Dormant, a lord Ro'cheſter. You could not doubt it, if you could ſee 'yourſelf with any eyes but your own.' Sophia bluſhed, and half ſmiled; but forcing again her brow into a frown, 'If I am to judge,' ſaid ſhe, 'of the 'future by the paſt, my image will no more remain 'in your heart when I am out of your ſight, than it

'will

'will in this glass when I am out of the room.'—'By 'heaven, by all that is sacred,' said Jones, 'it never 'was out of my heart. The delicacy of your sex 'cannot conceive the grossness of our's, nor how little 'one sort of amour has to do with the heart.'—'I 'will never marry a man,' replied Sophia, very gravely, 'who shall not learn refinement enough to 'be as incapable as I am myself of making such a 'distinction.'—'I will learn it,' said Jones. 'I have 'learnt it already. The first moment of hope that 'my Sophia might be my wife, taught it me at once; 'and all the rest of her sex from that moment be'came as little the objects of desire to my sense, as 'of passion to my heart.'—'Well,' said Sophia, 'the 'proof of this must be from time. Your situation, 'Mr. Jones, is now altered, and I assure you I have 'great satisfaction in the alteration. You will now 'want no opportunity of being near me, and con'vincing me that your mind is altered too.'—'O! 'my angel,' cries Jones, 'how shall I thank thy 'goodness? And are you so good to own, that you 'have a satisfaction in my prosperity?——Believe 'me, believe me, Madam, it is you alone have given 'a relish to that prosperity, since I owe to it the dear 'hope——O! my Sophia, let it not be a distant one. '—I will be all obedience to your commands. I 'will not dare to press any thing further than you 'permit me. Yet let me intreat you to appoint a 'short trial. O! tell me, when I may expect you 'will be convinced of what is most solemnly true.'—'When I have gone voluntarily thus far, Mr. Jones,' said she, 'I expect not to be pressed. Nay, I will 'not.'—'O don't look unkindly thus, my Sophia,' cries he. 'I do not, I dare not press you.—Yet per'mit me at least once more to beg you would fix the 'period. O! consider the impatience of love.'—— 'A twelvemonth, perhaps!' said she.—'O! my So'phia,' cries he, 'you have named an eternity.'—'Perhaps it may be something sooner,' says she; 'I 'will not be teazed. If your passion for me be what 'I would have it, I think you may now be easy.'—'Easy, Sophia! call not such exulting happiness

'as

'as mine by ſo cold a name.——O! tranſporting 'thought! am I not aſſured that the bleſſed day will 'come, when I ſhall call you mine; when fears ſhall 'be no more; when I ſhall have that dear, that waſt, 'that exquiſite, eeſtatic delight of making my Sophia 'happy?'——'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that day is 'in your own power.'——'O! my dear, my divine 'angel,' cried he, 'theſe words have made me mad 'with joy.——But I muſt, I will thank thoſe dear 'lips which have ſo ſweetly pronounced my bliſs.' He then caught her in his arms, and kiſſed her with an ardour he had never ventured before.

At this inſtant, Weſtern, who had ſtood ſome time liſtening, burſt into the room, and with his hunting voice and phraſe, cried out, 'To her boy, 'to her, go to her.——That's it, little honeys, O 'that's it, Well, what is it all over? Hath ſhe 'appointed the day, boy? What ſhall it be to-mor-'row or next day? It ſhan't be put off a minute 'longer than next day, I am reſolved.'—'Let me 'beſeech you, Sir,' ſays Jones, 'don't let me be 'the occaſion'—'Beſeech mine a——,' cries Weſtern, 'I thought thou had'ſt been a lad of higher 'mettle, than to give way to a parcel of maidenish 'tricks.——I tell thee 'tis all flimflam. Zoodikers! 'ſhe'd have the wedding to night with all her heart. 'Would'ſt not Sophy? Come confeſs, and be an 'honeſt girl for once. What, art dumb? Why doſt 'not ſpeak?'—'Why ſhould I confeſs, Sir,' ſays Sophia, 'ſince it ſeems you are ſo well acquainted 'with my thoughts?'——'That's a good girl,' cries he, 'and doſt conſent then?'—'No indeed, Sir,' ſays Sophia, 'I have given no ſuch conſent.'—'And 'wunt nut ha un then to-morrow, nor next day?' ſays Weſtern.——'Indeed, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I have 'no ſuch intention.'—'But I can tell thee,' replied he, 'why haſt nut; only becauſe thou doſt love to be 'diſobedient, and to plague and vex thy father.' 'Pray, Sir,' ſaid Jones, interfering——'I tell thee 'thou art a puppy,' cries he. 'When I forbid 'her, then it was all nothing but ſighing and whin-'ing, and languiſhing and writing; now I am yor

'thee

'thee, ſhe is againſt thee. All the ſpirit of contrary, 'that's all. She is above being guided and governed 'by her father, that is the whole truth on't. It is 'only to diſoblige and contradict me.'—'What 'would my papa have me do?' cries Sophia. 'What would I ha the do?' ſays he, 'why gi un thy 'hand this moment.'——'Well, Sir,' ſaid Sophia, 'I will obey you.——There is my hand, Mr. Jones.' 'Well, and will you conſent to ha un to-morrow 'morning?' ſays Weſtern.——'I will be obedient 'to you, Sir,' cries ſhe.——'Why then to-morrow 'morning be the day,' cries he.—'Why then to-'morrow morning ſhall be the day, papa, ſince you 'will have it ſo,' ſays Sophia. Jones then fell upon his knees, and kiſſed her hand in an agony of joy, while Weſtern began to caper and dance about the room, preſently crying out,—'Where the devil is All-'worthy? He is without now, a talking with that 'd—d lawyer Dowling, when he ſhould be minding 'other matters.' He then ſallied out in queſt of him, and very opportunely left the lovers to enjoy a few tender minutes alone.

But he ſoon returned with Allworthy, ſaying, 'If 'you won't believe, you may aſk her yourſelf. 'Haſt nut gin thy conſent, Sophy, to be married 'to-morrow?'—'Such are your commands, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'and I dare not be guilty of diſobedience.' 'I hope, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'my nephew 'will merit ſo much goodneſs, and will be always 'as ſenſible as myſelf of the great honour you have 'done my family. An alliance with ſo charming 'and ſo excellent a young lady would indeed be an 'honour to the greateſt in England.'—'Yes,' cries Weſtern, 'but if I had ſuffered her to ſtand ſhill I 'ſhall-I, dilly-dally, you might not have had that 'honour yet a while; I was forced to uſe a little 'fatherly authority to bring her to.'—'I hope not, 'Sir,' cries Allworthy. 'I hope there is not the 'leaſt conſtraint.'—'Why, there,' cries Weſtern, 'you may bid her unſay all again, if you will. Do'ſt 'repent heartily of thy promiſe, do'ſt not Sophy?' Indeed, papa,' cries ſhe, 'I do not repent, nor do 'I believe

'I believe I ever ſhall, of any promiſe in favour of 'Mr. Jones.'—'Then, nephew,' cries Allworthy, 'I felicitate you moſt heartily; for I think you are 'the happieſt of men. And, Madam, you will give 'me leave to congratulate you on this joyful occa'ſion: indeed, I am convinced you have beſtowed 'yourſelf on one who will be ſenſible of your great 'merit, and who will at leaſt uſe his beſt endeavours 'to deſerve it.'—'His beſt endeavours!' cries Weſtern, 'that he will, I warrant un.——Harkee, Allworthy, 'I'll bet thee five pound to a crown we have a boy to'morrow nine months; but prithee tell me what wut 'ha! Wut ha Burgundy, Champaigne, or what? 'for pleaſe Jupiter, we'll make a night on't.'—'In'deed, Sir,' ſaid Allworthy, 'you muſt excuſe me; 'both my nephew and I were engaged, before I ſuſ'pected this near approach of his happineſs.'—— 'Engaged!' quoth the 'ſquire, 'never tell me.—I 'won't part with thee to-night upon any occaſion. 'Shalt ſup here, pleaſe the lord Harry.'—'You muſt 'pardon me, my dear neighbour,' anſwered Allworthy; 'I have given a ſolemn promiſe, and that you 'know I never break.'——'Why, prithee, who art 'engaged to!' cries the 'ſquire.——Allworthy then informed him, as likewiſe of the company.—— 'Odzookers!' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'I will go with 'thee, and ſo ſhall Sophy; for I won't part with thee 'to-night; and it would be barbarous to part Tom 'and the girl.' This offer was preſently embraced by Allworthy; and Sophia conſented, having firſt obtained a private promiſe from her father, that he would not mention a ſyllable concerning her marriage.

CHAP. *The laſt.*

In which the hiſtory is concluded.

YOUNG Nightingale had been that afternoon, by appointment, to wait on his father, who received him much more kindly than he expected. There likewiſe he met his uncle, who was returned to town in queſt of his new married daughter.

This

This marriage was the luckieſt incident which could have happened to the young gentleman; for theſe brothers lived in a conſtant ſtate of contention about the government of their children, both heartily deſpiſing the method which each other took. Each of them, therefore, now endeavoured as much as he could to palliate the offence which his own child had committed, and to aggravate the match of the other. This deſire of triumphing over his brother, added to the many arguments which Allworthy had uſed, ſo ſtrongly operated on the old gentleman, that he met his ſon with a ſmiling countenance, and actually agreed to ſup with him that evening at Mrs. Miller's.

As for the other, who really loved his daughter with the moſt immoderate affection, there was little difficulty in inclining him to a reconciliation. He was no ſooner informed by his nephew, where his daughter and her huſband were, than he declared he would inſtantly go to her. And when he arrived there, he ſcarce ſuffered her to fall upon her knees, before he took her up, and embraced her with a tenderneſs which affected all who ſaw him; and in leſs than a quarter of an hour was as well reconciled to both her and her huſband, as if he had himſelf joined their hands.

In this ſituation were affairs when Mr. Allworthy and his company arrived to complete the happineſs of Mrs. Miller, who no ſooner ſaw Sophia, than ſhe gueſſed every thing that had happened; and ſo great was her friendſhip to Jones, that it added not a few tranſports to thoſe ſhe felt on the happineſs of her own daughter.

There have not, I believe, been many inſtances of a number of people met together, where every one was ſo perfectly happy, as in this company. Amongſt whom the father of young Nightingale enjoyed the leaſt perfect content; for notwithſtanding his affection for his ſon; notwithſtanding the authority and the arguments of Allworthy, together with the other motive mentioned before, he could not ſo entirely be ſatisfied with his ſon's choice; and perhaps the preſence

fence of Sophia herſelf tended a little to aggravate and heighten his concern, as a thought now and then ſuggeſted itſelf, that his ſon might have had that lady, or ſome ſuch other. Not that any of the charms which adorned either the perſon or mind of Sophia created the uneaſineſs: it was the contents of her father's coffers which ſet his heart a longing. Theſe were the charms which he could not bear to think his ſon had ſacrificed to the daughter of Mrs. Miller.

The brides were both very pretty women; but ſo totally were they eclipſed by the beauty of Sophia, that had they not been two of the beſt tempered girls in the world, it would have raiſed ſome envy in their breaſts; for neither of their huſbands could long keep his eyes from Sophia, who ſat at the table like a queen receiving homage, or rather like a ſuperior being receiving adoration from all around her. But it was an adoration which they gave, not which ſhe exacted; for ſhe was as much diſtinguiſhed by her modeſty and affability, as by all her other perfections.

The evening was ſpent in much true mirth. All were happy, but thoſe the moſt, who had been moſt unhappy before. Their former ſufferings and fears gave ſuch a reliſh to their felicity, as even love and fortune in their fulleſt flow could not have given without the advantage of ſuch a compariſon. Yet as great joy, eſpecially after a ſudden change and revolution of circumſtances, is apt to be ſilent, and dwells rather in the heart than on the tongue, Jones and Sophia appeared the leaſt merry of the whole company. Which Weſtern obſerved with great impatience, often crying out to them, 'Why do'ſt not talk, boy! Why do'ſt 'look ſo grave! Haſt loſt thy tongue, girl? Drink an-'other glaſs of wine, ſha't drink another glaſs.' And the more to enliven her, he would ſometimes ſing a merry ſong, which bore ſome relation to matrimony, and the loſs of a maidenhead. Nay, he would have proceeded ſo far on that topic as to have driven her out of the room, if Mr. Allworthy had not checked him ſometimes by looks, and once or twice by a Fie! Mr. Weſtern. He began, indeed, once to debate the matter, and aſſert his right to talk to his own daughter as

he thought fit; but, as nobody seconded him, he was soon reduced to order.

Notwithstanding this little restraint he was so pleased with the chearfulness and good humour of the company, that he insisted on their meeting the next day at his lodgings. They all did so; and the lovely Sophia, who was now in private become a bride too, officiated as the mistress of the ceremonies, or, in the polite phrase, did the honours of the table. She had that morning given her hand to Jones, in the chapel at Doctors-Commons, where Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Western, and Mrs. Miller were the only persons present.

Sophia had earnestly desired her father that no others of the company, who were that day to dine with him, should be acquainted with her marriage. The same secresy was enjoined to Mrs. Miller, and Jones undertook for Allworthy. This somewhat reconciled the delicacy of Sophia to the public entertainment, which, in compliance with her father's will, she was obliged to go to, greatly against her own inclinations. In confidence of this secresy, she went through the day pretty well, till the 'squire, who was now advanced into the second bottle, could contain his joy no longer, but, filling out a bumper, drank a health to the bride. The health was immediately pledged by all present, to the great confusion of our poor blushing Sophia, and the great concern of Jones upon her account. To say truth, there was not a person present made wiser by this discovery; for Mrs. Miller had whispered it to her daughter, her daughter to her husband, her husband to his sister, and she to all the rest.

Sophia now took the first opportunity of withdrawing with the ladies, and the 'squire sat in to his cups, in which he was by degrees deserted by all the company, except the uncle of young Nightingale, who loved his bottle as well as Western himself. These two therefore sat stoutly to it, during the whole evening, and long after that happy hour which had surrendered the charming Sophia to the eager arms of her enraptured Jones.

Thus, reader, we have at length brought our history to a conclusion, in which, to our great pleasure, though contrary perhaps to thy expectation, Mr. Jones appears

appears to be the happieſt of all human kind: for what happineſs this world affords equal to the poſſeſſion of ſuch a woman as Sophia, I ſincerely own I have never yet diſcovered.

As to the other perſons who have made any conſiderable figure in this hiſtory, as ſome may deſire to know a little more concerning them, we will proceed, in as few words as poſſible, to ſatisfy their curioſity.

Allworthy hath never yet been prevailed upon to ſee Blifil, but he hath yielded to the importunity of Jones, backed by Sophia, to ſettle 200*l.* a year upon him; to which Jones hath privately added a third. Upon this income he lives in one of the northern counties, about 200 miles diſtant from London, and lays up 200*l.* a year out of it, in order to purchaſe a ſeat in the next parliament from a neighbouring borough, which he has bargained for with an attorney there. He is alſo lately turned methodiſt, in hopes of marrying a very rich widow of that ſect, whoſe eſtate lies in that part of the kingdom.

Square died ſoon after he writ the before-mentioned letter; and as to Thwackum, he continues at his vicarage. He hath made many fruitleſs attemps to regain the confidence of Allworthy, or to ingratiate himſelf with Jones, both of whom he flatters to their faces, and abuſes behind their backs. But in his ſtead, Mr. Allworthy hath lately taken Mr. Abraham Adams into his houſe, of whom Sophia is grown immoderately fond, and declares he ſhall have the tuition of her children.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick is ſeparated from her huſband, and retains the little remains of her fortune She lives in reputation at the polite end of the town, and is ſo good an œconomiſt, that ſhe ſpends three times the income of her fortune, without running in debt. She maintains a perfect intimacy with the lady of the Iriſh peer; and in acts of friendſhip to her repays all the obligations ſhe owes to her huſband.

Mrs. Weſtern was ſoon reconciled to her niece Sophia, and hath ſpent two months together with her in the country. Lady Bellaſton made the latter a formal viſit at her return to town, where ſhe behaved to

Jones as to a perfect ſtranger, and with great civility wiſhed him joy on his marriage.

Mr. Nightingale hath purchaſed an eſtate for his ſon in the neighbourhood of Jones, where the young gentleman, his lady, Mrs. Miller, and her little daughter reſide, and the moſt agreeable intercourſe ſubſiſts between the two families.

As to thoſe of lower account, Mrs. Waters returned into the country, had a penſion of 60*l.* a year ſettled upon her by Mr. Allworthy, and is married to parſon Supple, on whom, at the inſtance of Sophia, Weſtern hath beſtowed a conſiderable living.

Black George hearing the diſcovery that had been made, run away, and was never ſince heard of; and Jones beſtowed the money on his family, but not in equal proportions, for Molly had much the greateſt ſhare.

As for Partridge, Jones hath ſettled 50*l.* a year on him; and he hath again ſet up a ſchool, in which he meets with much better encouragement than formerly; and there is now a treaty of marriage on foot between him and Miſs Molly Seagrim, which, through the mediation of Sophia, is likely to take effect.

We now return to take leave of Mr. Jones and Sophia, who, within two days after their marriage, attended Mr. Weſtern and Mr. Allworthy into the country. Weſtern hath reſigned his family ſeat, and the greater part of his eſtate to his ſon-in-law, and hath retired to a leſſer houſe of his, in another part of the country, which is better for hunting. Indeed he is often as a viſitant with Mr. Jones, who as well as his daughter, hath an infinite delight in doing every thing in their power to pleaſe him. And this deſire of theirs is attended with ſuch ſucceſs, that the old gentleman declares he was never happy in his life till now. He hath here a parlour and anti-chamber to himſelf, where he gets drunk with whom he pleaſes; and his daughter is ſtill as ready as formerly to play to him whenever he deſires it; Jones hath aſſured her that as next to pleaſing her, one of his higheſt ſatisfactions is to contribute to the happineſs of the old man; ſo the great duty which ſhe expreſſes and performs to her father renders

her almoſt equally dear to him, with the love which ſhe beſtows on himſelf.

Sophia hath already produced him two fine children, a boy and a girl, of whom the old gentleman is ſo fond, that he ſpends much of his time in the nurſery, where he declares the tattling of his little grand-daughter, who is above a year and a half old, is ſweeter muſic than the fineſt cry of dogs in England.

Allworthy was likewiſe greatly liberal to Jones on the marriage, and hath omitted no inſtance of ſhewing his affection to him and his lady, who love him as a father. Whatever in the nature of Jones had a tendency to vice, has been corrected by continual converſation with this good man, and by his union with the lovely and virtuous Sophia. He hath alſo, by reflection on his paſt follies, acquired a diſcretion and prudence very uncommon in one of his lively parts.

To conclude, as there are not to be found a worthier man and woman, than this fond couple, ſo neither can any be imagined more happy. They preſerve the pureſt and tendereſt affection for each other, an affection daily encreaſed and confirmed by mutual endearments, and mutual eſteem. Nor is their conduct towards their relations and friends leſs amiable, than towards one another. And ſuch is their condeſcenſion, their indulgence, and their beneficence to thoſe below them, that there is not a neighbour, a tenant, or a ſervant, who doth not moſt gratefully bleſs the day when Mr. Jones was married to his Sophia.

THE END OF THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS.

For the YEAR 1742-3.

The CONTENTS.

Several Papers *relating to the* Terreſtrial CHRYSIPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT, *or* GUINEA, *an* Inſect, *or* Vegetable, *which has this ſurpriſing* Property, *that being cut into ſeveral pieces, each piece lives, and in a ſhort time becomes as perfect an Inſect, or Vegetable, as that of which it was originally only a Part.*

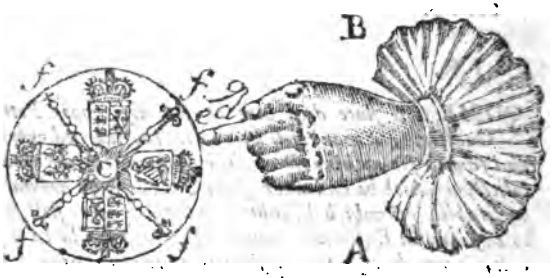
Abſtract of *Part* of a Letter from the *Heer Rottenſcrach* in *Germany*, communicating Obſervations on the CHRYSIPUS.

SIR,

SOME time ſince died here of old age, one Petrus Gualterus, a man well known in the learned world, and famous for nothing ſo much as for an extraordinary collection which he had made of the Chryſipi, *an animal or vegetable; of which I doubt not but there are ſtill ſome to be found in England: however, if that ſhould be difficult, it may be eaſy to ſend ſome over to you; as they are at preſent very plentiful in theſe parts. I can anſwer for the truth of the facts contained in the paper I ſend you, as there is not one of them but what I have ſeen repeated above twenty times; and I wiſh others may be encouraged to try the experiments over again, and ſatisfy themſelves of the truth with their own eyes. The accounts of the* Chryſipi, *as well as the collection itſelf, were found in the cabinet of the above-mentioned Petrus, after his death: for he could never be prevailed on to communicate a ſight of either while alive. I am,*

SIR, &c.

The figure of the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS *ſticking to a finger.*



Obſervations and Experiments upon the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS, *or* GUINEA, *by Mynheer* Petrus Gualterus.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH *by* P. H. I. Z. C. G. S.

THE animal in queſtion is a terreſtrial vegetable or inſect, of which mention is made in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions* for ſeveral years, as may be ſeen in N° ooo. Art. ocoo. and N° oo Art. ooz. and N°—— Art. 18.

This animal or vegetable is of of a rotund, orbicular, or round form, as repreſented in the figure annexed. In which *A.* denotes the ruffle. *B.* the hand. *G.* the thumb of that hand. *D.* the finger. *E.* the part of that finger to which the CHRYSIPUS ſticks.

F.

F. f. f. f. four tubes, repreſenting the Πέος*, or *man's ſtaff*, mentioned by Galen in his Treatiſe *de Uſu Partium*; and by Ariſtotle, in that little book called his Ἀρχιζύγλιόν, or *Maſter-piece*. The τὸ θηλυκὸν, or *woman's pipe*, an oblong perforated ſubſtance, to which the ſaid Πέος directly tend, is repreſented by the letter *C*. *The mouth of the* Chryſipus *is in this anterior middle, it opens into the ſtomach, which takes up the whole length of the body*. The whole body forms but one pipe, a ſort of gut which can be opened but at one end, *i. e.* at letter *C*.

The ſize of the body of a Chryſipus varies according to its different ſpecies.

I know two ſpecies only, differing in extent almoſt one half; which, for diſtinction ſake, I call the *whole Chryſipus*, and the *Semi-Chryſipus*. The latter of theſe is by no means ſo valuable as the former. The length of the Πέος differ likewiſe in proportion to the different ſize or extenſion of theſe two.

The Πέος of thoſe of a modern growth are ſo imperfect and inviſible to the naked eye, that it is much to be feared the ſpecies will ſoon be entirely loſt among us: and, indeed, in England they are obſerved of late to be much rarer than formerly, eſpecially in the country, where at preſent there are very few of them to be found: but at the ſame time it is remarked that in ſome places of the continent, particularly in a certain part of Germany, they are much plentier; being to be found in great numbers, where formerly there were ſcarce any to be met with.

I have not, after the minuteſt obſervation, been able to ſettle, with any degree of certainty, whether this be really an animal or vegetable, or whether it be not ſtrictly neither, or rather both. For as I have by the help of my microſcope diſcovered ſome of its parts to reſemble thoſe of a lion; I have at other times taken notice of ſomething not unlike the *Flower-de-luce*. Not to repeat thoſe parts above-mentioned, which bear great analogy to the Ἄιδοια of the human body. On their extremities (if they are

* See *Philoſ. Tranſact.* concerning the *arbor vitæ*, *anno* 1732.

not very old) may be ſeen certain letters forming the names of ſeveral of our kings; whence I have been almoſt inclined to conclude, that theſe are the flowers mentioned by Virgil, and which appear to have been ſo extremely ſcarce in his time.

Dic quibus in terris inſcripti nomina Regum
Naſcuntur flores.

Particularly as he adds,

——*Et Phyllida ſolus habeto.*

Of which we ſhall take notice hereafter, when we come to ſpeak of its properties. What hath principally diſſuaded me from an opinion of its being an animal, is, that I could never obſerve any ſymptoms of voluntary motion: but indeed the ſame may be ſaid of an oyſter, which I think is not yet ſettled by the learned to be *abſolutely* a vegetable.

But though it hath not, or ſeems not to have any progreſſive motion of its own, yet it is very eaſy to communicate a motion to it. Indeed ſome perſons have made them fly all over the town with great velocity.

What is ſaid of the *Polypus*, in a late excellent paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewiſe applicable to the *Chryſipus*.

"They make uſe of their progreſſive motion, "when communicated to them, to place themſelves "conveniently, ſo as to catch their prey. They "are voracious animals; their Πεῖ are ſo many "ſnares which they ſet for numbers of ſmall *inſects*. "As ſoon as any of them touches one of the Πεῖ, "it is caught."

But then it differs from the *Polypus* in the conſequence; for inſtead of making the *inſect* its prey, it becomes itſelf a prey to it; and inſtead of conveying an *inſect* twice as large as its own mouth into it, in imitation of the *Polypus*, the poor *Chryſipus* is itſelf conveyed into the *Loculus* or pouch of an *inſect* a thouſand times as large as itſelf. Notwithſtanding which, this wretched animal (for ſo I think we may be

be allowed to call it) is ſo eager after its prey, that if the *inſect* (which ſeldom happens) makes any reſiſtance, it ſummons other *Chryſipi* to its aid, which in the end hardly ever fail of ſubduing it, and getting into its pouch.

The learned *Gualterus* goes on in theſe words: "A "*Chryſipus*, by the ſimple contact of my own finger, "has ſo cloſely attached itſelf to my hand, that by "the joint and indefatigable labour of ſeveral of my "friends, it could by no means be ſevered, or made "to quit its hold."

As to the generation of the *Chryſipus*, it differs from all other animals or vegetables whatever: for though it ſeems the beſt ſupplied for this natural function, nature having provided each female part with four male ones, which one would think ſufficient; yet it may be ſaid, as of the *Polypus*, they have no diſtinguiſhed place by which they bring forth their young.

Gualterus judiciouſly remarks *: "I have (ſays he) "ſome of them, that have greatly *multiplied under* "*my eyes*, and of which I might almoſt ſay, that "they have produced young ones from all the ex"terior parts of their body."

"I have learned, by a *continual attention* to the "two ſpecies of them, that all the individuals of "theſe ſpecies produce young ones."

"I have for ſixty years had under my eye thou"ſands of them; and though I have OBSERVED "THEM CONSTANTLY, and with ATTENTION, ſo "as to watch them night and day, I never obſerved "any thing like the common animal copulation."

"I tried at firſt two of them; but theſe I found "would not produce a compleat *Chryſipus*; at leaſt "I had reaſon to think the operation would be ſo "ſlow, that I muſt have waited ſome years for its "completion. Upon this, I tried a hundred of "them together; by whoſe marvellous union (whe"ther it be, that they mix total, like thoſe hea"venly ſpirits mentioned by Milton, or by any

* Vid. Remarks on the *Polypus*, pag. 6.

" other proceſs not yet revealed to human wit) they " were found in the year's end to produce three, " four, and ſometimes five complete *Chryſipi*. I " have indeed often made them in that ſpace produce " ten or twenty; but this hath been by ſome held a " dangerous experiment, not only to the parent " *Chryſipi* themſelves, which have by theſe means been " utterly loſt and deſtroyed, but even to the phi- " loſopher who hath attempted it: for as ſome cu- " rious perſons have, by hermetic experiments, en- " dangered the loſs of their teeth, ſo we, by a too " intenſe application to this *Chryſipean* philoſophy, " have been ſometimes found to endanger our ears." He then proceeds thus:

* " Another fact, which I have obſerved, has " proved to me, that they have the faculty of mul- " tiplying, before they are ſevered from their parent. " I have ſeen a *Chryſipus*, ſtill adhering, bring forth " young ones: and thoſe young ones themſelves " have alſo brought forth others. Upon ſuppoſition, " that perhaps there was ſome *copulation between* " *the parent and young ones*, whilſt they were yet " united; or between the young ones coming from " the body of the ſame parent; I made divers expe- " riments to be ſure of the fact; but not one of " thoſe experiments ever led me to any thing that " could give the idea of a copulation."

I now proceed to the ſingularities reſulting from the operation I have tried upon them.

A *Chryſipus* of the larger kind may be divided into one-and-twenty ſubſtances (whether animal or vegetable we determine not) every ſubſtance being at leaſt as large as the original *Chryſipus*. Theſe may again be ſubdivided, each of them into twenty-four; and what is very remarkable, every one of theſe parts is heavier; and rather larger than the firſt *Chryſipus*. The only difference in this change is that of the colour; for the firſt ſort are yellow, the ſecond white, and the third reſemble the complexion and ſubſtance of many human faces.

* Remarks, pag. 7.

Theſe ſubdivided parts are by ſome obſerved to loſe in a great degree their adhereſcent quality: notwithſtanding which, *Gualterus* writes, that, from the minuteſt obſervations upon his own experience, they all adhered with equal tenacity to his own fingers.

The manner of dividing a *Chryſippus* differs, however, greatly from that of the *Polypus*; for whereas we are taught in that excellent treatiſe above-mentioned*, that

" If the body of a *Polypus* is cut into two parts " tranſverſely, each of thoſe parts becomes a com- " plete *Polypus*; on the very day of the operation, " the firſt part, or anterior end of the *Polypus*, that " is, the head, the mouth, and the arms: this part, " I ſay, lengthens itſelf, it creeps, and eats."

" The ſecond part, *which has no head, gets one*; a " mouth forms itſelf at the anterior end; and ſhoots " forth arms. This re-production comes about more " or leſs quickly, according as the weather is more " or leſs warm. In Summer, I have ſeen arms begin " to ſprout out 24 hours after the operation, and *the* " *new head perfected in every reſpect in a few days.*"

" Each of thoſe parts thus become a perfect *Poly-* " *pus*, performs abſolutely all its functions. It creeps, " it eats, it grows, and it multiplies; *and all that*, " as much as a *Polypus* which never had been cut."

" In whatever place the body of a *Polypus* is cut, " whether in the middle, or more or leſs near the " head, or the poſterior part, the experiment has " always the ſame ſucceſs."

" If a *Polypus* is cut tranſverſely at the ſame mo- " ment, into three or four parts, they all equally " become ſo many complete ones."

" The animal is too ſmall to be cut at the ſame " time into a great number of parts; *I therefore did* " *it ſucceſſively.* I firſt cut a *Polypus* into four parts, " and let them grow; next, I cut thoſe quarters " again; and at this rate I proceeded, *till I had* " *made* 50 *out of one ſingle one:* and here I ſtopped, for " there would have been *no end of the experiment.*"

* See *Polypus*, pag. 8, 9, 10.

"I have now actually by me several parts of the "same *Polypus* cut into pieces above a year ago; "since which time they have produced a great "number of young ones."

"*A Polypus may also be cut in two lengthways. Beginning by the head, one first splits the said head, and afterwards the stomach:* the *Polypus*, being in the form "of a pipe, each half of what is thus cut lengthways "forms a half pipe, the anterior extremity of which "is terminated by the half of the head, the half of "the mouth and part of the arms. It is not long be-"fore the two edges of those half-pipes close after the "operation: they generally begin at the posterior part, "and close up by degrees to the anterior part. *Then "each half-pipe becomes a whole one complete:* a stomach "is formed in which nothing is wanting; and *out of "each half-mouth a whole one is formed also.*"

"I have seen all this done in less than an hour; "and that the *Polypus* produced from each of those "halves, at the end of that time did not differ from "the whole ones, except that it had fewer arms; "but in a few days more grew out."

"I have cut a *Polypus* lengthways, between seven "and eight in the morning; and between two and "three in the afternoon, *each of the parts has been "able to eat a worm as long as itself.*"

"If a *Polypus* is cut lengthways beginning at the "head, and the section is not carried quite through; "the result is, a *Polypus* with two bodies, two heads, "and one tail. Some of those bodies and heads may "again be cut lengthways soon after. In this manner "I have *produced a* Polypus *that had several bodies, as "many heads, and one tail.* I afterwards at once cut off "the seven heads of this new *Hydra:* seven others "grew again; *and the heads that were cut off, became "each a complete* Polypus."

"I cut a *Polypus*, transversely into two parts: "I put these two parts close to each other again, "and they re-united where they had been cut. The "*Polypus*, thus re-united, eat the day after it had "undergone this operation: it is since grown, and "has multiplied."

"I

" *I took the poſterior part of one* Polypus, *and the anterior of another, and I have brought them to re-unite in the ſame manner as the foregoing.* Next day, the *Polypus that reſulted,* eat: it has continued well theſe two months ſince the operation: it is grown, and has put forth young ones, from each of the parts of which it was formed. The two foregoing experiments do not always ſucceed; it often happens, that the two parts will not join again."

" In order to comprehend the experiment I am now going to ſpeak of, one ſhould recollect, that the whole body of a *Polypus* forms only one pipe, a ſort of gut, or pouch."

" *I have been able to turn that pouch, that body of the* Polypus, INSIDE-OUTWARDS; AS ONE MAY TURN A STOCKING."

" I have ſeveral by me, that have remained turned in this manner; THEIR INSIDE IS BECOME THEIR OUTSIDE, AND THEIR OUTSIDE THEIR INSIDE: they eat, they grow, and they multiply, as if they had never been turned."

Now in the diviſion and ſubdiviſion of our *Chryſipus*, we are forced to proceed in quite a different manner; namely, by the metabolic or mutative, not by the ſchyſtic or diviſive. Some have indeed attempted this latter method; but, like that great philoſopher the elder Pliny, they have periſhed in their diſquiſitions, as he did, by ſuffocation. Indeed there is a method called the *Kleptiſtic*, which hath been preferred to the metabolic: but this is too dangerous; the ingenious Gualterus never carried it farther than the metabolic, contenting himſelf ſometimes to divide the original *Chryſipus* into twenty-two parts, and again to ſubdivide theſe into twenty-five; but this requires great art.

It cannot be doubted but that Mr. Trembley will, in the work he is pleaſed to promiſe us, give ſome account of the longevity of the *Polypus*. As to the age of the *Chryſipus*, it differs extremely; ſome being of equal duration with the life of man, and ſome of ſcarce a moment's exiſtence. The beſt method of preſerving them is, I believe, in bags, or cheſts, in large numbers; for they ſeldom live long when they are alone.

The

The great Gualterus ſays, he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your pockets ſingly, or in pairs, as ſome do, they will laſt a very little while, and in ſome pockets not a day.

* We are told of the *Polypus*, "That they are to "be looked for in ſuch ditches whoſe water is ſtocked "with ſmall inſects. Pieces of wood, leaves, aquatic "plants, in ſhort, every thing is to be taken out of "the water, that is met with at the bottom, or on the "ſurface of the water, on the edges, and in the mid-"dle of the ditches. What is thus taken out, muſt be "put into a glaſs of clear water, and theſe inſects, if "there are any, will ſoon diſcover themſelves; eſpe-"cially if the glaſs is let ſtand a little, without moving "it: for thus the inſects, which contract themſelves "when they are firſt taken out, will again extend "themſelves when they are at reſt, and become there-"by ſo much the more remarkable."

The *Chryſipus* is to be looked for in ſcrutores, and behind wainſcots in old houſes. In ſearching for them, particular regard is to be had to the perſons who inhabit, or have inhabited in the ſame houſes, by obſerving which rule, you may often prevent throwing away your labour. They love to be rather with old than young perſons, and deteſt finery ſo much, that they are ſeldom to be found in the pockets of laced clothes, and hardly ever in gilded palaces. They are ſometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reaſon of *pieces of wood, iron*, &c. which muſt be removed away before you can come at them. There are, however, ſeveral ſure methods of procuring them, which are all aſcertained in a treatiſe on that ſubject, compoſed by Petrus Gualterus, which, now he is dead, will ſhortly ſee the light.

I come now, in the laſt place, to ſpeak of the virtues of the *Chryſipus:* in theſe it exceeds not only the *Polypus*, of which not one ſingle virtue is recorded, but all other animals and vegetables whatever. Indeed I intend here only to ſet down ſome of its chief qualities; for to enumerate all would require a large volume.

* *Polypus*, pag. 1, 2.

Firſt,

Firſt, then, A ſingle *Chryſipus* ſtuck on to the finger, will make a man talk for a full hour, nay will make him ſay whatever the perſon who ſticks it on deſires; and again, if you deſire ſilence, it will as effectually ſtop the moſt loquacious tongue. Sometimes, indeed, one or two, or even twenty, are not ſufficient; but if you apply the proper number, they ſeldom or never fail of ſucceſs. It will likewiſe make men blind or deaf, as you think proper; and all this without doing the leaſt injury to the ſeveral organs.

Secondly, It hath a moſt miraculous quality of turning black into white, or white into black. Indeed it hath the powers of the priſmatic glaſs, and can from any object reflect what colour it pleaſes.

Thirdly, It is the ſtrongeſt love powder in the world, and hath ſuch an efficacy on the female ſex, that it hath often produced love in the fineſt women to the moſt worthleſs and ugly, old and decrepit of our ſex.

To give the ſtrongeſt idea in one inſtance of the ſalubrious quality of the *Chryſipus:* it is a medicine which the phyſicians are ſo fond of taking themſelves, that few of them care to viſit a patient without ſwallowing a doſe of it.

To conclude, *facts like theſe I have related, to be admitted*, require the moſt convincing proofs. *I venture to ſay I am able to produce ſuch proofs.* In the mean time, I refer my curious reader to the treatiſe I have above-mentioned, which is not yet publiſhed, and perhaps never may.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since I compoſed the above treatiſe, I have been informed, that theſe animals ſwarm in England all over the country, like the locuſts, once in SEVEN years; and, like them too, they generally cauſe much miſchief, and greatly ruin the country in which they have ſwarmed.

THE

THE FIRST OLYNTHIAC OF DEMOSTHENES.

The ARGUMENT.

Olynthus *was a powerful free city of* Thrace, *on the confines of* Macedonia. *By certain alluring offers,* Philip *had tempted them into an alliance with him, the terms of which were a joint war againſt the* Athenians, *and if a peace, a joint peace. The* Olynthians, *ſome time after, becoming jealous of his growing power, detach themſelves from his alliance, and make a ſeparate peace with the* Athenians. Philip, *exclaiming againſt this, as a breach of their former treaty, and glad of an opportunity, which he had long been ſeeking, immediately declares war againſt them, and beſieges their city. Upon this, they diſpatch an Embaſſy to* Athens *for ſuccour. The ſubject of this embaſſy coming to be debated among the* Athenians, Demoſthenes *gives his ſentiments in the following oration.*

NO treaſures, O Athenians, can, I am confident, be ſo deſirable in your eyes, as to diſcover what is moſt advantageous to be done for this city, in the affair now before you. And ſince it is of ſo important a nature, the ſtricteſt attention

of Philip ourselves, and have raised him higher than any king of Macedonia ever was. Now then an opportunity is come. What is it? why this which the Olynthians have of their own accord offered to this city; nor is it inferior to any of those we have formerly lost. To me, O Athenians, it appears, that if we settle a just account with the gods, notwithstanding all things are not as they ought to be, they are entitled to our liberal thanksgivings. For as to our losses in war, they are justly to be set down to our own neglect: but that we formerly suffered not these misfortunes, and that an alliance now appears to balance these evils, if we will but accept it: this, in my opinion, must be referred to the benevolence of the gods. But it happens as in the affair of riches, of which, I think, it is proverbially said, that if a man preserves the wealth he attains, he is greatly thankful to fortune; but, if he insensibly consumes it, his gratitude to fortune is consumed at the same time. So in public affairs: if we make not a right improvement of opportunities, we forget the good offered us by the gods: for from the final event we generally form our judgments of all that preceded. It is, therefore, highly necessary, O Athenians, to take effectual care, that by making a right use of the occasion now offered us, we wipe off the stains contracted by our former conduct; for should we, O Athenians, desert these people likewise, and Philip be enabled to destroy Olynthus, will any man tell me what afterwards shall stop his future progress, wherever he desires to extend it? But consider, O Athenians, and see, by what means this Philip, once so inconsiderable, is now become so great. He first became master of Amphipolis, secondly of Pydna, next of Potidea, and then of Methone. After these conquests, he turned his arms towards Thessaly, where having reduced Phera, Pagasæ, Magnesia, he marched on to Thrace. Here, after he had dethroned some kings, and given crowns to others, he fell sick. On a small amendment of health, instead of refreshing himself with repose, he fell presently on the Olynthians. His expeditions against the Illyrians, the

Pæonians,

Pæonians against Arymba, and who can recount all the other nations I omit. But should any man say, why, therefore, do you commemorate these things to us now? my answer is, that you may know, O Athenians, and sensibly perceive these two things. First, how pernicious it is to neglect the least article of what ought to be done; and, secondly, that you may discern the restless disposition of Philip to undertake, and his alacrity to execute: whence we may conclude, he will never think he hath done enough, nor indulge himself in ease. If then his disposition be to aim still at greater and greater conquests, and our's to neglect every brave measure for our defence; consider in what event we can hope these things should terminate! Good gods! is there any of you so infatuated, that he can be ignorant that the war will come home to us, if we neglect it? And if this should happen, I fear, O Athenians, that we shall imitate those who borrow money at great usury, who, for a short affluence of present wealth, are afterwards turned out of their original patrimony. So shall we be found to pay dearly for our sloth, and by giving our minds entirely up to pleasure shall bring on ourselves many and grievous calamities, against our will shall be at last reduced to a necessity of action, and to contend even for our own country. Perhaps some one may object, that to find fault is easy, and within any man's capacity; but to advise proper measures to be taken in the present exigency is the part of a counsellor. I am not ignorant, O Athenians, that not those who have been the first causes of the misfortunes, but those who have afterwards delivered their opinions concerning it, fall often under your severe displeasure, when the success doth not answer their expectations. Be that as it will, I do not so tender my own safety, that from any regard to that I should conceal what I imagine may conduce to your welfare.

The measures you are to take are, in my opinion, two. First, to preserve the Olynthian cities by sending a supply of men to their assistance; secondly, to ravage the country of the enemy; and this by attacking it both by sea and land. If either of these be

neglected, I much fear the success of your expedition: for should he, while you are wasting his territories, by submitting to suffer this, take Olynthus, he will be easily able to return home, and defend his own. On the other hand, if you only send succours to the Olynthians; when Philip perceives himself safe at home, he will sit down before Olynthus, and, employing every artifice against the town, will at length master it. We must, therefore, assist the Olynthians with numerous forces, and in two several places. This is my advice concerning the manner of our assisting them. As for the supply of money to be raised; you have a treasury, O Athenians, you have a treasury fuller of money, set apart for military uses, than any other city of Greece: this fund you may apply according to your pleasure, on this occasion; if the army be supplied this way, you will want no tax; if not, you will hardly find any tax sufficient. What? says some one, do you move to have this fund applied to the army? Not I, truly: I only suggest that an army should be levied; that this fund should be applied to it; that those who do their duty to the public should receive their reward from it; whereas in celebrating the publick festivals, much is received by those who do nothing for it.

As to the rest, I think, all should contribute, largely if much wanted, less if little. Money is wanted, and without it nothing which is necessary to be done can be performed. Others propose other means of raising it; of which do you fix on that which seems most advantageous, and apply yourselves to your preservation, while you have an opportunity: for you ought to consider and weigh well the posture in which Philip's affairs now stand; for it appears to me, that no man, even though he hath not examined them with much accuracy, can imagine them to be in the fairest situation. He would never have entered into this war, had he thought it would have been protracted. He hoped, at his very entrance, to have carried all things before him, which expectation hath deceived him. This, therefore, by falling out contrary to his opinion, hath given him the first shock,

and

and much dejected him. Then the commotions in Theſſaly: for theſe are by nature the moſt perfidious of mortals, and have always proved ſo; as ſuch he hath now ſufficiently experienced them. They have decreed to demand Pegaſæ of him, and to forbid the fortifying Magneſia. I have moreover heard it ſaid, that the Theſſalians would no longer open their ports to him, nor ſuffer his fleets to be victualled in their markets; for that theſe ſhould go to the ſupport of the republics of Theſſaly, and not to the uſe of Philip. But ſhould he be deprived of theſe, he will find himſelf reduced to great ſtraits to provide for his auxiliaries. And further; can we ſuppoſe that Paeonia and Illyria, and all the other cities, will chooſe rather to be ſlaves than free, and their own maſters? They are not inured to bondage, and the man is, as they ſay, prone to inſolence; which is indeed very credible; for unmerited ſucceſs entirely perverts the underſtanding in weaker minds; whence it is often more difficult to retain advantages than it was to gain them. It is our parts then, O Athenians, to take advantage of this diſtreſs of Philip, to undertake the buſineſs with the utmoſt expedition; not only to diſpatch the neceſſary embaſſies, but to follow them with an army, and to ſtir up all his other enemies againſt him: for we may be aſſured of this, that had Philip the ſame opportunity, and the war was near our borders, he would be abundantly ready to invade us. Are you not then aſhamed through fear to omit bringing that on him, when you have an opportunity, which he, had he that opportunity, would ſurely bring on you? Beſides, let none of you be ignorant, that you have now your option, whether you ſhould attack him abroad, or be attacked by him at home: for if the Olynthians, by your aſſiſtance, are preſerved, the kingdom of Philip will be by your forces invaded, and you may then retain your own dominions, your own city in ſafety; but ſhould Philip once maſter the Olynthians, who would oppoſe his march hither? The Thebans? let me not be thought too bitter, if I ſay, they would be ready to aſſiſt him againſt us. The Phocians? they are not

able to save themselves, unless you, or some one else, will assist them. But, my friend, says one, Philip will have no desire to invade us——I answer, it would surely be most absurd, if what he imprudently now threatens us with, he would not, when he conveniently could, perform. As to the difference, whether the war be here or there, there is, I think, no need of argument: for if it was necessary for you to be thirty days in the field within your own territories, and to sustain your army with your own product, supposing no enemy there at the same time; I say the losses of your husbandmen, who supply those provisions, would be greater than the whole expence of the preceding war. But, if an actual war should come to our doors, what losses must we then expect? Add to this, the insults of the enemy, and that which to generous minds is not inferior to any loss, the disgrace of such an incident. It becomes us all, therefore, when we consider all these things, to apply our utmost endeavours to expel this war from our borders: the rich, that for the many things they possess, parting with a little, they may secure the quiet possession of the rest: the young men, that having learnt experience in the art of war, at Philip's expence, in his country, they may become formidable defenders of their own: the orators, that they may be judicially vindicated in the advice they have given to the republick; since according to the success of the measures taken in consequence of their opinions, so you will judge of the advisers themselves. May this success be happy for the sake of every one.

OF

OF THE

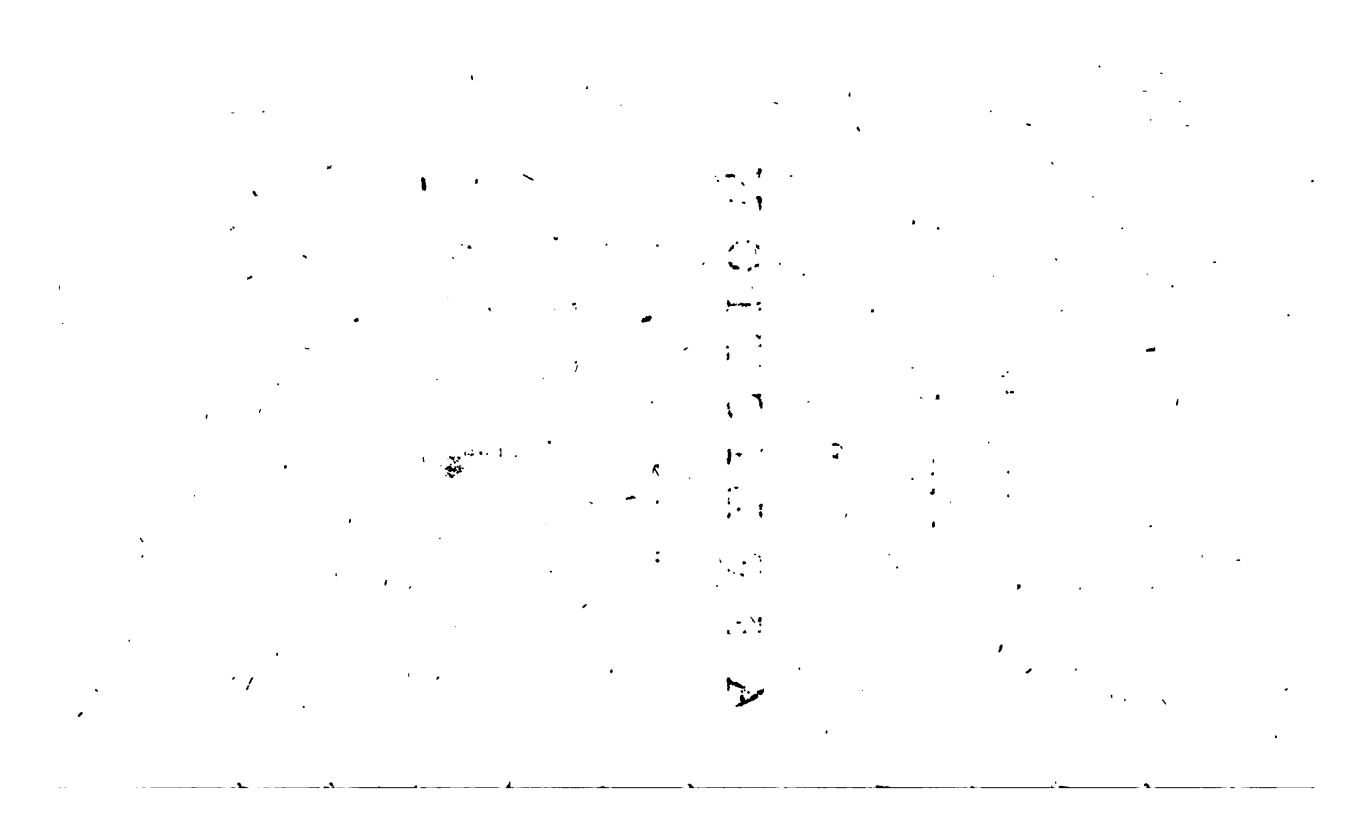
REMEDY

OF

AFFLICTION

For the LOSS of our

FRIENDS.



OF THE REMEDY OF AFFLICTION

For the LOSS of our FRIENDS.

IT would be a ſtrange conſideration (ſaith Cicero) that while ſo many excellent remedies have been diſcovered for the ſeveral diſeaſes of the human body, the mind ſhould be left without any aſſiſtance to alleviate and repel the diſorders which befal it. The contrary of this he aſſerts to be true; and preſcribes philoſophy to us, as a certain and infallible method to aſſuage and remove all thoſe perturbations which are liable to affect this nobler part of man.

Of the ſame opinion were all thoſe wiſe and illuſtrious ancients, whoſe writings and ſayings on this ſubject have been tranſmitted to us. And when Seneca tells us, that *virtue* is ſufficient to ſubdue all our paſſions, he means no other (as he explains it in many parts of his works) than *that exalted divine philoſophy*, which conſiſted not in vain pomp, or uſeleſs curioſity, nor even in the ſearch of more profitable knowledge; but in acquiring ſolid laſting habits of virtue, and ingrafting them into our character. It was not the bare knowing the right way, but the conſtant and ſteady walking in it, which thoſe glorious

writers recommended and dignified by the auguſt names *of philoſophy* and *virtue*; which two words, if they did not always uſe in a ſynonimous ſenſe, yet they all agreed in this, that virtue was the conſummation of true philoſophy.

Now that this ſupreme philoſophy, this habit of virtue, which ſtrengthened the mind of Socrates, or a Brutus, is really ſuperiour to every evil which can attack us, I make no doubt: but, in truth, this is to have a ſound, not a ſickly conſtitution. With all proper deference, therefore, to ſuch great authorities, they ſeem to me to aſſert no more, than that health is a remedy againſt diſeaſe: for a ſoul once poſſeſſed of that degree of virtue, which can without emotion look on poverty, pain, diſgrace, and death, as things indifferent: a ſoul, as Horace expreſſes it

Totus teres atque rotundus.

Or, according to Seneca, *which derives all its comfort from* WITHIN, *not from* WITHOUT; which can look down on all the ruffling billows of fortune, as from a rock on ſhore we ſurvey a tempeſtuous ſea, with unconcern; ſuch a ſoul is ſurely in a ſtate of health which no vigour of bodily conſtitution can reſemble.

And as this health of the mind exceeds that of the body in degree, ſo doth it in conſtancy or duration. In the latter, the tranſition from perfect health to ſickneſs is eaſy, and often ſudden; whereas the former being once firmly eſtabliſhed in the robuſt ſtate above deſcribed, is never afterwards liable to be ſhocked by any accident, or impulſe of fortune.

It muſt be confeſſed indeed, that thoſe great maſters have pointed out the way to this philoſophy, and have endeavoured to allure and perſwade others into it: but as it is certain, that few of their diſciples have been able to arrive at its perfection; nay, as ſeveral of the maſters themſelves have done little honour to their precepts, by their examples, there ſeems ſtill great occaſion for a mental phyſician, who ſhould conſider the human mind (as is often the caſe of the body)

body) in too weak and depraved a ſituation to be reſtored to firm vigour and ſanity, and ſhould propoſe rather to palliate and leſſen its diſorders, than abſolutely to cure them.

To conſider the whole catalogue of diſeaſes, to which our minds are liable, and to preſcribe proper remedies for them all, would require a much longer treatiſe than what I now intend; I ſhall confine myſelf therefore to one only, and to a particular ſpecies of that one, *viz.* to *affliction for the death of our friends.*

This is a malady to which the beſt and worthieſt of men are chiefly liable. It is, like a fever, the diſtemper of a rich and generous conſtitution. Indeed we may ſay of thoſe baſe tempers, which are totally incapable of being affected with it, what a witty phyſician of the laſt age ſaid of a ſhattered and rotten carcaſe, that they are not worth preſerving.

For this reaſon the calm demeanour of Stilpo the philoſopher, who, when he had loſt his children at the taking *Megara* by *Demetrius*, concluded, *he had loſt nothing, for that he carried all which was his own about him*, hath no charms for me. I am more apt to impute ſuch ſudden tranquillity at ſo great a loſs to oſtentation or obduracy than to conſummate virtue. It is rather wanting the affection, than conquering it. To overcome the affliction ariſing from the loſs of our friends is great and praiſe-worthy; but it requires ſome reaſon and time. This ſudden unruffled compoſure is owing to mere inſenſibility; to a depravity of the heart, not goodneſs of the underſtanding.

But in a mind of a different caſt, in one ſuſceptible of a tender affection, fortune can make no other ravage equal to ſuch a loſs. It is tearing the heart, the ſoul from the body; not by a momentary operation, like that by which the moſt cruel tormentors of the body ſoon deſtroy the ſubject of their cruelty; but by a continued, tedious, though violent agitation; the ſoul having this double unfortunate ſuperiority to the body; that its agonies, as they are more exquiſite, ſo they are more laſting.

If, however, this calamity be not in a more humane diſpoſition to be preſently or totally removed, an attempt to leſſen it is, however, worth our attention. He, who could reduce the torments of the gout to one half or a third of the pain, would, I apprehend, be a phyſician in much vogue and requeſt; and ſurely, ſome palliative remedies are as much worth our ſeeking in the mental diſorder; eſpecially if this latter ſhould (as appears to me who have felt both) exceed the former in its anguiſh a hundred fold.

I will proceed, therefore, without further apology, to preſent my reader with the beſt preſcriptions I am capable of furniſhing; many of which have this uncommon recommendation, that I have tried them upon myſelf with ſome ſucceſs. And if Montagne be right in his choice of a phyſician, who had himſelf had the diſeaſe which he undertook to cure, I ſhall at leaſt have that pretenſion to ſome confidence and regard.

And firſt, by way of preparative: while we yet enjoy our friends, and no immediate danger threatens us of loſing them, nothing can be wholeſomer than frequent reflections on the certainty of this loſs, however diſtant it may then appear to us: for if it be worth our while to prepare the body for diſeaſes, which may poſſibly (or at moſt probably) attack us; how much more neceſſary muſt it ſeem to furniſh the mind with every aſſiſtance to encounter a calamity, which our own death only, or the previous determination of our friendſhip, can prevent from happening to us.

It hath been mentioned as one of the firſt ingredients of a *wiſe* man, that nothing befalls him entirely unforeſeen and unexpected. And this is ſurely the principal means of taking his happineſs or miſery out of the hands of fortune. Pleaſure or pain, which ſeize us unprepared, and by ſurpriſe, have a double force, and are both more capable of ſubduing the mind, than when they come upon us looking for them, and prepared to receive them. That pleaſure is heightened by long expectation appears to me a great though vulgar error. The mind, by conſtant premeditation on either, leſſens the ſweetneſs of the

one, and bitterneſs of the other. It hath been well ſaid of lovers, who for a long time procraſtinate and delay their happineſs, that they have loved themſelves out before they come to the actual enjoyment: this is as true in the more ungrateful article of affliction. The objects of our paſſions, as well as of our appetites, may be in a great meaſure devoured by imagination; and grief, like hunger, may be ſo palled and abated by expectation, that it may retain no ſharpneſs when its food is ſet before it.

The thoughts which are to engage our conſideration on this head are too various, and many of them too obvious to be enumerated: the principal are ſurely, Firſt, the certainty of the diſſolution of this alliance, however ſweet it be to us, or however cloſely the knot be tied. Secondly, the extreme ſhortneſs of its duration, even at the beſt. And, Thirdly, the many accidents by which it is daily and hourly liable of being brought to an end.

Had not the wiſe man frequently meditated on theſe ſubjects, he would not have coolly anſwered the perſon who acquainted him with the death of his ſon —I KNEW *I had begot a Mortal.* Whereas by the behaviour of ſome on theſe occaſions, we might be almoſt induced to ſuſpect they were diſappointed in their hopes of their friends immortality; that ſomething uncommon, and beyond the general fate of men, had happened to them. In a word, that they had flattered their fondneſs for their children and friends as enthuſiaſtically as the poets have their works, which

———*nec Jovis ira nec ignis,*
Nec poterit Ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

Nor is there any diſſuaſive from ſuch contemplation: it is no breach of friendſhip, nor violence of paternal fondneſs; for the event we dread and deteſt is not by theſe means forwarded, as ſimple perſons think their own death would be by making a will. On the contrary, the ſweeteſt and moſt rapturous enjoyments are thus promoted and encouraged: for

what can be a more delightful thought than to assure ourselves, after such reflections, that the evil we apprehend, and which might so probably have happened, hath been yet fortunately escaped. If it be true that the loss of a blessing teaches us its true value, will not these ruminations on the certainty of losing our friends, and the incertainty of our enjoyment of them, add a relish to the present possession? Shall we not, in a word, return to their conversation, after such reflections, with the same eagerness and extasy, with which we receive those we love into our arms, when we first wake from a dream which hath terrified us with their deaths?

Thus then we have a double incentive to these meditations; as they serve as well to heighten our present enjoyment, as to lessen our future loss, and to fortify us against it. I shall now proceed to give my reader some instructions for his conduct, when this dreadful catastrophe hath actually befallen him.

And here I address myself to common men, and who partake of the more amiable weaknesses of human nature; not to those elevated souls whom the consummation of virtue and philosophy hath raised to a divine pitch of excellence, and placed beyond the reach of human calamity; for which reason I do not expect this loss shall be received with the composure of Stilpo. Nay, I shall not regard tears, lamentations, or any other indulgence to the first agonies of our grief on so dreadful an occasion, as marks of effeminacy; but shall rather esteem them as the symptoms of a laudable tenderness, than of a contemptible imbecility of heart.

However, though I admit the first emotions of our grief to be so far irresistible, that they are not to be instantly and absolutely overcome, yet we are not, on the other side, totally to abandon ourselves to them. Wisdom is our shield against all calamity, and this we are not cowardly to throw away, though some of the sharper darts of fortune may have pierced us through it. The mind of a wise man may be ruffled and disordered but cannot be subdued: in the former it differs

fers from the perfection of the Deity; in the latter, from the abject condition of a fool.

With whatever violence our paſſions at firſt attack us, they will in time ſubſide. It is then that reaſon is to be called to our aſſiſtance, and we ſhould uſe every ſuggeſtion which it can lend to our relief: our utmoſt force being to be exerted to repel and ſubdue an enemy when he begins to retreat: this, indeed, one would imagine, ſhould want little or no perſuaſion to recommend it; inaſmuch as we all naturally purſue happineſs and avoid miſery.

There are, however, two cauſes of our unwillingneſs to hearken to the voice of reaſon on this occaſion. The firſt, is a fooliſh opinion, that friendſhip requires an exorbitant affliction of us; that we are thus diſcharging our duty to the dead, and offering (according to the ſuperſtition of the ancients) an agreeable ſacrifice, to their manes: the other, and perhaps the commoner motive, is, the immediate ſatisfaction we ourſelves feel in this indulgence; which, though attended with very dreadful conſequences, gives the ſame preſent relief to a tender diſpoſition, that air or water brings to one in a high fever.

Now what can poſſibly, on the leaſt examination, appear more abſurd than the former of theſe? When the grave, beyond which we can enter into no engagement with one another, hath diſſolved all bonds of friendſhip between us, and removed the object of our affection far from the reach of any of our offices? can any thing be more vain and ridiculous, than to nouriſh an affliction to our own miſery, by which we can convey neither profit nor pleaſure to our friend? But I ſhall not dwell on an abſurdity ſo monſtrous in itſelf, that the bare firſt mention throws it in a light, which no illuſtration nor argument can heighten.

And as to the ſecond, it is, as I have ſaid, like thoſe indulgencies, which, however pleaſant they may be to the diſtemper, ſerve only to increaſe it, and for which we are ſure to pay the bitterest agonies in the end. Nothing can indeed betray a weaker or more childiſh temper of mind than this conduct: by which, like infants, we reject a remedy, if it be the leaſt diſtaſteful;

diſtaſteful; and are ready to receive any grateful food, without regarding the nouriſhment which at the ſame time we contribute to the diſeaſe.

Without ſtaying, therefore, longer to argue with ſuch, I ſhall firſt recommend to my diſciple or patient, of another complexion, carefully to avoid all circumſtances which may revive the memory of the deceaſed, whom it is now his buſineſs to forget as faſt, and as much as poſſible; whereas, ſuch is the perverſeneſs of our natures, we are conſtantly endeavouring, at every opportunity, to recal to our remembrance the words, looks, geſtures, and other particularities of a friend. One carries about with him the picture; a ſecond the hair; and others, ſome little gift or token of the dead, as a memorial of their loſs. What is all this leſs than being ſelf tormentors, and playing with affliction? Indeed time is the trueſt and beſt phyſician on theſe occaſions; and our wiſeſt part is to lend him the utmoſt aſſiſtance we can: whereas, by purſuing the methods I have here objected to, we withſtand with all our might the aid and comfort which that great reliever of human miſery ſo kindly offers us.

Diverſions of the lighteſt kind have been recommended as a remedy for affliction: but, for my part, I conceive they will rather increaſe than diminiſh it; eſpecially where muſic is to make up any part of the entertainment: for the nature of this is to ſoothe or inflame, not to alter our paſſions. Indeed I ſhould rather propoſe ſuch diverſions by way of trial than of cure: for when they can be purſued with any good effect, our affliction is, I apprehend, very little grievous or dangerous.

To ſay the truth, the phyſic for this, as well as every other mental diſorder, is to be diſpenſed to us by philoſophy and religion. The former of theſe words (however unhappily it hath contracted the contempt of the pretty gentlemen and fine ladies) doth ſurely convey to thoſe who underſtand it, no very ridiculous idea. Philoſophy, in its purer and ſtricter ſenſe, means no more than the love of wiſdom; but in its common and vulgar acceptation it ſignifies the ſearch after wiſdom; or often, wiſdom itſelf; for to

diſtinguiſh

distinguish between wisdom and philosophy (says a great writer) is rather matter of vain curiosity than of real utility.

Now, from this fountain (call it by which of the names we please) may be drawn the following considerations—

First, the injustice of our complaint, who have been only obliged to fulfil the condition on which we first received the good, whose loss we deplore, *viz.* that of parting with it again. We are tenants at will to fortune, and as we have advanced no consideration on our side, can have no right to accuse her caprice in determining our estate. However short-lived our possession hath been, it was still more than she promised, or we could demand. We are already obliged to her for more than we can pay; but like ungrateful persons, with whom one denial effaces the remembrance of an hundred benefits, we forget what we have already received; and rail at her, because she is not pleased to continue those favours, which of her own free-will she hath so long bestowed on us.

Again, as we might have been called on to fulfil the condition of our tenure long before, so, sooner or later, of necessity we must have done it. The longest term we could hope for is extremely short, and compared by Solomon himself to the length of a span. Of what duration is this life of man computed? A scrivener who sells his annuity at fourteen years and a half, rejoices in his cunning, and thinks he hath outwitted you, at least half a year in the bargain.

But who will insure these fourteen years? No man. On the contrary, how great is the premium for insuring you one? and great as it is, he who accepts it is often a loser.

I shall not go into the hackneyed common-place of the numberless avenues to death; a road almost as much beaten by writers, as those avenues to death are by mankind: Tibullus sums them up in half a verse.

———*Leti mille repente viæ.*

Surely

Surely no accident can befall our friend which ſhould ſo little ſurprize us; for there is no other which he may not eſcape. In poverty, pain, or other inſtances, his lot may be harder than his neighbours. In this, the happieſt and moſt miſerable, the greateſt and loweſt, richeſt and pooreſt of mankind ſhare all alike.

It is not then, it cannot be death itſelf (which is a part of life) that we lament ſhould happen to our friend, but it is the time of his dying. We deſire not a pardon, we deſire a reprieve only. A reprieve, for how long? *Sine Die.* But, if he could eſcape this fever, this ſmall-pox, this inflammation of the bowels, he may live twenty years. He may ſo: but it is more probable he will not live ten; it is very poſſible, not one. But ſuppoſe he ſhould have twenty, nay thirty years to come. In proſpect, it is true, the term ſeems to have ſome duration; but caſt your eyes backwards, and how contemptible the ſpan appears: for it happens in life (however pleaſant the journey may be) as to a weary traveller; the plain he is yet to paſs extends itſelf much larger to his eye than that which he hath already conquered.

And ſuppoſe fortune ſhould be ſo generous to indulge us in the poſſeſſion of our wiſh, and give us this twenty years longer in poſſeſſion of our friend, ſhould we be then contented to reſign? Or ſhall we not, in imitation of a child who deſires its mama to ſtay five minutes, and it will take the potion, be ſtill as unwilling as ever: I am afraid the latter will be the caſe; ſeeing that neither our calamity, nor the child's phyſick becomes leſs nauſeous by the delay.

But, admitting this condition to be never ſo hard, will not philoſophy ſhow us the folly of immoderate affliction? Can all our ſorrow mend our caſe? Can we waſh back our friend with our tears; or waft him back with our ſighs and lamentations? It is a fooliſh mean-ſpiritedneſs in a criminal to blubber to his judge when he knows he ſhall not prevail by it; and it is natural to admire thoſe more who meet their fate with a decent conſtancy and reſignation. Were the ſentences of fate capable of remiſſion; could our ſorrows or

ſufferings

ſufferings reſtore our friends to us, I would recommend him who out-did the fabled Niobe in weeping: but ſince no ſuch event is to be expected; ſince *from that Bourne no Traveller returns*, ſurely it is the part of a wiſe man, to bring himſelf to be content in a ſituation which no wit or wiſdom, labour or art, trouble or pain, can alter.

And let us ſeriouſly examine our hearts, whether it is for the ſake of our friends, or ourſelves, that we grieve. I am ready to agree with a celebrated French writer, that *the lamentation expreſſed for the loſs of our deareſt friends, is often, in reality, for ourſelves; that we are concerned at being leſs happy, leſs eaſy, and of leſs conſequence than we were before; and thus the dead enjoy the honour of thoſe tears which are truly ſhed on account of the living:* concluding—that *in theſe afflictions men impoſe on themſelves.* Now, if on the enquiry this ſhould be found to be our caſe, I ſhall leave the patient to ſeek his remedy elſewhere; having firſt recommended to him, an aſſembly, a ball, an opera, a play, an amour, or, if he pleaſe, all of them, which will very ſpeedily produce his cure. But, on the contrary, if after the ſtricteſt examination, it ſhould appear (as I make no doubt is ſometimes the caſe) that our ſorrow ariſes from that pure and diſintereſted affection which many minds are ſo far from being capable of entertaining that they can have no idea of it: in a word, if it be manifeſt that our tears are juſtly to be imputed to our friend's account, it may be then worth our while to conſider the nature and degree of this misfortune which hath happened to him: and if, on duely conſidering it, we ſhould be able to demonſtrate to ourſelves, that this ſuppoſed dreadful calamity ſhould exiſt only in opinion, and all its horrors vaniſh, on being cloſely and nearly examined; then, I apprehend, the very foundation of our grief will be removed, and it muſt, of neceſſary conſequence, immediately ceaſe.

I ſhall not attempt to make an eſtimate of human life, which to do in the moſt conciſe manner, would fill more pages than I can here allow it; nor will it be neceſſary for me, ſince admitting there was more

real

real happineſs in life than the wiſeſt men have allowed; as the weakeſt and ſimpleſt will be ready to confeſs that there is much evil in it, likewiſe; and as I conceive every impartial man will, on caſting up the whole, acknowledge that the latter is more than a balance for the former, I apprehend it will appear ſufficiently for my purpoſe, that death is not that king of terrors as he is repreſented to be.

Death is nothing more than the negation of life. If therefore life be no general good, death is no general evil. Now, if this be a point in judgment, who ſhall decide it? Shall we prefer the judgment of women and children, or of wiſe men? If of the latter, ſhall I not have all their ſuffrages with me? Thales, the chief of the ſages, held life and death as things indifferent. Socrates, the greateſt of all the philoſophers, ſpeaks of death as of a deliverance. Solomon, who had taſted all the ſweets of life, condemns the whole as vanity and vexation: and Cicero, (to name no more) whoſe life had been a very fortunate one, aſſures us in his old age, that *if any of the gods would frankly offer him to renew his infancy, and live his life over again, he would ſtrenuouſly refuſe it.*

But if we will be hardy enough to fly in the face of theſe and numberleſs other ſuch authorities: if we will ſtill maintain that the pleaſures of life have in them ſomething truely ſolid, and worthy our regard and deſire, we ſhall not, however, be bold enough to ſay, that theſe pleaſures are laſting, certain, or the portion of many among us. We ſhall not, I apprehend, inſure the poſſeſſion of them to our friend, nor ſecure him from all thoſe evils, which, as I have before ſaid, none have ever denied the real exiſtence of: nor ſhall we ſurely contend, that he may not more likely have eſcaped the latter, than have been deprived of the former.

I remember the moſt excellent of women, and tendereſt of mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous delivery, ſhe was told ſhe had a daughter, anſwering; *Good God! have I produced a creature who is to undergo what I have ſuffered!* Some years afterwards

wards, I heard the same woman, on the death of that very child, then one of the loveliest creatures ever seen, comforting herself with reflecting, that *her child could never know what it was to feel such a loss as she then lamented.*

In reality, she was right in both instances; and however instinct, youth, a flow of spirits, violent attachments, and above all, folly may blind us, the day of death is (to most people at least) a day of more happiness than that of our birth, as it puts an end to all those evils which the other gave a beginning to. So just is that sentiment of Solon, which Crœsus afterwards experienced the truth of, and which is couched in these lines—

——ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, postremaque funera debet.

If, therefore, death be no evil, there is certainly no reason why we should lament its having happened to our friend: but if there be any whom neither his own observation, nor what Plato hath advanced in his apology for Socrates, in his Crito, and his Phædon; or Cicero, in the first and third books of his Tusculan questions; or Montagne (if he hath a contempt for the ancients) can convince, that death is not an evil worthy our lamentation, let such a man comfort himself, that the evil which his friend hath suffered, he shall himself shortly have his share in. As nothing can be a greater consolation to a delicate friendship than this, so there is nothing we may so surely depend on. A few days may, and a few years most infallibly will bring this about, and we shall then reap one benefit from the cause of our present affliction, that we are not then to be torn from the person we love.

These are, I think, the chief comforts which the voice of human philosophy can administer to us on this occasion. Religion goes much farther, and gives us a most delightful assurance, that our friend is not barely no loser, but a gainer by his dissolution; that those

thoſe virtues and good qualities which were the objects of our affection on earth, are now become the foundation of his happineſs and reward in a better world.

Laſtly—It gives a hope, the ſweeteſt, moſt endearing, and raviſhing which can enter into a mind capable of, and inflamed with friendſhip. The hope of again meeting the beloved perſon, of renewing and cementing the dear union in bliſs everlaſting. This is a rapture which leaves the warmeſt imagination at a diſtance. *Who can conceive* (ſays Sherlock, in his diſcourſe on death) *the melting careſſes of two ſouls in paradiſe?* What are all the traſh and trifles, the bubbles, bawbles, and gewgaws of this life to ſuch a meeting? This is a hope which no reaſoning ſhall ever argue me out of, nor millions of ſuch worlds as this ſhould purchaſe: nor can any man ſhow me its abſolute impoſſibility, till he can demonſtrate that it is not in the power of the Almighty to beſtow it on me.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

ALEXANDER.

WHAT fellow art thou, who dareſt thus to lie at thy eaſe in our preſence, when all others, as thou ſeeſt, riſe to do us homage? Doſt thou not know us?

DIOGENES.

I cannot ſay I do: but by the number of thy attendants, by the ſplendour of thy habit; but, above all, by the vanity of thy appearance, and the arrogance of thy ſpeech, I conceive thou mayeſt be Alexander, the ſon of Philip.

ALEXANDER.

And who can more juſtly challenge thy reſpect than Alexander, at the head of that victorious army, who had performed ſuch wonderful exploits*, and under his conduct hath ſubdued the world.

DIOGENES.

* This is an anachroniſm: for Diogenes was of Sinope, and the meeting between him and Alexander fell out while the latter was confederating

DIOGENES.

Who? why the tailor who made me this old cloak.

ALEXANDER.

Thou art an odd fellow, and I have a curioſity to know thy name.

DIOGENES.

I am not aſhamed of it: I am called Diogenes; a name compoſed of as many and as well ſounding ſyllables as Alexander.

ALEXANDER.

Diogenes, I rejoice at this encounter. I have heard of thy name, and been long deſirous of ſeeing thee; in which wiſh, ſince fortune hath accidentally favoured me, I ſhall be glad of thy converſation a-while: and that thou likewiſe may'ſt be pleaſed with our meeting, aſk me ſome favour; and as thou knoweſt my power, ſo ſhalt thou experience my will to oblige thee.

DIOGENES.

Why then, Alexander the Great, I deſire thee to ſtand from between me and the ſun; whoſe beams thou haſt with-held from me ſome time; a bleſſing which it is not in thy power to recompenſe the loſs of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou haſt a very ſhallow opinion of my power, indeed: and if it was a juſt one, I ſhould have travelled ſo far, undergone ſo much, and conquered ſo many nations, to a fine purpoſe truely.

DIOGENES.

That is not my fault.

ALEXANDER.

Doſt thou not know that I am able to give thee a kingdom?

DIOGENES.

confederating the Grecian ſtates in the Peloponneſe before his Aſiatic expedition; but that ſeaſon would not have furniſhed ſufficient matter for this dialogue: we have therefore fixed the time of it at the conqueror's return from India.

DIOGENES.

I know thou art able, if I had one, to take it from me, and I shall never place any value on that which such as thou art can deprive me of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou dost speak vainly in contempt of a power which no other man ever yet arrived at. Hath the Granicus yet recovered the bloody colour with which I contaminated its waves? Are not the fields of Issus and Artela still white with human bones? Will Susa show no monuments of my victory? Are Darius and Porus names unknown to thee? Have not the groans of those millions reached thy ears, who but for the valour of his heart, and the strength of this arm, had still enjoyed life and tranquillity. Hath then this son of Jupiter, this conqueror of the world, adored by his followers, dreaded by his foes, and worshipped by all, lived to hear his power contemned, and the offer of his favour slighted, by a poor philosopher, a wretched Cynic, whose cloak appears to be his only possession!

DIOGENES.

I retort the charge of vanity on thyself, proud Alexander; for how vainly dost thou endeavour to raise thyself on the monuments of thy disgrace! I acknowledge indeed, all the exploits thou hast recounted, and the millions thou hast to thy eternal shame destroyed. But is it hence thou wouldst claim Jupiter for thy father? Hath not then every plague or pestilential vapour the same title? If thou art the dread of wretches to whom death appears the greatest of evils, is not every mortal disease the same? And if thou hast the adoration of thy servile followers, do they offer thee more than they are ready to pay to every tinsel ornament or empty title? Is then the fear or worship of slaves of so great honour, when at the same time thou art the contempt of every brave honest man, though, like me, an old cloak should be his only possession?

ALEXANDER.

Thou ſeemeſt, to my apprehenſion, to be ignorant, that, in profeſſing this diſregard for the glory I have ſo painfully achieved, thou art undermining the foundation of all that honour, which is the encouragement to, and reward of, every thing truely great and noble: for, in what doth all honour, glory, and fame conſiſt, but in the breath of that multitude whoſe eſtimation with ſuch ill-grounded ſcorn thou doſt affect to deſpiſe. A reward which hath ever appeared ſufficient to inflame the ambition of high and exalted ſouls; though from their meanneſs, low minds may be incapable of taſting, or rather, for which pride from the deſpair of attaining it may inſpire thee to feign a falſe and counterfeit diſdain. What other reward than this have all thoſe heroes propoſed to themſelves, who rejected the enjoyments which eaſe, riches, pleaſure, and power, have held forth to them in their native country, have deſerted their homes, and all thoſe things which to vulgar mortals appear lovely or deſireable, and, in defiance of difficulty and danger, invaded and ſpoiled the cities and territories of others; when their anger hath been provoked by no injury, nor their hope inſpired by the proſpect of any other good than of this very glory and honour, this adoration of ſlaves, which thou, from having never taſted its ſweets, haſt treated with contempt.

DIOGENES.

Thy own words have convinced me (ſtand a little more out of the ſun, if you pleaſe) that thou haſt not the leaſt idea of true honour. Was it to depend on the ſuffrages of ſuch wretches, it would indeed be that contemptible thing which you repreſent it to be eſtimated in my opinion: but true honour is of a different nature; it reſults from the ſecret ſatisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us by wiſe men and the gods; it is the ſhadow of wiſdom and virtue, and is inſeparable from them: nor is it either in thy power to deſerve, nor in that of thy followers

to

to beſtow. As for ſuch heroes as thou haſt named, who, like thyſelf, are born the curſes of mankind, I readily agree they purſue another kind of glory, even that which thou haſt mentioned, the applauſe of their ſlaves and ſycophants; in this inſtance, indeed, their maſters, ſince they beſtow on them the reward, ſuch as it is, of all their labours.

ALEXANDER.

However, as you would perſuade me you have ſo clear a notion of my honour, I would be glad to be on a par with you, by conceiving ſome idea of your's; which I can never obtain of the ſhadow, till I have ſome clearer knowledge of the ſubſtance, and underſtand in what your wiſdom and virtue conſiſt.

DIOGENES.

Not in ravaging countries, burning cities, plundering and maſſacring mankind.

ALEXANDER.

No, rather in biting and ſnarling at them.

DIOGENES.

I ſnarl at them becauſe of their vice and folly; in a word, becauſe there are among them many ſuch as thee and thy followers.

ALEXANDER.

If thou wouldſt confeſs the truth, envy is the true ſource of all thy bitterneſs; it is that which begets thy hatred, and from hatred comes thy railing; whereas the thirſt of glory only is my motive. I hate not thoſe whom I attack, as plainly appears by the clemency I ſhow to them when they are conquered.

DIOGENES.

Thy clemency is cruelty. Thou giveſt to one what thou haſt by violence and plunder taken from another:

another: and in ſo doing, thou only raiſeſt him to be again the mark of fortune's caprice, and to be tumbled down a ſecond time by thyſelf, or by ſome other like thee. My ſnarling is the effect of my love; in order, by my invectives againſt vice, to frighten men from it, and drive them into the road of virtue.

ALEXANDER.

For which purpoſe thou haſt forſworn ſociety, and art retired to preach to trees and ſtones.

DIOGENES.

I have left ſociety, becauſe I cannot endure the evils I ſee and deteſt in it.

ALEXANDER.

Rather, becauſe thou canſt not enjoy the good thou doſt covet in it. For the ſame reaſon, I have left my own country, which afforded not ſufficient food for my ambition.

DIOGENES.

But I come not, like thee, abroad to rob and plunder others. Thy ambition hath deſtroyed a million, whereas I have never occaſioned the death of a ſingle man.

ALEXANDER.

Becauſe thou haſt not been able: but thou haſt done all within thy power, by curſing and devoting to deſtruction almoſt as many as I have conquered. Come, come, thou art not the poor-ſpirited fellow thou wouldſt appear. There is more greatneſs of ſoul in thee than at preſent ſhines forth. Poor circumſtances are clouds which often conceal and obſcure the brighteſt minds. Pride will not ſuffer thee to confeſs paſſions which fortune hath not put it in thy power to gratify. It is therefore that thou denieſt ambition: for hadſt thou a ſoul as capacious as mine, I ſee no better way which thy humble fortune would allow thee of feeding its ambition, than what thou haſt

haſt choſen; for when alone in this retreat which thou haſt choſen, thou mayeſt contemplate thy own greatneſs. Here no ſtronger rival will contend with thee; nor can the hateful objects of ſuperior power, riches, or happineſs, invade thy ſight. But be honeſt and confeſs, had fortune placed thee at the head of a Macedonian army—

DIOGENES.

Had fortune placed me at the head of the world it could not have raiſed me in my own opinion. And is this mighty ſoul, which is, it ſeems, ſo much more capacious than mine, obliged at laſt to ſupport its ſuperiority on the backs of a multitude of armed ſlaves? And who in reality have gained theſe conqueſts, and gathered all theſe laurels, of which thou art ſo vain? Hadſt thou alone paſſed into Aſia, the empire of Darius had ſtill ſtood unſhaken. But though Alexander had never been born, who will ſay the ſame troops might not, under ſome other general, have done as great, or perhaps greater miſchiefs? The honour, therefore, ſuch as it is, is by no means juſtly thy own. Thou uſurpeſt the whole, when thou art at moſt entitled to an equal ſhare only. It is not then Alexander, but Alexander and his army are ſuperiour to Diogenes. And in what are they his ſuperiors? In brutal ſtrength—in which they would be again excelled by an equal number of lions, or wolves, or tigers. An army which would be able to do as much more miſchief than themſelves, as they are than Diogenes.

ALEXANDER.

Then thy grief broke forth. Thou hateſt us becauſe we can do more miſchief than thyſelf. And in this I ſee thou claimeſt the precedence over me; that I make uſe of others as the inſtruments of my conqueſts, whereas all thy raillery and curſes againſt mankind proceed only out of thy own mouth. And if I alone am not able to conquer the world, thou alone art able to curſe it.

DIOGENES.

If I desired to curse it effectually, I have nothing more to do, than to wish thee long life and prosperity.

ALEXANDER.

But then thou must wish well to an individual, which is contrary to thy nature who hatest all.

DIOGENES.

Thou art mistaken. Long life, to such as thee, is the greatest of curses: for, to mortify thy pride effectually, know there is not in thy whole army; no, nor among all the objects of thy triumph, one equally miserable with thyself: for, if the satisfaction of violent desires be happiness, and a total failure of success in most eager pursuits misery (which cannot, I apprehend, be doubted) what can be more miserable than to entertain desires which we know never can be satisfied? And this a little reflection will teach thee is thy own case; for what are thy desires? Not pleasures; with that Macedonia would have furnished thee. Not riches; for capacious as thy soul is, if it had been all filled with avarice, the wealth of Darius would have contented it. Not power; for then the conquest of Porus, and the extending thy arms to the farthest limits of the world *, must have satisfied thy ambition. Thy desire consists in nothing certain, and therefore with nothing certain can be gratified. It is as restless as fire, which still consumes whatever comes in its way, without determining where to stop. How contemptible must thy own power appear to thee, when it cannot give thee the possession of thy wish; but how much more contemptible thy understanding, which cannot enable thee to know certainly what that wish is?

ALEXANDER.

I can at least comprehend thine, and can grant it. I like thy humour, and will deserve thy friendship. I know

* Which was then known to the Greeks.

I know the Athenians have affronted thee, have contemned thy philoſophy, and ſuſpected thy morals. I will revenge thy cauſe on them. I will lead my army back, and puniſh their ill-uſage of thee. Thou thyſelf ſhalt accompany us; and when thou beholdeſt their city in flames ſhalt have the triumph of proclaiming that thy juſt reſentment hath brought this calamity on them.

DIOGENES.

They do, indeed, deſerve it at my hands; and though revenge is not what I profeſs, yet the puniſhment of ſuch dogs may be of good example. I therefore embrace thy offer: but, let us not be particular, let Corinth and Lacedæmon ſhare the ſame fate. They are both the neſt of vermin only, and fire alone will purify them. Gods! what a delight it will be to ſee the raſcals, who have ſo only in deriſion called me a ſnarling cur, roaſting in their own houſes.

ALEXANDER.

Yet, on a ſecond conſideration, would it not be wiſer to preſerve the cities, eſpecially Corinth, which is ſo full of wealth, and only maſſacre the inhabitants?

DIOGENES.

D——n their wealth; I deſpiſe it.

ALEXANDER.

Well, then, let it be given to the ſoldiers, as the demolition of it will not increaſe the puniſhment of the citizens, when we have cut their throats.

DIOGENES.

True——Then you may give ſome of it to the ſoldiers: but, as the dogs have formerly inſulted me with their riches, I will, if you pleaſe, retain a little—perhaps a moiety, or not much more, to my own uſe. It will give me, at leaſt, an opportunity of ſhowing the world I can deſpiſe riches when

I poſſeſs them, as much as I did before in my poverty.

ALEXANDER.

Art not thou a true dog? Is this thy contempt for wealth? This thy abhorrence of the vices of mankind? To ſacrifice three of the nobleſt cities of the world to thy wrath and revenge? And haſt thou the impudence to diſpute any longer the ſuperiority with me, who have it in my power to puniſh my enemies with death, while thou canſt only perſecute with evil wiſhes.

DIOGENES.

I have ſtill the ſame ſuperiority over thee, which thou doſt challenge over thy ſoldiers. I would have made thee the tool of my purpoſe. But I will diſcourſe no longer with thee; for I now deſpiſe and curſe thee more than I do all the world beſides; and may perdition ſeiſe thee and all thy followers.

[*Here ſome of the army would have fallen upon him, but Alexander interpoſed.*]

ALEXANDER.

Let him alone.—I admire his obſtinacy; nay, I almoſt envy it.——Farewel, old Cynic; and, if it will flatter thy pride, be aſſured I eſteem thee ſo much that, *was I not* Alexander, *I could deſire to be* Diogenes.

DIOGENES.

Go to the gibbet; and take with thee as a mortification, that, *was I not* Diogenes, *I could almoſt content myſelf with being* Alexander.

AN

AN

INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO,

AND

MERCURY.

Which was originally intended as an

INTRODUCTION TO A COMEDY,

CALLED

JUPITER'S DESCENT ON EARTH.

AN

INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO,

AND

MERCURY.

SCENE I.

JUPITER, JUNO.

JUPITER.

PRAY be pacified.

Juno. It is intolerable, insufferable, and I never will submit to it.

Jup. But, my dear.

Juno. Good Mr. Jupiter leave off that odious word: you know I detest it. Use it to the trollop Venus, and the rest of your sluts. It sounds most agreeable to their ears, but it is nauseous to a goddess of strict virtue.

Jup. Madam, I do not doubt your virtue.

Juno. You don't? That is, I suppose, humbly insinuating that others do: but who are their divinities? I would be glad to know who they are; they are neither Diana nor Minerva, I am well assured; both of whom pity me; for they know your tricks; they can neither of them keep a maid of honour for you. I desire you will treat me with good manners at least. I should have had that, if I had married a mortal, though he had spent my fortune, and lain with my

chamber-maids, as you ſuffer men to do with impunity, highly to your honour be it ſpoken.

Jup. Faith! Madam, I know but one way to prevent them, which is by annihilating mankind; and I fancy your friends below, the ladies, would hardly thank you for obtaining that favour at my hands.

Juno. I deſire you would not reflect on my friends below; it is very well known I never ſhowed any favour but to thoſe of the pureſt, unſpotted characters. And all my acquaintance, when I have been on the earth, have been of that kind; for I never return a viſit to any other.

Jup. Nay, I have no inclination to find fault with the women of the earth; you know I like them very well.

Juno. Yes, the trollops of the earth, ſuch as Venus converſes with. You never ſhow any civility to my favourites, nor make the men do it.

Jup. My dear, give me leave to ſay, your favourites are ſuch, that man muſt be new made before he can be brought to give them the preference; for, when I moulded up the clay of man, I put not one ingredient in to make him in love with uglineſs, which is one of the moſt glaring qualities in all your favourites whom I have ever ſeen; and you muſt not wonder, while you have ſuch favourites, that the men ſlight them.

Juno. The men ſlight them! I'd have you know, Sir, they ſlight the men; and I can, at this moment, hear not leſs than a thouſand railing at mankind.

Jup. Aye, as I hear at this inſtant ſeveral grave black gentlemen railing at riches, and enjoying them, or at leaſt coveting them, at the ſame time.

Juno. Very fine! Very civil! I underſtand your compariſon.——Well, Sir, you may go on giving an example of a bad huſband, but I will not give the example of a tame wife; and, if you will not make men better, I will go down to the earth and make women worſe, that every houſe may be too hot for a huſband, as I will ſhortly make heaven for you.

Jup.

Jup. That I believe you will—but, if you begin your project of making women worſe, I will take Hymen, and hang him; for I will take ſome care of my votaries, as well as you of your's.

SCENE II.

Enter APOLLO.

Apol. Mr. Jupiter, good-morrow to you.

Jup. Apollo, how doſt thou?——You are a wiſe deity, Apollo; pr'ythee, will you anſwer me one queſtion?

Apol. To my beſt ability.

Jup. You have been much converſant with the affairs of men, what doſt thou think the fooliſheſt thing a man can do?

Apol. Turn poet.

Jup. That is honeſt enough, as it comes from the god of poets: but you have miſſed the mark; for certainly the fooliſheſt thing a man can do, is to marry.

Apol. Fie! What is it then in a god? who, beſides that he ought to be wiſer than man, is tied for ever by his immortality, and has not the chance which you have given to man of getting rid of his wife.

Jup. Apollo, thy reproof is juſt: but let us talk of ſomething elſe; for when I am out of the hearing my wife, I beg I may never hear of her.

Apol. Have you read any of thoſe books I brought you, juſt ſent me by my votaries upon earth.

Jup. I have read them all.——The poem is extremely fine, and the ſimiles moſt beautiful—There is, indeed, one little fault in the ſimiles.

Apol. What is that?

Jup. There is not the leaſt reſemblance between the things compared together.

Apol. One half of the ſimile is good, however.

Jup. The dedications pleaſe me extremely, and I am glad to find there are ſuch excellent men upon earth.——There is one whom I find two or three authors agree to be much better than any of us in heaven are. This diſcovery, together with my wife's tongue,

Jup. We'll talk of that hereafter. I'll now go put on my travelling clothes, order my charge, and be ready for you in half an hour.

SCENE IV.

APOLLO, MERCURY.

Merc. Do you know the true reaſon of this expedition?

Apol. The great virtue of mankind, he tells us.

Merc. The little virtue of woman kind rather—— Do you know him no better than to think he would budge a ſtep after human virtue: beſides, where the devil ſhould he find it, if he would?

Apol. You have not read the late dedications of my votaries.

Mer. Of my votaries, you mean: I hope you will not diſpute my title to the dedications, as the god of thieves. You make no diſtinction, I hope, between robbing with a piſtol and with a pen.

Apol. My votaries robbers, Mr. Mercury?

Merc. Yes, Mr. Apollo; did not my Lord Chancellor Midas decree me the lawyers for the ſame reaſon. Would not he be a rogue who ſhould take a man's money for perſuading him he was a lord or a baronet, when he knew he was no ſuch thing? Is not he equally ſuch, who picks his pocket by heaping virtues on him which he knows he has no title to? Theſe fellows prevent the very uſe of praiſe, which, while only the reward of virtue, will always invite men to it; but when it is to be bought, will be deſpiſed by the true deſerving, equally with a ribbon or a feather, which may be bought by any one in a millener's or a miniſter's ſhop.

Apol. Very well! at this rate you will rob me of all my panegyrical writers.

Merc. Aye, and of your ſatirical writers too, at leaſt a great many of them; for unjuſt ſatire is as bad as unjuſt panegyrick.

Apol. If it is unjuſt, indeed——But, Sir, I hope you have no claim to my writers of plays, poems, which have neither ſatire nor panegyrick in them.

Merc.

Merc. Yes, Sir, to all who are thieves, and ſteal from one another.

Apol. Methinks, Sir, you ſhould not reflect thus on wits to me, who am the god of wit.

Merc. Hey-day, Sir, nor you on thieves to me, who am the god of thieves. We have no ſuch reaſon to quarrel about our votaries, they are much of the ſame kind: for as it is a proverb, That all poets are poor; ſo it is a maxim, That all poor men are rogues.

Apol. Sir, Sir, I have men of quality that write.

Merc. Yes, Sir, and I have men of quality that rob; but neither are the one poets, or the other rogues; for as the one can write without wit, ſo can the other rob without roguery. They call it privilege, I think: Jupiter, I ſuppoſe, gave it them; and, inſtead of quarrelling with one another, I think it would be wiſer in us to unite in a petition to my father that he would revoke it, and put them on a footing with other votaries.

Apol. It is in vain to petition him any thing againſt mankind at preſent, he is in ſuch good humour with them; if they ſhould ſour his temper, at his return perhaps he may be willing to do us juſtice.

Merc. It ſhall be my fault if he is not in a worſe humour with them; at leaſt I will take care he ſhall not be deceived: and that might happen; for men are ſuch hypocrites, that the greateſt part deceive even themſelves, and are much worſe than they think themſelves to be.

Apol. And Jupiter, you know, though he is the greateſt, is far from being the wiſeſt of the gods.

Merc. His own honeſty makes him the leſs ſuſpicious of others; for, except in regard to women, he is as honeſt a fellow as any deity in all the Elyſian Fields: but I ſhall make him wait for me — Dear Mr. Apollo, I am your humble ſervant.

Apol. My dear Mercury, a good journey to you; at your return I ſhall be glad to drink a bottle of nectar with you.

Merc. I ſhall be proud to kiſs your hands.

THE

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

N° 1. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1745.

ILLE EGO, *qui quondam*———

FASHION is the great governor of this world. It preſides not only in matters of dreſs and amuſement, but in law, phyſic, politics, religion, and all other things of the graveſt kind: indeed the wiſeſt of men would be puzzled to give any better reaſon, why particular forms in all theſe have been at certain times univerſally received, and at others univerſally rejected, than that they were in or out of faſhion.

Men, as well as things, are in like manner indebted to the favour of this *grand monarque*. It is a phraſe commonly uſed in the polite world, that ſuch a perſon is in faſhion; nay, I myſelf have known an individual in faſhion, and then out of faſhion, and then in faſhion again. Shakſpeare hath ſhared both theſe fates in poetry, and ſo hath Mr. Handel in muſic; ſo hath my Lord Coke in law, and in phyſic the great Sydenham: and as to politics and religion, I am ſure every man's memory will ſuggeſt to himſelf very great maſters in both, even in the preſent age, who have been in the higheſt degree both in and out of faſhion.

It is, therefore, the buſineſs of every man to accommodate himſelf to the faſhion of the times; which, if he neglects, he muſt not be ſurpriſed if the greateſt parts and abilities are totally diſregarded. If

Socrates

Socrates himſelf was to go to court in an antique dreſs, he would be neglected, or perhaps ridiculed; or if old Hippocrates was to viſit the college of phyſicians, and there talk the language of his aphoriſms, he would be deſpiſed; the college, as Moliere ſays, *having altered all that* at preſent.

But, of all mankind, there are none whom it ſo abſolutely imports to confirm to this golden rule as an author; by neglecting this, Milton himſelf lay long in obſcurity, and the world had nearly loſt the beſt poem which perhaps it hath ever ſeen. On the contrary, by adhering to it, Tom Durfey, whoſe name is almoſt forgot, and many others who are quite forgotten, flouriſhed moſt notably in their reſpective ages, and eat and were read very plentifully by their cotemporaries.

In ſtrict obedience to this ſovereign power, being informed by my bookſeller a man of great ſagacity in his buſineſs, *that nobody at preſent reads any thing but news-papers*, I have determined to conform myſelf to the reigning taſte. The number indeed of theſe writers at firſt a little ſtaggered us both; but upon peruſal of their works, I fancied I had diſcovered two or three little imperfections in them all, which ſomewhat diminiſhed the force of this objection, and gave me hopes that the public will expel ſome of them to make room for their betters.

The firſt little imperfection in theſe writings, is, that there is ſcarce a ſyllable of TRUTH in any of them. If this be admitted to be a fault, it requires no other evidence than themſelves, and the perpetual contradictions which occur not only on comparing one with the other, but the ſame author with himſelf at different days.

2*dly*, There is no SENSE in them; to prove this likewiſe, I appeal to their works.

3*dly*, There is, in reality, NOTHING *in them at all.* And this alſo muſt be allowed by their readers, if paragraphs which contain neither wit, nor humour, nor ſenſe, nor the leaſt importance may be properly ſaid to contain nothing. Such are the arrival of my Lord——*with a great equipage*, the marriage of

Miſs

Miſs———*of great beauty and merit*, and the death of Mr.——*who was never heard of in his life*, &c. &c.

Nor will this appear ſtrange, if we conſider who are the authors of ſuch tracts; namely, the journeymen of bookſellers, of whom, I believe, much the ſame may be truely predicated, as of theſe their productions.

But the encouragement with which theſe lucubrations are read may ſeem more ſtrange and more difficult to be accounted for. And here I cannot agree with my bookſeller, that their eminent badneſs recommends them. The true reaſon is, I believe, ſimply the ſame which I once heard an œconomiſt aſſign for the content and ſatisfaction with which his family drank water-cyder, *viz.* becauſe they could procure no other liquor. Indeed I make no doubt, but that the underſtanding, as well as the palate, though it may out of neceſſity ſwallow the worſe, will in general prefer the better.

In this confidence, I have reſolved to provide the public a better entertainment than it hath lately been dieted with; and as it is no great aſſurance in an Author to think himſelf capable of excelling ſuch writings as have been mentioned above, ſo neither can he be called too ſanguine in promiſing himſelf a more favourable reception from the public.

It is not uſual for us of ſuperior eminence in our profeſſion, to hang out our names on the ſign-poſt; however, to raiſe ſome expectation in the mind of every reader, as well as to give a ſlight direction to thoſe conjectures which he will be apt to make on this occaſion, I ſhall ſet down ſome few hints, by which a ſagacious gueſſer may arrive at ſufficient certainty concerning me.

And *firſt*, I faithfully promiſe him, that I do not live within a mile of Grub-ſtreet; nor am I acquainted with a ſingle inhabitant of that place.

2dly, I am of no party; a word which I hope, by theſe my labours, to eradicate out of our conſtitution: this being, indeed, the true ſource of all thoſe evils which we have reaſon to complain of.

3*dly*,

3dly, I am a gentleman: a circumſtance from which my readers will reap many advantages; for at the ſame time that he may peruſe my paper without any danger of ſeeing himſelf, or any of his friends, traduced with ſcurrility, ſo he may expect, by means of my intercourſe with people of condition, to find here many articles of importance concerning the affairs and tranſactions of the great world (which can never reach the ears of vulgar news-writers) not only in matters of ſtate and politics, but amuſement. All routes, drums, and aſſemblies, will fall under my immediate inſpection, and the adventures which happen at them, will be inſerted in my paper, with due regard, however, to the character I here profeſs, and with ſtrict care to give no offence to the parties concerned.

Laſtly, As to my learning, knowledge, and other qualifications for the office I have undertaken, I ſhall be ſilent, and leave the deciſion to my reader's judgment; of whom I deſire no more than that he would not deſpiſe me before he is acquainted with me.

And to prevent this, as I have already given ſome account *what* I am; ſo I ſhall proceed to throw forth a few hints *who* I am; a matter commonly of the greateſt importance towards the recommendation of all works of literature

Firſt, then it is very probable I am Lord *B——ke*. This I collect from my ſtyle in writing and knowledge in politics. Again it is as probable that I am the B—p of ****, from my zeal for the proteſtant religion. When I conſider theſe, together with the wit and humour which will diffuſe themſelves through the whole, it is more than poſſible I may be Lord *C——* himſelf, or at leaſt he may have ſome ſhare in my paper.

From ſome, or all of theſe reaſons, I am very likely Mr. *W——n*, Mr. *D——n*, Mr. *L——n*, Mr. *F——g*, *T——n*, or indeed any other perſon who hath ever diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the republic of letters.

This at leaſt is very probable, that ſome of theſe gentlemen may contribute a ſhare of their abilities to the

the carrying on this work; in which, as nothing ſhall ever appear in it inconſiſtent with decency or the religion and true civil intereſt of my country, no perſon, how great ſoever, need be aſhamed of being imagined to have a part; unleſs he ſhould be weak enough to be aſhamed of writing at all; that is, of having more ſenſe than his neighbours, or of communicating it to them.

I come now to conſider the only remaining article, *viz.* the price, which is one third more than my cotemporary weekly hiſtorians ſet on their labours.

And here I might, with modeſty enough, inſiſt that if I am either what or who I pretend to be, I have ſufficient title to this diſtinction. It is well known that, among mechanics, a much larger advance is often allowed only for a particular name. A genteel perſon would not be ſuſpected of dealing with any other than the moſt eminent in his trade, though he is convinced he pays an additional price by ſo doing. And I hope the polite world, eſpecially when they conſider the regard to faſhion which I have above profeſſed, will not ſcruple to allow me the ſame pre-eminence.

But, in reality, this is the cheapeſt paper which was ever given to the public, both in quality, of which enough hath been ſaid already, and in which light a ſhilling would, I apprehend, be a more moderate price than the three halfpence which is demanded by ſome others: And *ſecondly* (which my bookſeller chiefly inſiſts on) in quantity; as I ſhall contain, he ſays, full three times as many letters as the above-mentioned papers; and for which reaſon he at firſt adviſed me to demand four-pence at leaſt, for that one ninth part would be ſtill abated to the public. To be ſerious. I would deſire my reader to weigh fairly with himſelf, whether he doth not gain ſix times the knowledge and amuſement by my paper, compared to any other: and then I think he will have no difficulty to determine in my favour.

Indeed, the prudent part of mankind will be conſiderable gainers by purchaſing my paper; for as

it will contain every thing which is worth their knowing, all others will become abſolutely needleſs: and I leave to their determination, whether three-penny-worth of truth and ſenſe is not more worth their purchaſing than all the rubbiſh and nonſenſe of the week, which will coſt them twenty times as much. In other words, is it not better to give their underſtanding an entertainment once a week than to ſurcharge it every day with coarſe and homely food?

I ſhall conclude the whole in the words of the fair and honeſt tradeſman——Gentlemen, upon my word and honour, I can afford it no cheaper; and I believe there is no ſhop in town will uſe you better for the price.

N° 3. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1745.

——Furit enſis & ignis
Quoque caret flammâ ſcelerum eſt locus.
SIL. ITAL.

THE rebellion having long been the univerſal ſubject of converſation in this town it is no wonder that what ſo abſolutely engages our waking thoughts ſhould attend us to the pillow, and repreſent to us in dreams or viſions thoſe ideas which fear had before ſuggeſted to our minds.

It is natural, on all occaſions, to have ſome little attention to our private welfare, nor do I ever honour the patriot the leſs (I am ſure I confide in him much the more) whoſe own good is involved in that of the publick. I am not, therefore, aſhamed to give the publick the following dream or viſion, tho' my own little affairs, and the private conſequences which the ſucceſs of this rebellion would produce to myſelf, form the principal object: for, I believe, as the

the ſame time, there are few of my readers who will not find themſelves intereſted in ſome parts of it.

Methought I was ſitting in my ſtudy, meditating for the good and entertainment of the publick, with my two little children (as is my uſual courſe to ſuffer them) playing near me; when I heard a very hard knock at my door, and immediately afterwards ſeveral ill-looking raſcals burſt in upon me, one of whom ſeiſed me with great violence, ſaying I was his priſoner, and muſt go with him. I aſked for what offence? Have you the impudence to aſk that (ſaid he) when the words True Patriot lie now before you? I then bid him ſhow me his warrant. He anſwered, *there it is*, pointing to ſeveral men, who were in highland dreſſes, with broad ſwords by their ſides. My children then ran towards me, and burſting into tears, expreſſed their concern for their poor papa. Upon which one of the ruffians ſeiſed my little boy, and, pulling him from me, daſhed him againſt the ground, and all immediately hurried me away out of my room and houſe, before I could be ſenſible of the effects of this barbarity.

My concern for my poor children, from whom I had been torn in the above manner, prevented me from taking much notice of any objects in the ſtreets, through which I was dragged with many inſults. Houſes burnt down, dead bodies of men, women, and children, ſtrewed every where as we paſſed, and great numbers of highlanders, and popiſh prieſts in their ſeveral habits, made, however, too forcible an impreſſion on me to be unobſerved.

My guard now brought me to Newgate, where they were informed that jail was too full to admit a ſingle perſon more. I was then conducted to a large booth in Smithfield, as I thought, where I was ſhut in with a great number of priſoners, amongſt whom were many of the moſt conſiderable perſons in this kingdom. Two of theſe were in a very particular manner reviled by the highland guards (for all the ſoldiers were in that dreſs) and theſe two I preſently recollected to be the A—b—p of Y—k, and the B—p of W—ch—r.

As there is great inconſiſtency of time and place, in moſt dreams, I now found myſelf, by an unaccountable tranſition, in a court which bore ſome reſemblance to the court of King's Bench; only a great croſs was erected in the middle; and inſtead of thoſe officers of juſtice who uſually attend that court, a number of Highlanders with drawn ſwords, ſtood there as ſentinels; the judges too were perſons whoſe faces I had never ſeen before. I was obliged, I thought, to ſtand ſome time at the bar, before my trial came on, the court being buſied in a cauſe where an abbot was plaintiff, indetermining the boundaries of ſome abbey land, which they decided for the plaintiff, the Chief Juſtice declaring, it was his majeſty's pleaſure, in all doubtful caſes, that judgment ſhould be in favour of the church.

A charge of high-treaſon was then, I dreamed, exhibited againſt me, for having writ in defence of his preſent majeſty King GEORGE, and my paper of The True Patriot was produced in evidence againſt me.

Being called upon to make my defence, I inſiſted entirely on the ſtatute of Hen. VII. by which all perſons are exempted from incurring the penalties of treaſon, in defence of the king, *de facto*. But the Chief Juſtice told me in broken Engliſh, that if I had no other plea, they ſhould preſently over-rule that; for that his majeſty was reſolved to make an example of all who had any ways diſtinguiſhed themſelves, in oppoſition to his cauſe.

Methought I then replied, with a reſolution which I hope every Engliſhman would exert on ſuch an occaſion, THAT THE LIFE OF NO MAN WAS WORTH PRESERVING LONGER THAN IT WAS TO BE DEFENDED BY THE KNOWN LAWS OF HIS COUNTRY; and that if the king's arbitrary pleaſure was to be that law, I was indifferent what he determined concerning myſelf.

The court having put it to the vote (for no jury, I thought, attended) and unanimouſly agreed that I was guilty, proceeded to paſs the ſentence uſual in

caſes of high treaſon, having firſt made many elogiums on the pope, the Roman catholic religion, and the king who was to ſupport both, and be ſupported by them.

I was then delivered into the hands of the executioner who ſtood ready, and was ordered to allow me only three hours to confeſs myſelf and be reconciled to the church of Rome. Upon which a prieſt, whoſe face I remember to have ſeen at a place called an oratory, and who was, for his good ſervices, preferred to be the ordinary of Newgate, immediately advanced, and began to revile me, ſaying, I was the wickedeſt heretick in the kingdom, and had exerted myſelf with more impudence againſt his majeſty and his holineſs than any other perſon whatſoever: but he added, as I had the good fortune to make ſome atonement for my impiety by being hanged, if I would embrace his religion, confeſs myſelf and receive abſolution, I might poſſibly, after ſome expiation in purgatory, receive a final pardon.

I was hence conducted into a dungeon, where, by a glimmering light, I ſaw many wretches my fellow-priſoners, who for various crimes were condemned to various puniſhments.

Among theſe appeared one in a very ragged plight, whom I very well knew, and who, the laſt time I ſaw him, appeared to live in great affluence and ſplendor. Upon my enquiring the reaſon of his being detained in that region of horror, he very frankly told me it was for ſtealing a loaf. He acknowledged the fact; but ſaid, he had been obliged to it for the relief of his indigent family. I ſee, continued he, your ſurprize at this change of my fortune; but, you muſt know, my whole eſtate was in the funds, by the wiping out of which I was at once reduced to the condition in which you now ſee me. I roſe in the morning with 40,000l. I had a wife whom I tenderly loved, and three blooming daughters. The eldeſt was within a week of her marriage, and I was to have paid down 10,000l. with her. At noon I found a royal decree had reduced me to downright beggary. My daughter hath loſt her marriage, and is gone

diſtracted. My wife is dead of a broken heart, and my poor girls have neither clothes to cover them, nor meat to feed them: ſo that I may truly ſay,

———*Miſer, O miſer, omnia ademit*
Una dies infeſta mihi tot præmia vitæ.

Here, methought, he ſtopped, and a flood of tears guſhed from his eyes. I ſhould perhaps have been a greater ſharer in his ſorrow, had not the conſideration of his children's ruin repreſented to me the ſituation of my own. Good gods! what were the agonies I then felt, though in a dream? Racks, wheels, gibbets, were no longer the objects of terror. My children poſſeſſed my whole mind, and my fearful imagination ran through every ſcene of horror which villains can act on their fellow creatures. Sometimes I ſaw their helpleſs hands ſtruggling for a moment with a barbarous cut-throat. Here I ſaw my poor boy, my whole ambition, the hopes and proſpect of my age, ſprawling on the floor, and weltering in his blood; there my fancy painted my daughter, the object of all my tenderneſs, proſtituted even in her infancy to the brutal luſt of a ruffian, and then ſacrificed to his cruelty. Such were my terrors, when I was relieved from them by the welcome preſence of the executioner, who ſummoned me immediately forth, telling me ſince I had refuſed the aſſiſtance of the prieſt, he could grant me no longer indulgence.

The firſt ſight which occurred to me as I paſſed through the ſtreets (for common objects totally eſcape the obſervation of a man in my preſent temper of mind) was a young lady of quality, and the greateſt beauty of this age, in the hands of two Highlanders, who were ſtruggling with each other for their booty. The lovely prize, though her hair was diſhevelled and torn, her eyes ſwoln with tears, her face all pale, and ſome marks of blood both on that and her breaſt, which was all naked and expoſed, retained ſtill ſufficient charms to diſcover herſelf to me, who have always beheld her with wonder

and admiration. Indeed it may be queſtioned whether perfect beauty loſes or acquires charms by diſtreſs. This ſight was matter of entertainment to my conductors, who, however, hurried me preſently from it, as I wiſh they had alſo from her ſcreams, which reached my ears to a great diſtance.

After ſuch a ſpectacle as this, the dead bodies which lay every where in the ſtreets (for there had been, I was told, a maſſacre the night before) ſcarce made any impreſſion; nay, the very fires in which proteſtants were roaſting, were, in my ſenſe, objects of much leſs horror; nay, ſuch an effect had this ſight wrought on my mind, which hath been always full of the utmoſt tenderneſs for that charming ſex, that for a moment it obliterated all concern for my children, from whom I was to be hurried for ever without a farewell, or without knowing in what condition I left them; or indeed whether they had hitherto ſurvived the cruelty which now methought raged every where, with all the fury, which rage, zeal, luſt, and wanton fierceneſs could inſpire into the bloody hearts of popiſh prieſts, bigots, and barbarians. Of ſuch a ſcene my learned reader may ſee a fine picture drawn by Silius Italicus, in his ſecond book, where he deſcribes the ſacking the brave city of Saguntum by a leſs ſavage army.

I then overheard the prieſt admoniſh the executioner to exert the utmoſt rigour of my ſentence towards me; after which the ſame prieſt advancing forwards, and putting on a look of compaſſion, adviſed me, for the ſake of my ſoul, to embrace the holy communion. I gave him no anſwer, and he turned his back, thundering forth curſes againſt me.

At length I arrived at the fatal place which promiſed me a ſpeedy end to all my ſufferings. Here, methought I ſaw a man who by his countenance and actions expreſſed the higheſt degree of deſpair. He ſtamped with his feet, beat his face, tore his hair, and uttered the moſt horrid execrations. Upon enquiring into the circumſtance of this perſon, I was informed, by one of the byſtanders, that he was a nonjurer, who had

had lent conſiderable aſſiſtance to the pretender's cauſe, out of principle; and was now lamenting the conſequences which the ſucceſs of it had brought on ſuch honeſt gentlemen as myſelf. My informer added with a ſmile, the wiſe man expected his majeſty would keep his word with hereticks.

The executioner then attempted to put the rope round my neck, when my little girl entered my bed-chamber, and put an end to my dream, by pulling open my eyes, and telling me that the taylor had brought home my clothes for his majeſty's birth-day.

The ſight of my dear child, added to the name of that gracious prince, at once deprived me of every private and public fear; and the joy which now began to ariſe, being ſoon after heightened by conſideration of the day, the ſound of bells, and the hurry which prevailed every where from the eagerneſs of all ſorts of people to demonſtrate their loyalty at this ſeaſon, gave me altogether as delightful a ſenſation as perhaps the heart of man is capable of feeling; of which I have the pleaſure to know every reader muſt partake, who hath had good nature enough to ſympathiſe with me in the foregoing part of this viſion.

N° 4. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1745.

Ambubariarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimi, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Mœſtum & ſolicitum eſt. ——— HOR.

THE Author of the Serious Addreſs to the People of Great Britain (a pamphlet which ought to be in every man's hands at this ſeaſon) hath inconteſtably ſhown the danger of this rebellion to all who have any regard for the proteſtant religion, or the laws and liberties of their country.

We have further endeavoured in our laſt paper, to give a lively picture of the utter miſery and deſolation it would introduce, and the inſecurity of our eſtates, properties, lives, and families under the government of an abſolute popiſh prince (for abſolute he would plainly be) introduced by the conquering arms of France, Spain, and the Highlands.

So that every good and worthy proteſtant in this nation, who is attached to his religion and liberties, or who hath any eſtate or property, either in church-lands or in the funds (which includes almoſt every man who hath either eſtate or property in the kingdom) is concerned, in the higheſt degree, to oppoſe the preſent rebellion.

I am however aware, that there yet remains a party to be ſpoken to, who are not ſtrictly concerned in intereſt in any of the preceding lights; I mean thoſe gentlemen who have no property, nor any regard either for the religion or liberty of their country.

Now, if I can make it appear, that thoſe perſons likewiſe are intereſted in oppoſing the pretender's cauſe, I think we may then juſtly conclude, he cannot have a ſingle partizan in this nation (the moſt bigotted Roman catholicks excepted) who is ſenſible enough to know his own good.

And firſt, the moſt noble party of free thinkers, who have no religion, are moſt heartily concerned to oppoſe the introduction of popery, which would obtrude one on them, one not only inconſiſtent with free-thinking, but indeed with any thinking at all. How would a man of ſpirit, whoſe principles are too elevated to worſhip the great creator of the univerſe, ſubmit to pay his adoration to a rabble of ſaints, moſt of whom he would have been juſtly aſhamed to have kept company with while alive!

But beſides the ſlaviſh doctrines which he muſt believe, or, at leaſt, meanly pretend to believe, how would a genius, who cannot conform to the little acts of decency required by a proteſtant church, ſupport the ſlaviſh impoſitions of auricular confeſſion, pennance, faſting,

faſting, and all the tireſome forms and ceremonies exacted by the church of Rome!

Laſtly, whereas the ſaid free-thinkers have long regarded it as an intolerable grievance, that a certain body of men called *parſons* ſhould, for the uſeleſs ſervices of praying, preaching, catechiſing, and inſtructing the people, receive a certain fixed ſtipend from the public, which the law fooliſhly allows them to call their own: how would theſe men brook the reſtoration of abbey-lands, impropriations, and the numberleſs flowers which the reformation hath lopped off from the church, and which the re-eſtabliſhment of popery would moſt infallibly reſtore to it.

Again, there are many worthy perſons who, though very little concerned for the true liberty of their country, have, however, the utmoſt reſpect for what is by ſeveral miſtaken for it, I mean licentiouſneſs, or a free power of abuſing the king, miniſtry, and every thing great, noble, and ſolemn.

The impunity with which this liberty hath been of late years practiſed, muſt be acknowledged by every man of the leaſt candour. Indeed, to ſuch a degree, that power and government, inſtead of being objects of reverence and terror, have been ſet up as the butts of ridicule and buffoonry, as if they were only intended to be laughed at by the people.

Now this is a liberty which hath only flouriſhed under this royal family. His preſent majeſty, as he hath leſs deſerved than his predeceſſors to be the object of it, ſo he hath ſupported it with more dignity and contempt than they have done: but how impatient the Pretender will be under this liberty, and how certainly he will aboliſh it may be concluded, not only from the abſolute power which he infallibly brings with him; but from the many ears and noſes which his family, without ſuch power, have, heretofore, ſacrificed on theſe occaſions.

And this is a loſs not only to be deplored by thoſe men of genius, who have exerted and may exert their great talents this way. There are many who without the capacity of writing have that of reading, and

have done their utmoſt to ſupport and encourage ſuch authors and their works. Theſe will loſe their favourite amuſement, all thoſe laughs and ſhrugs which they have formerly vented at the expence of their ſuperiors.

But if theſe concerns ſhould appear chimerical, I come now to pecuniary conſiderations; to a large body of men whoſe whole trade would be ruined by this man's ſucceſs. The reader will be perhaps in doubt what trade can be carried on by ſuch perſons as I have deſcribed in the beginning of this paper: how much more will he be ſurpriſed to hear, that it is the principal trade which of late years hath been carried on in this kingdom: To keep him therefore no longer in ſuſpence, I mean the honeſt method of ſelling ourſelves, which hath flouriſhed ſo notably for a long time among us. A buſineſs which I have ventured to call honeſt, notwithſtanding the objections raiſed by weak and ſcrupulous people againſt it.

I know indeed many anſwers have been given to theſe objections by a late philoſopher of great eminence, and by the followers of his ſchool; ſuch as, *that all mankind are raſcals; that they are only to be governed by corruption*, &c. But to ſay the truth, there is no occaſion of having recourſe to theſe deep and obſcure doctrines for this purpoſe; there is a much fuller and plainer anſwer to be given, and which is founded on principles the very reverſe of thoſe which were taught in this ſchool, namely, the principles of common ſenſe and common honeſty; for if it be granted, as ſurely it will be, that we are freemen, we have certainly a right to ourſelves; and whatever we have a right to, we have alſo a right to ſell. And perhaps it was a doubt in that great philoſopher, *whether we were freemen or no*, that led him into thoſe doctrines I have mentioned.

Now this trade, by which alone ſo many thouſands have got an honeſt livelihood for themſelves and families, muſt be totally ruined; for if this nation ſhould be once enſlaved, it would be impoſſible for an honeſt man

man to carry on this buſineſs any longer. A freeman (as hath been proved) may juſtly ſell himſelf, but a ſlave cannot.

And if a man would be ſo diſhonourable and baſe as to offer at carrying on this trade in an enſlaved country, contrary to all the rules of honeſty, and all the moſt ſolemn ties of ſlavery, yet who would buy him? The reaſons againſt ſuch a purchaſe are too obvious to be mentioned. Indeed, we may ſay in general, that as it is diſhoneſt in a ſlave to ſell, ſo it is as fooliſh in a ſlave to buy; for as the one hath no property to part with, ſo neither can the other acquire any.

For theſe reaſons, I think it is viſibly the intereſt of all that part of the nation, to whom I have addreſſed myſelf in the beginning of this paper, to exclude popery and arbitrary power.

There is, however, one objection which I foreſee may and will be made to this concluſion; and that is, whereas the eſtates of all the Lords and Commons of this kingdom will be forfeited, and at the diſpoſal of the conqueror, and the perſonal fortunes of all others, will, in the confuſion at leaſt, be liable to plunder, that ſuch honeſt gentlemen may have a ſufficient chance abundantly to repair or compenſate all their loſſes.

I own there is ſomething very plauſible in this argument, and it might perhaps have great force, if the Pretender's ſon had landed in England, as he did in Scotland; and had been pleaſed to place that confidence in an Engliſh rabble, with which he hath vouchſafed rather to honour theſe Highland banditti. In this caſe, I grant, no man could juſtly have been blamed who hath fixed the eyes of his affection on his neighbour's eſtate, gardens, houſe, purſe, wife, or daughter, for joining the young man's cauſe, provided the ſucceſs of it had been probable: ſuch a behaviour would then have been highly conſiſtent with all the rules taught in that ſchool of philoſophy abovementioned, and none but a muſty moraliſt, for

whoſe doctrine great men have doubtleſs an adequate contempt, would have condemned it.

But the fact is otherwiſe: The *Highlanders* are thoſe to whom he muſt owe any ſucceſs he may attain; theſe are therefore to be ſerved before you; and I eaſily refer to your own conſideration, when Rome, and France, and Spain, are repaid their demands, when a vaſt army of hungry Highlanders, and a larger army of as hungry prieſts, are ſatisfied, how miſerable a pittance will remain to your ſhare? Indeed ſo ſmall a one muſt this be, that the greateſt adept in our philoſo-political ſchool would think it ſcarce worth his while to ſacrifice his conſcience to the certainty of obtaining it.

Theſe latter conſiderations I earneſtly recommend to the moſt ſerious attention of the gentlemen for whoſe uſe this paper is calculated; and I am certain that any argument for the Pretender's cauſe, drawn from the hopes of plundering their neighbours (with which perhaps ſome honeſt men have too fondly flattered themſelves) will have very little weight with any perſon. Nay, I muſt remind them, that they will not be ſuffered to rifle the very churches themſelves, upon whoſe ſmall riches moſt probably the ſaid gentlemen have caſt their eyes.

It appears then that none will be, or can be gainers by this rebellion but popiſh prieſts and Highlanders; and I have too good an opinion of my country to apprehend that her religion, liberties, and properties, can ever be endangered by ſuch adverſaries.

TUESDAY.

N° 7. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1745.

To the TRUE PATRIOT.

My worthy friend,

I Received your paper, intitled the True Patriot, numbers one and two, enclosed in the franks of my great and most honoured patron, for which I have the highest thanks for you both. I am delighted, and that greatly, with many passages in these papers. The moderation which you profess towards all parties perfectly becomes a christian. Indeed, I have always thought that moderation in the shepherd was the best, if not only, way to bring home all the straggling sheep to his flock. I have intimated this at the vestry, and even at visitation before the archdeacon:

Sed cassandræ non creditum est.

I like your method of placing a motto from the classicks at the head of every paper. It must give some encouragement to your readers, that the author understands (at least) one line of Latin, which is perhaps more than can be safely predicated of every writer in this age.

You desire me, Sir, to write you something proper to be seen, *et quidem*, by the public; as, therefore, a subject worthy their most serious attention now offers itself, *viz.* The ensuing fast ordained by authority. I have communicated my thoughts to you thereon, which you may suppress or publicate, as you think meet.

——————ἔρχευ ἐπ' ἔργον
Θεδίσιν ἐπευξαμενος τελέσαι. PYTH.

——————" Go upon the work,
" Having prayed to the gods for ſucceſs."

As it is impoſſible for any man to reflect ſeriouſly on the progreſs of the preſent unnatural rebellion, without imputing ſuch unparalleled ſucceſs to ſome other cauſe than has yet appeared, ſome other ſtrength than what any viſible human means hath placed in the hands of the rebels; ſo will it be extremely difficult to aſſign any adequate cauſe whatſoever, without recurring to one, of whoſe great efficacy we have frequent examples in ſacred hiſtory. I mean the juſt judgement of God againſt an offending people.

And that this is really ſo, we may conclude from theſe two conſiderations: Firſt, from the rapidity of the rebels progreſs, ſo unaccountable from all human means; for can hiſtory produce an inſtance parallel to this, of ſix or ſeven men landing in a great and powerful nation, in oppoſition to the inclination of the people, in defiance of a vaſt and mighty army: (for, though the greater part of this army was not then in the kingdom, it was ſo nearly within call that every man of them might, within the compaſs of a few days, or weeks at fartheſt, have been brought home and landed in any part of it.) If we conſider, I ſay, this handful of men landing in the moſt deſolate corner, among a ſet of poor, naked, hungry, diſarmed ſlaves, abiding there with impunity, till they had, as it were, in the face of a large body of his majeſty's troops, collected a kind of army, or rather rabble, together; if we view this army intimidating the king's forces from approaching them by their ſituation; ſoon afterwards quitting that ſituation, marching directly up to the northern capital, and entering it without ſurpriſe or without a blow. If we again view this half-armed, half-diſciplined mob, without the aſſiſtance of a ſingle piece of artillery, march up to, attack, and *ſmite* a ſuperior number of the king's regular troops, with cannon in their front to defend them. If we conſider

them

them returning from this complete victory to the capital, which they had before taken; there remaining, for near two months, in contempt of twelve millions of people, above a hundred thousand of which have arms in their hands, and one half of these the best troops in Europe. If we consider them afterwards, at the approach of a large army, under a general of great experience and approved merit, bending their course, though not in a direct line, towards this army; and then, by long and painful marches, over almost inaccessible mountains, through the worst of roads, in the worst of seasons; by those means I say, slipping that army and leaving it behind them. If we view them next march on towards another army still greater, under a young, brave, vigilant, and indefatigable prince, who were advancing in their front to meet, as the others were in their rear to pursue them. If we consider, I say, these banditti not yet increased to full 6000, and above a third of these old men and boys, not to be depended on, proceeding without a check, through a long track of country, through many towns and cities, which they plundered, at least to a degree, up within a few miles of this third army, sent to oppose them; then, by the advantage of a dark night, passing by this army likewise, and by a most incredible march getting between that and the metropolis, into which they struck a terror scarce to be credited. Though besides the two armies at their heels, there was still one in this very metropolis infinitely superior to these rebels, not only in arms and discipline, but in numbers. Who, I say, can consider such things as these and retain the least doubt, whether he shall impute them to a judgement inflicted on this sinful nation; especially when in the second place, we must allow such judgment to be most undoubtedly our due.

To run through every species of crimes with which our *Sodom* abounds, would fill your whole paper. Indeed such monstrous impieties and iniquities have I both seen and heard of, within these three last years, during my sojourning in what is called the world

world, particularly the laſt winter, while I tarried in the great city, that while I verily believe we are the ſilleſt nation under heaven in every other light, we are wiſer than *Sodom* in wickedneſs. If we would avoid, therefore, that final judgement which was denounced againſt that city; if we would avoid that total deſtruction, with which we are threatened, not remotely and at a diſtance, but immediately and at hand; if we would pacify that vengeance which hath already begun to operate by ſending rebels, foreign enemies, peſtilence the forerunner of famine, and poverty among us: if we would pacify that vengeance which ſeems already bent to our deſtruction, by breathing the breath of folly, as well as perfidy, into the noſtrils of the great; what have we to do, but to ſet about THE WORK recommended by the wiſe and pious, though Heathen philoſopher, in my motto. And what is THIS WORK but a thorough amendment of our lives, a perfect alteration of our ways? But before we begin this, let us, in obedience to the rule of that philoſopher preſcribed above, firſt apply ourſelves by faſting and prayer to the throne of offended grace. My lords the biſhops have wiſely ſet apart a particular day for this ſolemn ſervice. A day, which I hope will be kept univerſally through this kingdom with all thoſe marks of true piety and repentance, which our preſent dreadful ſituation demands. Indeed, the wretch whoſe hard heart is not ſeriouſly in earneſt on this occaſion, deſerves no more the appellation of a good Engliſhman, than of a good churchman, or a true chriſtian. All ſober and wiſe nations have, in times of public danger, inſtituted certain ſolemn ſacrifices to their gods; now the chriſtian ſacrifices are thoſe of faſting and prayer; and if ever theſe were in a more extraordinary manner neceſſary, it is ſurely now, when the leaſt reflection muſt convince us that we do in ſo eminent a mannner deſerve the judgement of God, and when we have ſo much reaſon to apprehend it is coming upon us. I hope therefore (I repeat it once more) that this day will be kept by us ALL, in the moſt ſolemn manner, and that not a man will

dare

dare refuſe complying with thoſe duties which the ſtate requires of us: but I muſt, at the ſame time, recommend to my countrymen a caution, that they would not miſtake THE WORK itſelf for what is only the beginning of, or preface to it. Let them not vainly imagine, that when they have faſted and prayed for a day; nay, even for an age, that THE WORK is done. It is a total amendment of life, a total change of manners, which can bring THE WORK to a concluſion, to produce any good effects from it. Here again, to give particular inſtances would be to enumerate all thoſe vices which I have already declined recounting, and would be too prolix. They are known, they are obvious; and few men who reſolve to amend their lives, will, I believe, want any aſſiſtance to diſcover what parts of them ſtand in need of amendment. I ſhall, however, point out two or three particulars, which I the rather ſingle out, becauſe I have heard, that there are ſome who diſpute whether they are really vices or no, though every polity as well as the chriſtian have agreed in condemning them as ſuch. The firſt of theſe is lying. The devil himſelf is, in ſcripture, ſaid to be the father of lies; and liars are perhaps ſome of the vileſt and wickedeſt children he has. Nay, I think the morals of all civilized nations have denied even the character of a gentleman to a liar. So heinous is this vice, that it has not only ſtigmatized particular perſons, but whole communities with infamy. And yet have we not perſons, ay, and very great perſons too, ſo famous for it, that their credit is a jeſt, and their words mere wind? I need not point them out, for they take ſufficient care to point out themſelves. Luxury is a ſecond vice, which is ſo far from being acknowledged as criminal, that it is oſtentatiouſly affected. Now this is not only a vice in itſelf, but it is in reality a privation of all virtue. For firſt, in lower fortunes it prevents men from being honeſt: and, in higher ſituations, it excludes that virtue without which no man can be a chriſtian, namely charity. For as ſurely as charity covereth a multitude of ſins, ſo muſt a multitude of diſhes, pictures,

jewels

jewels, houſes, horſes, ſervants, &c. cover all charity. I remember during laſt winter at a great man's table, where we had among many others one diſh, the expence of which would have provided very liberally for a poor family a whole twelvemonth. In ſhort, I never ſaw, during my abode in the great city, a ſingle man who gave me reaſon to think, that he would have enabled himſelf to be charitable by retrenching the moſt idle ſuperfluity of his expence. Perhaps the large ſubſcriptions which have prevailed all over the kingdom at this ſeaſon, may be urged as an inſtance of charity. To this I anſwer, in the words of a very great and generous friend of mine, who diſclaimed all merit from a very liberal ſubſcription, ſaying, "It was rather ſenſe than goodneſs, "to ſacrifice a ſmall part for the ſecurity of the "whole." Now, true charity is of another kind, it has no ſelf-intereſted motives, purſues no immediate return nor worldly good, well knowing that it is laying up a much ſurer and much greater reward for itſelf. But, indeed, who wonders that men are ſo backward in ſacrificing any of their wealth to their conſciences, who before had ſacrificed their conſciences to the acquiſition of that very wealth. Can we expect to find charity in an age, when ſcarce any refuſe to own the moſt profligate rapaciouſneſs? when no man is aſhamed of avowing the purſuit of riches through every dirty road and track? To ſpeak out, in an age when every thing is venal; and when there is ſcarce one among the mighty who would not be equally aſhamed at being thought not to ſet *ſome price* on himſelf, as he would at being imagined to ſet too low a one. This is an aſſertion whoſe truth is too well known. Indeed, my four years knowledge of the world hath ſcarce furniſhed me with examples of any other kind. I believe I have already exceeded my portion of hour-glaſs; I ſhall therefore reſerve what I have further to ſay on this ſubject to ſome other opportunity.

I am, &c.

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

N° 9. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1745.

Non hoc iſta ſibi tempus ſpectacula poſcit. VIRG.

THE following letter came attended with a ſmall preſent of Bologna ſauſages, Naples ſoap, Florence oil, and a paper of macaroni.

SIGNIOR SAR,

'ME be inform, dat you be de Patriat, dat is to ſay, van parſon who take part vor de muny; now, Sar, dat be commodity me did forget to bring over vid me: but ven me ave got one two touſand pound me ſal ſend you ſum; me deſire darefor, dat you woud rite ſumting to recomend de opera, or begar me ſal be oblige to go back to Italy like one fool as me did cum, and dey will laff at mee for bring no muny from an country vich ave give ſo much muny for ſong.

'Me be, Signior Sar,

'Of your excellence de moſt humble ſclave,

'GIOVANI CANTILENA.'

Though I by no means admit that character of patriotiſm which the ſignor hath conceived, whether in Italy or England I will not determine, yet as I think it one part of integrity to dare oppoſe popular clamour, I ſhall, in compliance with my good friend, and in return for his kind preſent, offer ſuch thoughts as occur to me in favour of a diverſion, againſt which ſo much diſguſt ſeems to prevail at this ſeaſon.

And in the firſt place, I think it ſhould be conſidered, that theſe poor Italians, whoſe property is their throats, did not come over of their own accord; but were invited hither. Nor is the rebellion a ſufficient excuſe to ſend them back unrewarded, ſince the poverty

poverty and diſtreſs of this nation, even before this rebellion, occaſioned by debts, wars, and almoſt every publick calamity, muſt have deterred any perſons, from ſuch an undertaking, who had not reſolved to have an opera at any rate, and in any ſituation.

But perhaps this melancholy ſituation of our affairs was a principal reaſon for the introduction of this opera. Is any thing more proper to ſoften and compoſe the mind in misfortunes than muſic? Hath it not always been found the moſt effectual remedy in grief? And was accordingly uſed as ſuch by the great Nero, to calm and compoſe the agonies of his mind, while his own city was in flames; and Homer informs us, that Achilles uſed to aſſuage the wrath and impetuoſity of his temper by the muſic which old Chiron had taught him. Nay, it hath been preſcribed, by phyſicians, as a medicine for a diſeaſed mind; and we are told by Joſephus, that "When "Saul was agitated with fits, like a demoniac, his "*phyſicians not being able to give any natural or philoſo-*"*phical account of the diſtemper*, only adviſed the "having ſomebody about him that could ſing or play "upon the harp well, that might be ready at hand "to give him the diverſion of an hymn or an air. "This advice was taken, and David ſent for, who "by his voice and harp cured the patient."

The great power over the paſſions, which the ancient philoſophers aſſigned to muſic, is almoſt too well known to be mentioned. Socrates learned to ſing in his old age. Plato had ſo high an opinion of muſic, that he conſidered the application of it to amuſement only, as a high perverſion of its inſtitution; for he imagined it given by the gods to men for much more divine and noble purpoſes. And Pythagoras (to mention no more) is known to have held, that virtue, peace, health, and all other good things, was nothing but harmony. Hence perhaps aroſe that notion maintained by ſome of the Greeks, from obſerving the ſympathy between them, that the ſoul of man was ſomething very like the ſound of a fiddle.

And

And this power muſic is not only capable of exerciſing to allay and compoſe, it is altogether as efficacious in rouſing and animating the paſſions. Thus Xenophantus is recorded to have incited Alexander to arms with his muſic. And Plutarch, in his Laconic Apopthegms, tells us, that Ageſilaus being aſked why the Spartans marched (or rather danced) up to the enemy to ſome tune, anſwered, that muſic diſcovered the brave man from the coward: for thoſe ſame notes which make the eyes of the valiant ſparkle with fire, overſpread the timorous face with paleneſs, and every other mark of terror.

This, therefore, is a ſecond good reaſon for an opera at preſent, provided the muſick be properly adapted to the time, be chiefly martial, and conſiſt moſtly of trumpets and kettle-drums. The ſubject likewiſe of the drama (though that is generally conſidered as a matter of little conſequence in thoſe compoſitions) may lend ſome aſſiſtance; as ſuppoſe, for inſtance, the famous opera in which the celebrated Nicolini formerly killed a lion with ſo much bravery, ſhould be revived on this occaſion. Such an example would almoſt animate the ladies, nay, even the beaus, to take up arms in defence of their country.

And what are the objections which our antimuſical enemies make to this entertainment?

Firſt, I apprehend it hath been ſaid, that the ſoftneſs of Italian muſic is calculated to enervate the mind. This hath been obviated already: but admitting the objection true, where is its validity, when we conſider of what perſons the audience will be compoſed? for not only the common ſoldiers, but all inferior officers, are excluded by the price. Indeed the audience at an opera chiefly conſiſts of fine gentlemen, fine ladies, and their ſervants, and except a few general officers, whoſe courage we ought to imagine ſuperior to the power of a languiſhing air, ſcarce a perſon is ever preſent, who is likely to ſee a camp, or handle a muſquet; unleſs the opera, by being regulated as above, ſhould inſpire a martial ſpirit into them.

Second

Secondly, it is ſaid, that the immoderate expence of this diverſion, at a ſeaſon when poverty ſpreads its black banner over the whole nation, and when much the greater part are reduced to the moſt miſerable degrees of want and neceſſity, is an argument of moſt abandoned extravagance, and indecent profligacy, ſcarce to be equalled by any example in hiſtory.

This, I conceive, is the objection on which our adverſaries principally rely. I ſhall apply myſelf, therefore, in a very particular manner to anſwer it.

And here I muſt premiſe, that this objection proceeds on a tacit admiſſion of what is by no means true, *viz.* That the ſums expended on an opera ſubſcription would otherwiſe be employed in the public ſervice of the nation, or at leaſt in private charity to ſome of the numberleſs objects of it.

But this would certainly not be the caſe: for the perſon who could think of promoting ſuch a diverſion, in the midſt of ſo much calamity, muſt have neither heart nor head good enough to feel the diſtreſſes of a fellow-creature, much leſs to relieve them; and ſurely it cannot be ſuppoſed, that theſe people will advance any thing in defence of his majeſty, when they fly in his ſacred face, by attempting an opera, though he hath himſelf (or I am groſsly miſinformed) been pleaſed to declare, it is not now a time for operas.

We muſt, therefore, conclude, that this money, if not exhauſted for the preſent good purpoſe, would either remain dormant in the purſe of its owner, or would otherwiſe be ſacrificed at cards, or laviſhed on ſome leſs innocent article of luxury or wantonneſs.

The expence then of this entertainment, however, great it ſhould be, will not injure the public. On the contrary, ſuch will be its political utility that I queſtion whether this opera may not preſerve the nation.

For, in the firſt place, can any thing tend more to raiſe the public credit abroad, or ſo effectually to refute the ſlanders of thoſe enemies, who have endeavoured

deavoured to repreſent us in a bankrupt condition, than this very undertaking. It hath been eſteemed a maſter ſtroke of Roman policy, as well as greatneſs, that in their higheſt diſtreſs, they endeavoured by all kind of arts, to inſinuate their great ſtrength, and aſſert their independency: for which purpoſe was that ever-memorable puff, with which they refuſed the preſents of king Hiero, after the battle of Thraſimene.

I cannot help regarding our ſending for a troop of Italian ſingers, in this time of diſtreſs, as a ſtate puff of the ſame kind. Indeed, I am convinced it was done with this deſign: for are not the very perſons who are the forwardeſt in promoting this diverſion, courtiers, and conſequently friends to the preſent eſtabliſhment? Are they not people of fortune, and therefore highly intereſted in the preſervation of national credit? Nor can I help obſerving, as a proof of the policy of this meaſure, another piece of ſtate craft, tending to ſhow our great inward ſtrength and ſecurity; for while we ſent for this troop of ſingers into England, we left ſeveral troops of our ſoldiers abroad. And in what part of Europe could this policy be played off with ſuch advantage as in Italy, where our principal enemies reſide, and where the ſcheme of our diſtruction is ſuppoſed to have been laid? The ſucceſs with which this ſcheme hath been attended, muſt have anſwered our expectation, ſince it is apparent, by the arrival of theſe ſingers, that they are *fairly taken in*, and impoſed upon to believe we have ſtill as much money as ever.

In this light then the opera and thoſe who encourage it will deſerve our higheſt encomiums, and the ſubſcription to it may be ranked with the other public ſubſcriptions at this ſeaſon. And in this light we ought to ſee the intention of thoſe who have promoted it, for the reaſons above-mentioned; to which I will add the humane maxim, of always aſſigning the beſt motive poſſible to the actions of every one.

But, on the contrary, ſhould we be ſo cruel to deny any ſuch good purpoſe to be at the bottom; nay,

nay, ſhould we derive this deſire of an opera at preſent from the moſt depraved levity of mind, an utter inſenſibility of publick good or evil, yet we may ſtill draw advantages from our opera, though I muſt own I could be ſcarce ſanguine enough to derive them from deſign. For could it be imagined of any nation, at ſuch a ſeaſon of danger and diſtreſs (which I decline painting at length, as the picture is diſagreeable, and already ſufficiently known) that conſiderable numbers of the inhabitants, inſtead of contributing all the aſſiſtance in their ſeveral capacities to the public, ſhould employ their time and their money in endeavouring to promote an expenſive foreign diverſion, compoſed of all the ingredients of ſoftneſs and luxury, ſuch a nation would not be worth invading. No powerful prince could look on ſuch a people with any eyes of fear or jealouſy, nor no wiſe one would ſend his ſubjects among them, for fear of enervating their minds, and debauching their morals.

Such a nation could inſpire no other ideas into its neighbours, than thoſe of contempt and ridicule. We ought to be conſidered as the ſilly ſwan, whoſe laſt breath goes out in a cantata. And as nothing but wanton cruelty could move any power to attack us, ſo would the conqueſt of us be no leſs infamous than barbarous; and we ſhould from the ſame reaſon, be as ſafe in the neighbourhood of France, as the little commonwealth of Lucca was in that of her great ſiſter of Rome.

For all theſe reaſons I am for an opera: but I muſt then inſiſt on it, that we ſtrike up immediately, otherwiſe I muſt deſire that ghoſt of an advertiſement, calling for latter payment from the ſubcribers which hath haunted the publick papers this month, without having (as it ſeems) been ſpoken to by any one, to diſappear immediately: for I would by no means have all Europe imagine, that *we want nothing* to eſtabliſh our opera at preſent *but money*.

N° 10. TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1746.

Tu, Jupiter, quem ſtatorem hujus urbis atque imperii vere nominamus: HUNC *et* HUJUS *ſacios a tuis aris ceteriſque templis, a tectis urbis ac mœnibus, a vita fortuniſque civium omnium arcebis: et omnes bonorum inimicos, hoſtes patriæ, latrones Italiæ, ſcelerum fœdere inter ſe ac nefaria ſocietate conjunctos æternis ſuppliciis, vivos mortuoſque mactabis.*

Cic. in L. Catil.

To the TRUE PATRIOT.

Dear Sir. Dec. 14. 1735.

THOUGH I live on a ſmall fortune, in great obſcurity, yet I cannot but be intereſted in our preſent troubles. My thoughts ſometimes lead me to meditate, what we are likely to expect, ſhould ſucceſs attend the preſent ravagers of our country. Nay, I have even gone ſo far, as to ſuppoſe them actual victors, and have in this light framed an imaginary journal of events, with which I here preſent you, as with a waking dream.

The perſon of my drama, or journaliſt, I ſuppoſe to be an honeſt tradeſman, living in the buſy part of the city.

January 1, 1746.

THIS day the ſuppoſed conqueror was proclaimed at Stocks Market, amidſt the loud acclamation of Highlanders and friars. I was enabled, from my own windows, to view this ceremony; Walbrook church, the Manſion-houſe, and ſeveral others adjoining, having been burnt and razed in the maſſacre of laſt week. Father O-Blaze, an Iriſh dominican, read upon the occaſion a ſpeech out of a paper, which he ſtiled an extempore addreſs. Melancholy as I was, I could not help ſmiling at one

of

Feb. 3. Father Poignardini, an Italian Jeſuit, made Privy-Seal. A bill propoſed againſt the liberty of the preſs, and to place the nomination of jurors, exempt from challenge in the crown. Several catholic lords and gentlemen, being Engliſh, quit the court, and retire into the country. More hereticks ſent to Lambeth.

Feb. 5. A promotion of 18 general officers, three only of which were Engliſh. Lord John Drummond made colonel of the firſt regiment of foot guards, the Duke of Perth of the ſecond, and Lord George Murray of the third.

Feb. 6. Various grants paſſed the privy-ſeal of lands in various counties to generals, eccleſiaſticks, and other favourites, all foreigners.

Feb. 9. A petition from various perſons, ſufferers by the ſaid grants, ſetting forth their fidelity to the government, and that particularly in the late troubles, though they had never entered into any ſchemes in favour of his preſent Highneſs, yet they had conſtantly declined all ſubſcriptions, aſſociations, &c. to his prejudice. Father Mac-dagger brought them for anſwer, that the aſſociators and ſubſcribers had at leaſt ſhown their attachment to ſome government, but that an indifference to all government deſerved favour from none, and that therefore their petition was rejected.

Feb. 13. Four heretics burnt in Smithfield—Mr. Mac henley attended them, aſſiſted on this extraordinary occaſion by father O'Blaze, the dominican.

Feb. 19. Rumours of a plot. More heretics committed. The judges declare the power of the crown to ſuſpend laws. Father Mac-dagger made preſident of Magdalen college in Oxford.

Feb. 24. Four lords and two commoners taken into cuſtody for the plot, all Engliſh, and two of them Roman catholics. The deanry of Chriſt Church given to father Poignardini, and the biſhopricks of Wincheſter and Ely to the general of the Jeſuits order, reſident in Italy.

Feb. 28. Six more heretics burnt in Smithfield. A freſh motion made to reſtore the abbey lands—— carried

carried in the Lords' house, but rejected by the Commons. Several members of the Lower House sent to the Tower by a secretary of state's warrant, and the next day expelled, and fined by the privy council 1000*l.* each.

March 1. The French ambassador made a duke, with precedence. The motion for restoring abbey lands carried, and an address of both Houses prepared upon the occasion. Cape Breton given back to the French, and Gibraltar and Portmahon to the Spaniards.

March 2. Seven more heretics burnt. A message from the crown, desiring the advice of the free parliament touching the funds. An humble address immediately voted by way of answer, praying that his Highness would take such methods, as they might be effectually and speedily annihilated.

March 4. An eminent physician fined 200 marks in the King's-bench, for an innuendo at Batson's, that Bath water was preferable to holy water. Three hundred Highlanders of the opposite party, with their wives and children massacred in Scotland. The Pope's nuncio arrived this evening at Greenwich.

March 7. The Pope's nuncio makes his public entry—met at the Royal Exchange by my lord mayor (a Frenchman) with the Aldermen, who have all the honour to kiss his toe—proceeds to St. Paul's-churchyard—met there by father O-Blaze, who invites him, in the name of the new vicar-general and his doctors, to a *combustio hæreticorum*, just then going to be celebrated. His eminence accepts the offer kindly, and attends them to Smithfield, where the ordinary is introduced and well received—The nuncio proceeds thence to St. James's, where he had been expected for five hours—the nobility and great officers of state all admitted to kiss his toe—A grand office opened the same night in Drury-lane for the sale of pardons and indulgencies.

March 9. My little boy Jacky taken ill of the itch. He had been on the parade with his godfather

the day before, to ſee the life-guards, and had juſt touched one of their plaids.

March 12. His Highneſs ſends a meſſage to the Commons, acquainting them with his deſign of equipping a large fleet for the aſſiſtance of his good brother of France, and for that purpoſe demanding two millions to be immediately raiſed by a capitation. A warm debate thereon. His Highneſs goes to the Houſe of Commons at 12 at night, places himſelf in the Speaker's chair, and introduces the French ambaſſador. His excellency makes a long ſpeech, ſetting forth the many ſervices which his maſter had done this nation, and the great good-will he had always borne towards them, and concluding with many haughty menaces in caſe they ſhould prove ungrateful for all his favours. He is ſeconded by the laird of Keppoch, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Speaker ſtands up, and utters the word privilege, upon which he is ſent to the Tower. Then Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer moved, that the members againſt the motion might have leave to withdraw; and ſeveral having left the houſe, the queſtion was put, and carried in the affirmative, *nemine contradicente.*

March 16. Lord C. J. W—les, and admiral V——n, hanged at Tyburn. Several others were reprieved on the merit of having been enemies to thoſe two great men, and were only ordered to be whipped at the cart's tail.

March 17. Freſh rumours of a plot—a riot in the city—a riſing in the north—a deſcent in the weſt—confuſions, uproars, commitments, hangings, burnings, *&c. &c.*

——*verbum non amplius addam.*

N°. 11. TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1746.

Τὰ χρήματ' ἀνθρώποισιν τιμιώτατα
Δύναμίν τε πλείστην τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἔχει.
EURIP. in PHÆNISS.

To the TRUE PATRIOT.

SIR,

I Am a citizen, a haberdasher by trade, and one of those persons to whom the world allow the epithets of wise and prudent. And I enjoy this character the more, as I can fairly assure m self I deserve it; nor am indebted, on this account, to any thing but my own regular conduct, unless to the good instructions with which my father launched me into the world, and upon which I formed this grand principle, "That there is no real value in any thing but money."

The truth of this proposition may be argued from hence, that it is the only thing in the value of which mankind are agreed: for, as to all other matters, while they are held in high estimation by some, they are disregarded and looked on as cheap and worthless by others. Nay, I believe it is difficult to find any two persons, who place an equal valuation on any virtue, good or great quality whatever.

Now, having once established this great rule, I have, by reference to it, been enabled to set a certain value on every thing else; in which I have governed myself by two cautions, 1st. Never to purchase too dear; and 2dly (which is a more uncommon degree of wisdom) never to over-value what I am to sell; by which latter misconduct I have observed many persons guilty of great imprudence.

It is not my purpose to trouble you with exemplifications of the foregoing rule, in my ordinary call-

ing: I ſhall proceed to acquaint you with my conduct concerning thoſe things which ſome ſilly people call invaluable, ſuch as reputation, virtue, ſenſe, beauty, &c. all which I have reduced to a certain ſtandard: For, as your friend Mr. Adams ſays, in his letter on the late faſt, I imagine every man, woman, and thing to have their price. His aſtoniſhment at which truth made me ſmile, as I dare ſwear it did you; it is, indeed, agreeable enough to the ſimplicity of his character.

But to proceed—In my youth I fell violently in love with a very pretty woman. She had a good fortune; but it was 500*l.* leſs than I could with juſtice demand (I was heartily in love with her, that is the truth on it) I therefore took my pen and ink (for I do nothing without them) and ſet down the particulars in the following manner:

Mrs. Amey Fairface debtor to Stephen Grub.

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
For fortune, as *per* marriage	5000	00	00
Per contra creditor.			
Imprimis, To caſh	4500	00	00
Item, To beauty (for ſhe had a great deal, and I had a great value for it)	100	00	00
Item, To wit as *per* converſation	2	10	00
Item, To her affection for me	30	00	00
Item, To good houſewifery, a ſober chaſte education, and being a good workwoman at her needle, in all	50	00	00
Item, To her ſkill in muſic	1	01	00
Item, To dancing	00	00	06
	4683	11	06
Mrs. Amey debtor	5000	00	00
Per contra creditor	4683	11	06
Due to balance	316	08	06

Your

You ſee, Sir, I ſtrained as hard as poſſible, and placed a higher value (perhaps) on her ſeveral perfections than others would have done; but the balance ſtill remained againſt her, and I was reduced to the neceſſary alternative of ſacrificing that ſum for ever, or of quitting my miſtreſs. You may eaſily gueſs on which a prudent man would determine. Indeed, I had ſufficient reaſon to be afterwards pleaſed with my prudence, as ſhe proved to be a leſs valuable woman than I imagined: for, two years afterwards, having had a conſiderable loſs in trade, by which the balance above was ſatisfied, I renewed my addreſſes, but the falſe-hearted creature (forſooth) refuſed to ſee me.

A ſecond occaſion which I had for my pen and ink, in this way, was, when the ſituation of my affairs, after ſome loſſes, was ſuch, that I could clearly have put 1500*l.* in my pocket by breaking. The account then ſtood thus:

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Stephen Grub, debtor to caſh —	1500	00	00
Per contra creditor.			
	l.	*s.*	*d.*
To danger to ſoul as *per* perjury	105	00	00
To danger to body as *per* felony	1000	00	00
To loſs of reputation ——	500	00	00
To conſcience as *per* injuring others	0	02	06
To incidental charges, trouble, *&c.*	100	00	00

I am convinced you are ſo good a maſter of figures, that I need not caſt up the balance, which muſt ſo viſibly have determined me to preſerve the character of an honeſt man.

Not to trouble you with more inſtances of a life, of which you may eaſily gueſs the whole by this ſpecimen; for it hath been entirely tranſacted by my golden rule; I ſhall haſten to apply this rule, by which I ſuppoſe many other perſons in this city conduct themſelves, to the preſent times.

And here, Sir, have we not reaſon to ſuppoſe, that ſome good men, for want of duly conſidering

the danger of their property, &c. from the preſent rebellion, and low ſtate of public-credit, have been too tenacious of their money on the preſent occaſion: for, if we admit that the whole is in danger, ſurely it is the office of prudence to be generous of the leſſer part, in order to ſecure the greater.

Let us ſee how this ſtands on paper; for thus only we can argue with certainty.

Suppoſe, then, the given ſum of your property be 20,000*l.*

The value of ſecuring this will be more or leſs in proportion to the danger; for the truth of which I need only appeal to the common practice of inſurance.

If the chance then be twenty to one, it follows that the value of inſurance is at an average with 1000*l.*

And proportionably more or leſs, as the danger is greater or leſs.

There are, beſides, two other articles, which I had like to have forgot, to which every man almoſt affixes ſome value. Theſe are religion and liberty. Suppoſe therefore we ſet down.

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Religion at —— ——	00	15	00
And liberty at —— ——	00	02	06

And I think none but a profligate fellow can value them at a lower rate; it follows that to ſecure them from the ſame proportion of danger as above, is worth 10½*d.*

Now this laſt ſum may be undoubtedly ſaved, as it would not be miſſed or called for, if men would only ſeriouſly conſider the preſervation of what is ſo infinitely more valuable, their property; and advance their money in its defence, in due proportion to the degree of its danger. And as there is nothing ſo pleaſant as clear gain, it muſt give ſome ſatisfaction to every thinking man, that while he riſques his money for the preſervation of his property, his religion and liberty are toſſed him into the bargain.

You

You see, Sir, I have fairly balanced between those hot-headed zealots, who set these conveniences above the value of money, and those profligate wicked people, who treat them as matters of no concern or moment.

I have therefore been a little surprized at the backwardness of some very prudent men on this occasion: for it would be really doing them an injury to suspect they do not set a just value on money, while every action of their lives demonstrates the contrary. I can, therefore, impute this conduct only to a firm persuasion that there will be foolish people enough found, who, from loyalty to their king, zeal for their country, or some other ridiculous principle, will subscribe sufficient sums for the defence of the public; and so they might save their own money, which will still increase in value, in proportion to the distress and poverty of the nation.

This would be certainly a wise and right way of reasoning; and such a conduct must be highly commendable, if the fact supposed was true; for as nothing is so truly great as to turn the penny while the world suspects your ruin; so to convert the misfortunes of a whole community to your own emolument must be a thing highly eligible by every good man, *i. e.* every Plumb. But I am afraid this rule will reach only private persons at most; and cannot extend to those whose examples, while they keep their own purses shut, lock up the purses of all their neighbours.

A fallacy of the same kind I am afraid we fall into, when we refuse to lend our money to the government at a moderate interest, in hopes of extorting more from the public purse; with which thought a very good sort of man, a plumb, seemed yesterday to hug himself in a conversation which we had upon this subject: but upon the nearest computation I could make with my pen, which I handled the moment he left me, I find that this very person who proposed to gain 1 *per Cent* in 20,000*l.* would, by the consequential effect on the public credit, be a clear loser of 2 ½

In ſhort, I am afraid certain perſons may at the time run the hazard of a fate which too often attends very wiſe men, who have not on all occaſions a recourſe to figures, and may incur the cenſure of an old proverb 'By being penny wiſe and pound fooliſh.' And ſince I may be involved, againſt my will, in the calamity, I ſhall be obliged to you if you will publiſh theſe cautions, from,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

STEPHEN GRUB.

N. B. As your paper ſupplies the place of three evening poſts, I ſave 1½*d. per* week by it; for which pray accept my acknowledgement.

N°. 13. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1746.

Qui non recte inſtituunt atque erudiunt liberos, non ſolum liberis ſed et reipublicæ faciunt injuriam. CICERO.

MR. Adams having favoured me with a ſecond letter, I ſhall give it the public without any apology. If any thing in it ſhould at firſt a little ſhock thoſe readers who know the world better, I hope they will make allowances for the ignorance and ſimplicity of the writer.

To the TRUE PATRIOT.

My Worthy Friend,

I Am concerned to find, by all our public accounts, that the rebels ſtill continue in the land. In my laſt I evidently proved, that their ſucceſſes were owing to a judgment denounced againſt our ſins, and concluded with ſome exhortations for averting the divine

divine anger, by the only methods which ſuggeſted themſelves to my mind. Theſe exhortations, by the event, I perceive have not had that regard paid to them I had reaſon to expect. Indeed, I am the more confirmed in this conjecture, by a lad whom I lately met at a neighbouring baronet's, where I ſojourned the two laſt days of the year, with my good friend Mr. Wilſon.

This lad, whom I imagined to have been come from ſchool to viſit his friends for the holidays (for though he is perhaps of ſufficient age, I found, on examination, he was not yet qualified for the univerſity) is, it ſeems, a man *ſui juris*; and is, as I gather from the young damſels, Sir John's daughters, a member of the ſociety of Bowes. I know not whether I ſpell the word right; for I am not aſhamed to ſay, I neither underſtand its etymology nor true import, as it hath never once occurred in any lexicon or dictionary which I have yet peruſed.

Whatever this ſociety may be, either the lad with whom I communed is an unworthy member, or it would become the government to put it down by authority; for he uttered many things during our diſcourſe, for which I would have well ſcourged any of the youth under my care.

He had not long entered the chamber before he acquainted the damſels, that he and his companions had carried the opera, in oppoſition to the puts; by which I afterwards learnt, he meant all ſober and diſcreet perſons. And fags! ſays he (I am afraid, though, he made uſe of a worſe word) we expected the biſhops would have interfered; but if they had, we ſhould have ſilenced them. I then thought to myſelf, ſtrippling, if I had you well-horſed on the back of another lad, I would teach you more reverence to their lordſhips.

This opera, I am informed, is a diverſion in which a prodigious ſum of money, more than is to be collected out of twenty pariſhes, is laviſhed away on foreign eunuchs and papiſts, very ſcandalous to be ſuffered at any time, eſpecially at a ſeaſon when both war and famine hang over our heads.

During the whole time of our repaſt at dinner, the young gentleman entertained us with an account of ſeveral drums and routs, at which he had been preſent. Theſe are, it ſeems, large congregations of men and women, who, inſtead of aſſembling together to hear ſomething that is good; nay, or to divert themſelves with gambols, which might be allowed now and then in holiday times, meet for no other purpoſe but that of gaming, for a whole guinea and much more at a ſtake. At this married women ſit up all night, nay ſometimes till one or two in the morning, neglect their families, loſe their money, and ſome, Mr. Wilſon ſays, have been ſuſpected of doing even worſe than that. Yet this is ſuffered in a chriſtian kingdom; nay *(quod prorſus incredibile eſt)* the holy ſabbath is, it ſeems, proſtituted to theſe wicked revellings; and card-playing goes on as publickly then, as on any other day; nor is this only among the young lads and damſels, who might be ſuppoſed to know no better, but men advanced in years, and grave matrons, are not aſhamed of being caught at the ſame paſtime. *O Tempora! O Mores!*

When grace was ſaid after meat, and the damſels departed, the lad began to grow more wicked. Sir John, who is an honeſt Engliſhman, hath no other wine but that of Portugal. This our Bowe could not drink; and when Sir John very nobly declared he ſcorned to indulge his palate with rarities, for which he muſt furniſh the foe with money to carry on a war with the nation, the ſtripling replied, "Rat the nation (God forgive me for repeating ſuch words) I had rather live under French government, than be debarred from French wine." Oho, my youth! if I had you horſed, thinks I again.—But indeed, Sir John well ſcourged him with his tongue for that expreſſion, and I ſhould have hoped he had made him aſhamed, had not his ſubſequent behaviour ſhown him totally void of grace. For when Sir John aſked him for a toaſt, which you know is another word for drinking the health of one's friend or wife, or ſome perſon of public eminence, he named

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the health of a married woman, filled out a bumper of wine, ſwore he would drink her health in Vinegar, and at laſt openly profeſt he would commit adultery with her if he could. *Prob pudor!* Nay, and if ſuch a ſin might admit of any aggravation, ſhe is, it ſeems a Lady of very high degree, *et quidem*, the wife of a lord.

Et dies et charta deficerent ſi omnia vellem percurree multa quidem impura et impudica, quæ memorare nefas, recitavit. Nor is this youth, it ſeems, a monſter or prodigy in the age he lives; on the contrary, I am told he is an exemplar only of all the reſt.

But I now proceed to what muſt ſurprize you. After he had ſpent an hour in rehearſing all the vices to which youth have been ever too much addicted, and ſhown us that he was poſſeſſed of them all. *Ut qui impudicus, adulter, Ganeo, Aleea, manu, ventre pene, bona Patria laceraverat*, he began to enter upon politics:

O Proceres cenſore opus an haruſpice nobis.

This ſtrippling, this bowe, this rake, diſcovered likewiſe all the wickedneſs peculiar to age, and that he had not with thoſe vices which proceed from the warmth of youth, one of the virtues which we ſhould naturally expect from the ſame ſanguine diſpoſition. He ſhowed us, that grey hairs could add nothing but hypocriſy to him; for he avowed public proſtitution; laughed at all honour, public ſpirit, and patriotiſm, and gave convincing proofs that the moſt phlegmatic old miſer upon earth could not be ſooner tempted with gold to perpetrate the moſt horrid iniquities than himſelf.

Whether this youth be *(quod vix credo)* concerned himſelf in the public weal, or whether he have his information from others, I hope he greatly exceeded the truth in what he delivered on this ſubject: For was he to be believed, the concluſion we muſt draw would be, that the only concern of our great men, even at this time, was for places and penſions; that inſtead of applying themſelves to renovate and reſtore

our ſick and drooping common weal, they were ſtruggling to get cloſeſt to her heart, and, like leeches, to ſuck her laſt drop of vital blood.

I hope, however, better things, and that this lad deſerves a good rod as well for lying as for all his other iniquity; and if his parents do not take care to have it well laid on, I can aſſure them they have much to anſwer for.

Mr. Wilſon now found me grow very uneaſy, as indeed I had been from the beginning, nor could any thing but reſpect to the company have prevented me from correcting the boy long before; he therefore endeavoured to turn the diſcourſe, and aſked our ſpark, when he left London? To which he anſwered the Wedneſday before. How, Sir, ſaid I, travel on Chriſtmas-day? Was it ſo, ſays he, fags! that's more than I knew; but why not travel on Chriſtmas-day as well as any other? Why not, ſaid I, lifting my voice; for I had loſt all patience. Was you not brought up in the chriſtian religion? Did you never learn your catechiſm? He then burſt out into an unmannerly laugh, and ſo provoked me, that I ſhould certainly have ſmote him, had I not laid my crabſtick down in the window, and had not Mr. Wilſon been fortunately placed between us. Odſo, Mr. Parſon, ſays he, are you there? I wonder I had not ſmoked you before. Smoke me! anſwered I, and at the ſame time leaped from my chair, my wrath being highly kindled. At which inſtant a jackanapes, who ſat on my left hand, whipt my peruke from my head, which I no ſooner perceived than I preſented him a remembrance over the face, which laid him ſprawling on the floor. I was afterwards concerned at the blow, tho' the conſequence was only a bloody noſe, and the lad who was a companion of the others, and had uttered many wicked things, which I pretermitted in my narrative, very well deſerved correction.

A buſtle now aroſe, not worth recounting, which ended in my departure with Mr. Wilſon, though we had propoſed to tarry there that night.

In

In our way home, we both lamented the peculiar hardineſs of this country, which ſeems bent on its own deſtruction, nor will take warning by any viſitation, till the utmoſt wrath of divine vengeance overtakes it.

In diſcourſing upon this ſubject, we imputed much of the preſent profligacy to the notorious want of care in parents in the education of youth, who, as my friend informs me with very little ſchool learning, and not at all inſtructed *(ne minime quidem imbuti)* in any principles of religion, virtue, and morality, are brought to the great city, or ſent to travel to other great cities abroad, before they are twenty years of age, where they become their own maſters, and enervate their bodies and minds with all ſorts of diſeaſes and vices, before they are adult.

I ſhall conclude with a paſſage in Ariſtotle's Politics, Lib. VIII. Cap. 1. Ὅτι μεν ὖν τῷ νομοθέτῃ μαλιστα πραγμαλευτέον περι τὴν νεων παιδείαν, ὐδεὶς αν ἀμφισβητησειε. ἡ γὰρ ἐν ταῖς πολεσιν ὐ γιγνόμενον τῦτο, βλάπτει τας πολιτείας. Which for the ſake of women, and thoſe few gentlemen who do not underſtand Greek, I have rendered ſomewhat paraphraſtically in the vernacular. 'No man can doubt but that 'the education of youth ought to be the principal 'care of every legiſlator; by the neglect of which, 'great miſchief accrues to the civil polity in every 'city.'

I am, while you write like an honeſt man, and a good chriſtian,

Your hearty friend and well-wiſher,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

N°. 23. TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1746.

——Inſanus paucis videntur eo quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem. HOR.

I Have heard of a man who believed there was no real exiſtence in the world but himſelf; and that whatever he ſaw without him was mere phantom and illuſion.

This philoſopher, I imagine, had not had many followers in theory; and yet if we were to derive the principles of mankind from their practice, we ſhould be almoſt perſuaded that ſomewhat like this madneſs had poſſeſſed not only particular men, but their ſeveral orders and profeſſions. For though they do not abſolutely deny all exiſtence to other perſons and things, yet it is certain they hold them of no conſequence and little worth their conſideration, unleſs they trench ſomewhat towards their own order or calling.

As an inſtance of this, let us obſerve three or four members of any profeſſion met together in a general company, though it be never ſo large, they make no ſcruple of engroſſing the whole converſation, and turning it to their own profeſſion, without the leaſt conſideration of all the other perſons preſent.

Another example of the ſame temper may be ſeen in the monopolizing particular words, and confining their meaning to their own purpoſes, as if the reſt of the world had in reality no right to their application. A ſignal inſtance of which is in the adjective good. A word which of all others mankind would leaſt wiſh to be debarred from the uſe of, or from appropriating to themſelves and their friends.

Now when the divine, the free-thinker, the citizen, the whig, the tory, &c. pronounce ſuch an individual to be a good man, it is plain that they have all ſo many

many different meanings; and he may be a very good man in the opinion of one in the company, who would be a very bad one in that of all the others.

I remember to have ſupped laſt winter at a ſurgeon's, where were preſent ſome others of the faculty. The gentleman of the houſe declared he had a very good ſubject above in the garret. As the gentleman who ſaid this was, I knew, himſelf as good a ſubject as any in the kingdom, I could not avoid ſurpriſe at his chooſing to confine ſuch a perſon in a cold night, in ſuch a place: but I ſoon found my miſtake, and that this good ſubject had been hanged the day before for a moſt heinous felony.

An error of the ſame kind once happened to me amongſt ſome gentlemen of the army, who all agreed that one Mr. Thunderſon was the beſt man in England. I own I was ſomewhat ſtaggered when I heard he was a corporal of grenadiers: but how much more was I aſtoniſhed when I found that he had half a dozen wives, and was the wickedeſt fellow in the whole regiment.

I cannot quit this head without remarking, that much inconvenience may ariſe from theſe miſtakes; and one indeed happened in the laſt mentioned inſtance; for a grave wealthy widow, of above forty, in the town where the regiment was quartered, having doubtleſs heard the ſame character of this man from his officers, and miſunderſtanding them, as I myſelf had done before their explanation, fell in love with his goodneſs, and married him. A third example may be drawn from the attention of the readers of books, or the ſpectators at plays. I have ſomewhere heard of a Geographer, who received no other pleaſure from the Æneid of Virgil, than by tracing out the voyage of Æneas in the map. To which I may add a certain coachmaker, who having ſufficient Latin to read the ſtory of Phaeton in the Metamorphoſis, ſhook his head that ſo fine a genius for making chariots as Ovid had, was thrown away on making poems.

This ſelfiſh attention (if I may ſo call it) in the ſpectators at our theatres muſt be evident to all who

have

have ever frequented them. Every joke on a courtier's not paying his debts is ſure to receive a thundering applauſe from the pit and galleries. This debt is, however, paid by the boxes, on the firſt facetious alluſion to horns, or any other ſymbol of cuckoldom. Indeed the whole houſe are ſeldom unanimous in their claps, unleſs when the ridicule is againſt the miniſtry, the law, or the clergy; whence, I ſuppoſe, that as government, law, and religion, are looked upon as the great grievances of the nation, the whole audience think themſelves alike intereſted in their demolition.

I knew a gentleman, who had a great delight in obſerving the humours of the vulgar, and for that purpoſe uſed frequently to mount into the upper gallery. Here, as he told me, he once ſeated himſelf between two perſons, one of whom he ſoon diſcovered to be a broken Taylor; and the other a ſervant in a country family, juſt arrived in town. The play was Henry the Eighth, with that auguſt repreſentation of the coronation. The former of theſe, inſtead of admiring the great magnificence exhibited in that ceremony, obſerved with a ſigh, 'That he 'believed very few of theſe clothes were paid for.' And the latter being aſked how he liked the play (being the firſt he had ever ſeen) anſwered, 'It was 'all very fine; but nothing came up, in his opinion, 'to the ingenuity of ſnuffing the candles.'

I cannot omit the following ſtory, which I think a very ſtrong example of the temper I have above remarked. I remember to have been preſent at a certain religious aſſembly of the people called Methodiſts, where the preacher made the following text: It is reported that fornication is among you. The whole congregation, as well as myſelf expected, I believe, a wholeſome diſſertation on all criminal converſe between the ſexes: and ſome, who laboured under ſuſpicions of that kind, began to expreſs much apprehenſion and uneaſineſs in their countenances: but, to our great ſurpriſe, the ſermon was entirely confined to the former part of the text, and we were only inſtructed in the nature and various kinds of reports.

This

This gave me ſome curioſity to enquire into the character of ſo extraordinary a preacher; and I found, to my perfect ſatisfaction, that he had got his living many years by collecting articles of news for one of the publick papers.

If we reflect ſeriouſly on this diſpoſition of mankind, ſo univerſally exerted in private life, it will lead us to account for the behaviour of men and parties in publick; and we ſhall loſe much of that ſurpriſe, which might otherwiſe naturally enough affect us, from obſerving the rigid adherence which men of no diſhoneſt characters preſerve to their own party and their own ſchemes. Hence it is that men become more the ſubjects of our conſideration than meaſures; and hence it hath ſometimes happened, that men (and thoſe not the worſt of men neither) have been more intent on advancing their own ſchemes, than on advancing the good of the public, and would have riſqued the preſervation of the latter, rather than have given up the purſuit of the former. I have ſaid it; I have invented it; I have writ upon it; are as ſubſtantial arguments with ſome politicians, as they are with the doctor in Gil Blas, who had writ on the virtues of hot water, and therefore refuſed to agree with thoſe who preſcribe cold. To ſay the truth, this partiality to ourſelves, our own opinions, and our own party, hath introduced many dangerous evils into commonwealths. It is this humour which keeps up the name of Jacobitiſm in this kingdom; and it is this humour only, from which his preſent Majeſty or his adminiſtration can derive a ſingle enemy within it. The OPPOSITION (if a handful of men, and thoſe for the moſt part totally inſignificant, as well in fortune as abilities, are worthy that name) would I believe be puzzled to give any better reaſon for their conduct than the aforeſaid doctor, or than parſon Adams hath done for them, who ſays, that Oppoſition is derived from the verb *oppono*, and that the Engliſh of the verb *oppono* is to oppoſe.

N°. 24. TUESDAY APRIL 15, 1746.

——*Medici mediam pertundite venam.* JUV.

I Have heard it often objected to the friends of the government, when they have expreſſed their apprehenſions of a Jacobite party in this kingdom, that theſe fears were counterfeited, in order to form an argument for the ſupport of a ſtanding army, or to excuſe ſome other miniſterial ſchemes; for that, in reality, the very ſeeds of Jacobitiſm were deſtroyed, and rooted out from the minds of every Proteſtant Britiſh ſubject.

I am not aſhamed to own myſelf to have been one of the many who were impoſed on by theſe ſuggeſtions; I am much more concerned to ſee that this was an impoſition, and that experience ſhould at laſt have convinced every man, that there are ſtill ſome perſons (an inconſiderable party indeed, when compared to the number of loyal ſubjects) who profeſs the proteſtant religion, while they wiſh well to the deſigns of a popiſh Pretender

The principal motive which induced me to hold my former opinion, was the reaſonableneſs of it. I diſbelieved the exiſtence of proteſtant jacobitiſm, from the ſame principles which inſpire me to deny our aſſent to many of thoſe ſtrange relations which certain voyage writers recount to us. I looked upon ſuch an animal as a greater monſter, than the moſt romantic of theſe writers have ever deſcribed, and was therefore eaſily perſuaded to credit thoſe who very ſolemnly aſſured us, there was no ſuch to be found in the land.

I have hitherto avoided any conteſt with theſe ſort of gentlemen, not from the contempt of ſo poor a victory; for I ſhould think my labour well beſtowed, in *bringing* the weakeſt of them over to the cauſe of truth;

truth; but in plain fact, they are the laſt perſons with whom I would willingly enter the liſts of diſputation, from abſolute deſpair of ſucceſs; for what is ſo difficult to anſwer as nothing, or what more impoſſible to be evinced, than the light of the ſun to him who hath not eyes to diſcern it. I have therefore greatly admired the patriotiſm of thoſe heroes, who have formerly waſted much of their time to prove that millions were not intended by an all-good being, for the uſe and wanton diſpoſition of man; that a proteſtant church was not abſolutely ſecure under the protection of a prince who looks on himſelf as bound by his religion, and that on pain of damnation, to deſtroy it; that a magiſtrate attempting to deſtroy thoſe laws and conſtitutions which he was ſworn and obliged to defend, forfeited that power which he ſo entirely perverted, with numberleſs other propoſitions equally plain and demonſtrable, or rather indeed ſelf-evident. So that if the abſurdity of their tenets was not of itſelf ſufficiently apparent, and did not glare them in the face, it hath been ſo irrefragably proved by the labours of thoſe good men, who have undertaken the defence of the revolution, that the Jacobites of this age have no other excuſe left, but that of not being able to read.

This is an excuſe which I am ſenſible may be fairly pleaded by many, and thoſe none the leaſt conſiderable pillars of the party. There have been, however, ſome who have not only read, but have endeavoured to anſwer thoſe writers; and have very modeſtly attempted to oppoſe the common ſenſe of mankind, in a point wherein their higheſt intereſt is concerned.

As ſuch performances are ſeldom long-lived, few of them have reached our days: but the following letter, which I look upon as a very curious piece, and which was written in the reign of the late King William, contains, I believe, the ſum of all thoſe arguments which have been ever uſed on the behalf of Jacobitiſm; I ſhall therefore give it the reader, after having premiſed that it was written by a nonjuror to his ſon at Oxford.

DEAR

DEAR SON,

'I Received your's of the 4th paſt, and am ſo well 'ſatisfied with your conduct on the birth-day of 'that old rump rogue with an orange, that I have 'ſent you a draft on your tutor, according to your 'defires. As long as my ſon preſerves his principles 'ſound, I ſhall not be angry at any frolicks of youth. 'Provided therefore you never get drunk but on holi-'days (as the government are pleaſed to call them) 'and in toaſting the damnation of the rump, and 'confuſion to the day, &c. you may confeſs your-'ſelf freely, without fear of incurring my diſpleaſure. 'I approve the company you keep much. Be ſure 'not to herd with the ſons of courtiers; for there 'is no conſcience nor honeſty in them; nor will the 'nation ever thrive till the king enjoys his own again; 'a health which I never fail to drink every day of my 'life in a bumper, and I hope you do the like. I 'ſhall never think I can remind you often enough 'of theſe matters; for I had rather ſee you hanged 'for your true king, than enjoy a place under this 'orange raſcal, who has undone the nation. Our family have always, I thank God, been of the ſame 'kidney, and I hope will remain ſo to all poſterity. 'It is the true old cauſe, and we will live and die by 'it, boy. Damn the rump: that is my motto. Old 'England will never ſee any good days, till it is 'thoroughly roaſted. Your godfather, Sir John, 'dined with me yeſterday, heartily kindly after you. 'We drank 9 bottles a-piece of ſtum, and talked 'over all matters. We ſcarce uttered a word for 'which the raſcally whigs would not have hanged 'us; but I deſire no better from fellows who would 'pull down the church, if they had it in their power. 'I fear not, however, that it will be able to ſtand 'in ſpite of all their malice, and that I ſhall drink 'church and king as long as I live. You know what 'king I mean. God remove him from that ſide of 'the water on which he now is. Let every man have 'his own, I ſay, and I am ſure that is the ſentiment 'of an honeſt man; and of one who abhors theſe

'per-

'perſecuting raſcals, to make men pay for their 'conſciences. But do thou, my boy, rather ſubmit 'to their power than court their favour; for right is 'right; and though might may overcome it, it can 'never be aboliſhed. If kings derive their power 'from heaven, men can have no juſt pretence to 'deprive them of it. Orange hath no ſuch right. 'We know he was made by men, and conſequently 'his title cannot be deduced from heaven. Your 'tutor informs me you have been in great apprehen- 'ſion for the church at Oxford, and we in the 'country agree it is in danger: But let her enemies, 'do what they can, honeſt hearts will continue to 'drink to her preſervation; and while the whigs 'ſee the unalterable determination of our party, 'they will always be afraid of executing their wicked 'purpoſes. As to taxes, we muſt expect them, 'while the government is in ſuch hands, and the true 'king in baniſhment. A whig juſtice of peace at 'the ſeſſions the other day, had the impudence to 'tell me they were impoſed by parliament; but how 'can that be a parliament which wants one part in 'three of its conſtituents; nay, and that the head. 'Is not the head ſuperior to the body? And conſe- 'quently, hath not the king a better right to impoſe 'taxes, than Lords and Commons without a king? 'Let right take place, ſay I, and then we will pay 'without grumbling; but to be taxed by a rump, a 'ſet of whigs and preſbyterians, and fellows with 'an orange in their mouths; I will drink confuſion 'to them as long as I can ſtand. However, I hope 'ſoon to ſee better times, and that we may change 'our healths, and drink to our friends openly; for 'we are aſſured here by ſome Roman Catholic prieſts, 'who are honeſter fellows than whigs, and may be 'brought over to go to church in time, that the 'French King will do his utmoſt to reſtore us again 'to our liberties and properties; for which reaſon 'we always drink his health and ſucceſs, immedi- 'ately after church and king, and confuſion to the 'rump. I hope you will do the ſame at your club, 'at Oxford; for take it from me as I have it from

'others, that all the hopes this nation has of being 'preſerved is from that quarter. Indeed there wants 'no other reaſon for our drinking him, than that the 'whigs are his enemies; for nothing can ever be 'good for this nation which thoſe raſcals wiſh well 'to. I am ſure no one ever ſuſpected me of wiſhing 'well to the Pope, and yet I would drink his health 'ſooner than I would that of a preſbyterian. I hope 'you will never converſe with any ſuch, but when 'you can't find true church-of England-men, rather 'chuſe papiſts; for they are leſs enemies to our 'church; and that they would deſtroy it muſt be a 'lie becauſe the whigs ſay it: But confuſion to them! 'and may the king enjoy his own again, will always 'be the toaſt of, &c.

THE

THE JACOBITE'S JOURNAL.

By JOHN TROTT-PLAID, Esq.

Nº. 15. SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1748.

To the Writer of the JACOBITE JOURNAL.

SIR,

YOU have here a tranſlation of a Latin poem, intitled, *De Arte Jacobitica*, in three books. I have ſent you the Engliſh verſion of the firſt book, becauſe I have been told that Jacobites are no ſcholars, and underſtand no Latin. If you like this, you may hereafter receive the tranſlation of the ſecond book. Mean time, I remain your's, *&c.*

M. O. A. J.

HORACE wrote the art of poetry, Ovid the art of love, and I write the art of ja-cobitiſm.—Come, Tiſiphone, from hell, bring with thee ill-judging zeal, and obſtinate bigotry, and inſpire me with all thy furies, while I teach the black art of jacobitiſm. 'Twas thou that didſt inſtruct the holy Inquiſitors, and thoſe miſcreants that belyed the ſacred name of Jeſus, to embrue their hands in Chriſtian blood: nor haſt thou been unmindful of the Engliſh nation: we too can boaſt our Lauds, our Sacheverels, our **ok* *ippen* [Here ſeveral proper names were doubtleſs in the original, but the rats or moths have devoured them.]

First of all learn the art of lying and misrepresenting. Fling dirt enough, and some will certainly stick. You may venture to abuse the king himself; but do this with caution, for the sake of your ears and head. But spare not his ministers; give a wrong turn to their most plausible actions. If they prosecute the war with vigour, swear they are neglectful; if they desire a peace, call them cowards; if war, call them blood-thirsty, and seekers after the ruin of their country. 'Twas by such arts as these that the brave Marlborough, and the just Godolphin, fell a victim to the intrigues of Harley and ***. You may add perjury to your lies. Jupiter, it is said, laughs at the perjury of lovers; he has many a time forsworn himself to Juno. You have Jupiter for your example: what can a pagan, like yourself, desire more?

The next thing you are to remember, is to feign a love to your country and religion: the less you have of both, the better you can feign both. O liberty, O virtue, O my country! Remember to have such expressions as these constantly in your mouth. Words do wonders with silly people; but do not too openly discover your design of ruining your country by changing the religion of it, and introducing arbitrary power and a popish king. Do not be caught in your own trap. Remember the end of Perillus, who was burnt in his own bull; and you may be ruined yourself before you bring about the ruin of your country. Keep, therefore, to general terms, and never descend to particulars: you may wish things went better.—— You can't tell, but surely 'twas better in good Queen Anna's days—or in the bacchanalian times of Charles —or in the holy martyr's reign. At the mentioning the martyr, you may drop a tear; and if you are sure of your silly company, you may swear the present ministry cut off his head. An achronism in politicks is no more faulty than an achronism in poetry. If you are among good and orthodox churchmen, you may swear the church of England is in danger under a church of England king, and cannot be secure unless the popish pretender is restored. Paradoxes in conversation are to be supported with confidence and sophistry.

ſophiſtry. Remember, likewiſe, that you frequently inculcate the divine right of kings to do wrong; and that they are accountable to God only for being devils upon earth.

Various people are to be taken by various methods; and a wiſe Proteus will turn himſelf into all ſhapes. This Proteus, the fables ſay, was an Egyptian conjuror, and transformed himſelf into what monſtrous appearance he pleaſed: he roar'd a lion, he grinn'd a wolf, he flaſh'd a fire, he flow'd a river. This Proteus be thou; roar, grin, flaſh, and flow. Spread thy nets, and catch the various fry with various baits. Conſider a little the diſpoſitions of mankind; the young are open and honeſt, the old are cautious and wary. Old birds are not to be caught with chaff; and an old hare will be ſure to double.

But you will aſk, perhaps, where the proper perſons are to be found, to make proſelytes of to jacobitiſm. This is an enquiry worthy a ſportſman: for he is a bad huntſman who would beat about the Royal-Exchange, for a hare or a fox; and not a much better gunner or fiſherman, who goes a ſhooting in Somerſet-Gardens, or attempts to angle in the magnificent baſon there. As thoſe all know the places where their game reſort, ſo muſt you. You have no occaſion to go with parſon Whitfield to Georgia after a young jacobite; but you may go with parſon Whitfield to Kennington-Common, or Bagſhot-Heath, or Hounſlow, in queſt of one; for want has made many a man a jacobite, revenge more, and ignorance thouſands. Want and penury bid you hope for change. Revenge works ſtronger in the human heart than even penury. Who can bear to ſee a rival prevail? Hence the affected patriotiſm of *** and ** and *. [Here likewiſe are many proper names loſt, never to be retrieved but by conjecture.] Ignorance is the mother of jacobitiſm. Hence the rural ſportſmen and fox-hunters will fall an eaſy prey; and the country will afford ſufficient plenty of younger brothers, whoſe eyes their good mothers have kept betimes from poring on Greek and Latin authors; thoſe Greek and Latin authors, which have been the bane

of the jacobite cauſe, and inſpired men with the love of Athenian liberty and old Rome, and taught them to hate tyrants and arbitrary governments. London too has all ſorts of game for the net. Whores and rogues abound there; many are ruined, and moſt in a fair way of being ſo. How many diſappointed out-of-place poor rogues do we every day meet? And what univerſal ignorance, attended with complicated impudence? In ſhort, the variety is ſo great, that it will even diſtract your choice.

But above all, in times of public calamities, then remember your leſſon; ſay God himſelf is turned our enemy. And if, by chance, our monarch ſhould mediate new triumphs, and reſolve on the puniſhment of France; then, when William, the avenger is abroad, do thou raiſe commotions and tumults at home. Whilſt he, all gold, ſhines in the Gallick plains, carrying in his hand his father's thunder; do thou, all lies, walk the dirty ſtreets of London: and remember, I repeat it again, fling dirt enough; blacken, lie, and defame. Perhaps ſome Jack Cade may ariſe in the glorious cauſe of jacobitiſm, and ſhake the throne itſelf; while ſwarms of locuſts and caterpillars come from the north, and devour the fruits of England.

Part of our undertaking ſtill remains, and part is finiſhed; here then let us caſt anchor and moor the ſhip.

N° 34. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1748.

——Talem ſe læta ferebat
Per medios, inſtans operi, regniſque futuris. VIRG.

To the Author of the JACOBITE JOURNAL.

SIR,

THE ſerious truths contained in this letter, will, I hope, make an apology unneceſſary. You are to know, that I am of that high order of beings, which

which the world calls a married man; that to render my ſtate of life happy as well as honourable, I have, in every thing, ſubmitted to the will of my wife: and this, I can truly ſay, not more from a conviction of the great duty of obedience, than to avoid contention, and to promote family peace, and good-humour in my houſe. It is now eleven years ſince the kindeſt and lovelieſt of her ſex honoured me with the poſſeſſion of her ſweetneſs: In all which time, 'till within a little more than a twelvemonth, ſhe has condeſcended to make my ſervitude my delight, abridging me only where my wiſhes were ſtrongeſt, and conſequently leading to exceſs; and indulging me in every thing indifferent in my own opinion, or deſirable in her's. This uniformity of conduct had rendered us the admiration and envy of all our acquaintance: there was hardly a married woman who viſited us, but propoſed me as an example to her huſband, and treaſured up the maxims of my wife, as ſo many leſſons for her own conduct. We were, in ſhort, a couple who left not happineſs to chance; one planned what the other executed, and both enjoyed the fruits of our care. Alas! Mr. Trott-Plaid, I wiſh the buſineſs of this letter was only to tell you of my happineſs; but that (however well ſecured as you may think) has known its period, and I am at preſent the moſt miſerable of all beings.

It is now about a year ſince a grave clergyman from Oxford came to board with us. To this gentleman (though no ſeducer of what my wife calls her virtue) I owe all my misfortunes. He had not been a month in the family, before I obſerved that my wife's head had taken a political turn; the affairs of her family began to be neglected; and notwithſtanding we owed our entire ſupport to a genteel poſt I enjoyed under the government, I was compelled every day at table to hear that government abuſed. At every glaſs after dinner, a laugh and a whiſpered toaſt, between my wife and her friend, gave me freſh cauſe of uneaſineſs. My eldeſt boy made his appearance in a plaid waiſtcoat, and my girl's petticoat and doll were of the ſame ſtuff. I was pleaſed indeed, at firſt,

to hear the child checked by her mama, for drinking the King over the water; but was as much diſpleaſed at the reaſon of that check, which was, that James was a plain name, and would ſave the trouble of ſuch unneceſſary diſtinctions.

Upon this occaſion it was, that I took upon me, for the firſt time to make a remonſtrance, in private, to my wife: Which though I did with all the ſubmiſſion of a huſband, I found to my coſt, that I had done wrong. Inſtead of the compliance I in ſome meaſure expected, I was upbraided by her as a mean-ſpirited wretch; one who was willing to ſubſiſt by ſhame, and to acknowledge favours from a ſet of men whoſe friendſhip was a diſgrace to me; and that if I expected the continuance of her regard, I muſt think of ſome other means of ſupporting my family, than by an infamous place, given me by thoſe, who derived their power of beſtowing it from one who wanted right to confer that power. You will judge of my concern, Mr. Trott-Plaid, at theſe words.—I was ſorry to differ in opinion from my wife, and yet was almoſt apt to imagine that opinion a little unreaſonable. To think of giving up my poſt was an impracticable thing, and to live under the diſpleaſure of my wife, an impoſſible one. I intreated her to proceed with the utmoſt caution in this affair; and telling her I would aſk her friend's advice in it, I left her to conſult him.

I had the pleaſure of finding this honeſt clergyman of a contrary opinion. He ſaw no objection, he ſaid, to my holding a place under the worſt of governments, provided I endeavoured, as much as in me lay, to act in oppoſition to thoſe who had obliged me. That neither religion nor conſcience required me to refuſe favours from the hands of thoſe whom it was my duty to deteſt. That an oppoſition of this kind was the more meritorious, as it was the more diſintereſted; and the hazard of property would be the beſt proof I could give of the ſincerity of my zeal. That all men were under an obligation to provide for their families in the beſt manner they were able; but though neceſſity compelled me to eat the bread of ſhame, yet

conſcience forbad me to live a life of it. It was no ſin he ſaid in war, to plunder the enemy that we have firſt killed: And, by a ſimilitude of reaſoning, he conceived it was as innocent to plunder the friend we intended afterwards to kill. That meaſures, more than men, wanted a change; and that power was the ſureſt means to ruin thoſe who raiſed us to it. That for his own part, he had hopes of preferment himſelf from the government, which he intended to accept of without ſcruple, as it might furniſh him with the means of doing good, and of keeping weaker men from power, whoſe miſtaken gratitude for obligations might tempt them to make unſuitable returns. For theſe reaſons, he ſaid, he begged leave to differ from the good lady of the houſe, and adviſed me to continue in my poſt, as it ſerved me in a double capacity, both for private ſupport and national advantage.

I cannot conceal the ſatisfaction of my mind at the reaſoning of this worthy gentleman. I ſubmitted entirely to his opinion: my wife who is the beſt of women, was eaſily brought over by her friend, and domeſtick harmony was again reſtored. The groans of our bleeding country indeed were too often in our ears, and ſomewhat diſturbed the tranquillity of our minds; but the hope that every one would have his own at laſt, ſet all things right, and we lived in expectation of the happy change.

It was about this time that my wife, who had very much improved her ſpelling under the tuition of her friend, commenced writer in the cauſe. A pamphlet, called, The State of the Nation, and Three Letters to the Whigs are the product of her invention. In theſe ſhe ſo well ſucceeded, that many were of opinion they wanted nothing but truth to be finiſhed performances. Indeed that noble and free ſpirit of ſcandal, which is the characteriſtic of thoſe pamphlets, is ſufficient evidence that their author could be no other than a woman.

We had the pleaſure ſoon after this, to learn from the clergyman, that a friend of his in the adminiſtration had preſented him to a conſiderable benefice in the country. The good man received our congratulations

lations upon the occaſion with tears; and taking a moſt affectionate leave, he retired to his living. The ſatisfaction we received in our friend's promotion would hardly have made us amends for the pains of parting with him, if an unfortunate accident, and ſome information that followed it, had not opened our eyes to ſee that worthy gentleman in his proper character.

My wife was buſied in her political ſtudies one day, with her Bailey's dictionary before her, when I received a meſſage from above, that my employment was taken from me.—I enquired into the meaning of ſuch procedure, and I was anſwered, that I was an infamous, ungrateful fellow; one that deſerved hanging; and if I did not mend my manners and my wife, the government might poſſibly take a ſeverer notice of me. With theſe words the meſſenger left me; and I retired to my wife's apartment for comfort and advice. That heroic woman, inſtead of calling my diſmiſſion a misfortune, gloried in the occaſion.—It was now, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would apply to the people for that emolument the enemies of their country had diſpoſſeſſed me of. That ſhe had long been ſolicited by the proprietors of certain news-papers to lend her abilities. That ſhe had deſired time to conſider of their propoſals, but was now determined; that ſhe had indeed, for ſome weeks paſt, adminiſtered helps to Old-England, and the London Evening Poſt, and had occaſionally furniſhed a few papers upon naval affairs in the Fool: but that the writers of thoſe papers were ſo incorrigibly dull, that her bare intervention was of little uſe; ſhe therefore declared, as the miniſtry had provoked her to plan their utter ruin, ſhe would heſitate no longer to undertake the ſole direction of them. That the advantages ariſing from ſuch papers would treble thoſe of the poſt I had loſt; and that I ought to look upon myſelf as the happieſt of men, in having a head to my family, who knew how to ſecure the emoluments of a huſband by the very means that muſt ſave her dearer country from deſtruction.

My

My heart was overflowing with comfort at theſe aſſurances, when the viſit of a friend interrupted the diſcourſe.—He condoled with me in the kindeſt manner for the loſs of my place; but, how, Mr. Trott-Plaid, ſhall I expreſs my aſtoniſhment, when he aſſured me, upon his own knowledge, that my friend the clergyman, that friend I ſo dearly loved, was the perſon to whom I was indebted for this obligation! He told me, that the buſineſs of this viper, during the time of his ſtay with us, was to pay his court to the adminiſtration, in which he ſo well ſucceeded as to obtain a promiſe of preferment. That to perfect this promiſe, and to remove any ſuſpicions they might poſſibly entertain of his principles, he had made a voluntary ſacrifice of my wife and me; concluding, that I was an avowed jacobite, and my wife the writer of every ſcurrilous pamphlet that had infeſted the public. I own to you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, upon this diſcovery I began to be aſhamed of the part I had acted.—It occurred to me that the principles of this man might poſſibly be as falſe as his friendſhip; but my wife conceived a different opinion.—Bad practices, ſhe ſaid, were no proof of bad principles; her's ſhe knew were right; and however ill her friend might have treated her, his name and memory deſerved reſpect, as by his means ſhe was become a pillar of ſupport to a falling nation.

I will not tire you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, with my wife's arguments, or my own ſubmiſſions.——The news-papers abovementioned have been ever ſince under her direction; but, whether from a want of taſte in the public, or from a knowledge that they are the writings of a woman, the propoſed advantages have fallen ſhort, even of common ſubſiſtance.—It is impoſſible to repreſent to you the diſtreſſes we have ſtruggled with; but what is the worſt of all, I have the concern to ſee my children taught treaſon as ſoon as they can ſpeak; and my little boy, juſt eight years old, the hopes of my family, is turned poet, and writes the varſes, as he calls them, in the London Evening Poſt: he has juſt ſent ſome lines on the

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eclipſe * to the preſs. Dear Sir, adviſe me what to do; for though my wife hates you, and has often abuſed you in print, I am

Your affectionate Friend,

and moſt humble Servant,

SIMON SUPPLE.

* Note, theſe were printed in the London Evening Poſt of Saturday laſt, and are well enough for ſuch a child.

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

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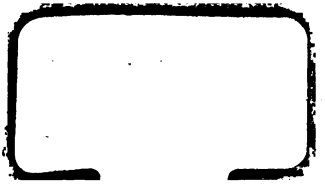
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